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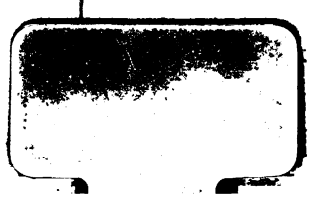
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TO THE

QUEEN'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MADAM,

THESE ſheets were penned by ſome of the moſt amiable and well informed ſubjects of theſe realms, and intended as affectionate legacies from thoſe noble and worthy perſons to their amiable offspring, for whom they had ſo tender a regard, that it is impoſſible there ſhould be any diſguiſe. From ſuch tendency, there is no doubt that the head and heart were exerted with energy, to point out whatever was deſirable

and juſt in forming and perfecting the virtues of the female character, towards making it amiable in this world, and happy in the next.

With this impreſſion, to the moſt virtuous and exemplary of Queens, as a tribute of loyalty and affection for the bleſſings of living under the beſt adminiſtered government in the known world, this publication is ſubmitted, with the moſt profound eſteem and reſpect, by,

MADAM,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

Dutiful and devoted Subject and Servant,

Shakſpeare Library,
LONDON,
Sept. 15, 1794.

JOHN HAMILTON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THERE cannot be a doubt that a book like this, purpoſely adapted for the uſe of the FEMALE SEX, by writers, whoſe characters are eſtabliſhed without controverſy, abounding with entertainment, and inculcating the pureſt principles of morality and religion, will not fail to contribute to the improvement of the riſing generation, by infuſing virtuous and liberal ideas into the minds of a claſs of readers, which muſt add ineſtimable happineſs to thouſands of worthy families, by forming and training the moſt beautiful part of the creation in the paths of virtue and true felicity; in filling up the various ſtations of this tranſitory life in that rank of ſociety, which Providence in his infinite wiſdom allots them, with credit to themſelves, and ſatisfaction to thoſe, who are intereſted in their preſent and future welfare.

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THE

THE

LADIES LIBRARY;

OR,

PARENTAL PRESENT.

A FATHER'S LEGACY TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

YOU had the misfortune to be deprived of your mother at a time of life when you were inſenſible of your loſs, and could receive little benefit either from her inſtruction or her example. Before this comes to your hands, you will likewiſe have loſt your father.

I have had many melancholy reflections on the forlorn and helpleſs ſituation you muſt be in, if it ſhould pleaſe God to remove me from you, before you arrive at that period of life when you will be able to think and act for yourſelves. I know mankind too well; I know their falſehood, their diſſipation,

their coldneſs to all the duties of friendſhip and humanity. I know the little attention paid to helpleſs infancy. You will meet with few friends diſintereſted enough to do you good offices, when you are incapable of making them any return, by contributing to their intereſt or their pleaſure, or even to the gratification of their vanity.

I have been ſupported under the gloom naturally ariſing from theſe reflections, by a reliance on the goodneſs of that Providence which has hitherto preſerved you, and given me the moſt pleaſing proſpect of the goodneſs of your diſpoſitions; and by the ſecret hope that your mother's virtues will entail a bleſſing on her children.

The anxiety I have for your happineſs, has made me reſolve to throw together my ſentiments relating to your future conduct in life. If I live for ſome years, you will receive them with much greater advantage, ſuited to your different geniuſes and diſpoſitions. If I die ſooner, you muſt receive them in this very imperfect manner,—the laſt proof of my affection.

You will all remember your father's fondneſs, when perhaps every other circumſtance relating to him is forgotten. This remembrance, I hope, will induce you to give a ſerious attention to the advices I am now going to leave with you. I can requeſt this attention with the greater confidence, as my ſentiments on the moſt intereſting points that regard life and manners, were entirely correſpondent to your mother's, whoſe judgment and taſte I truſted much more than my own.

You muſt expect that the advices which I ſhall give you will be very imperfect, as there are many nameleſs delicacies in

in female manners, of which none but a woman can judge. You will have one advantage by attending to what I am going to leave with you; you will hear, at leaſt for once in your lives, the genuine ſentiments of a man who has no intereſt in flattering or deceiving you. I ſhall throw my reflections together without any ſtudied order, and ſhall only, to avoid confuſion, range them under a few general heads.

You will ſee, in a little Treatiſe of mine juſt publiſhed, in what an honourable point of view I have conſidered your ſex; not as domeſtick drudges, or the ſlaves of our pleaſures, but as our companions and equals; as deſigned to ſoften our hearts and poliſh our manners; and, as Thompſon finely ſays,

> To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
> And ſweeten all the toils of human life.

I ſhall not repeat what I have there ſaid on this ſubject, and ſhall only obſerve, that from the view I have given of your natural character and place in ſociety, there ariſes a certain propriety of conduct peculiar to your ſex. It is this peculiar propriety of female manners, of which I intend to give you my ſentiments, without touching on thoſe general rules of conduct by which men and women are equally bound.

While I explain to you that ſyſtem of conduct which I think will tend moſt to your honour and happineſs, I ſhall, at the ſame time, endeavour to point out thoſe virtues and accompliſhments which render you moſt reſpectable and moſt amiable in the eyes of my own ſex.

RELIGION.

THOUGH the duties of religion, ſtrictly ſpeaking, are equally binding on both ſexes, yet certain differences in their natural character and education, render ſome vices in your ſex particularly odious. The natural hardneſs of our hearts, and ſtrength of our paſſions, inflamed by the uncontrouled licence we are too often indulged with in our youth, are apt to render our manners more diſſolute, and make us leſs ſuſceptible of the finer feelings of the heart. Your ſuperior delicacy, your modeſty, and the uſual ſeverity of your education, preſerve you, in a great meaſure, from any temptation to thoſe vices to which we are moſt ſubjected. The natural ſoftneſs and ſenſibility of your diſpoſitions particularly fit you for the practice of thoſe duties where the heart is chiefly concerned. And this, along with the natural warmth of your imagination, renders you peculiarly ſuſceptible of the feelings of devotion.

There are many circumſtances in your ſituation that peculiarly require the ſupports of religion to enable you to act in them with ſpirit and propriety. Your whole life is often a life of ſuffering. You cannot plunge into buſineſs, or diſſipate yourſelves in pleaſure and riot, as men too often do, when under the preſſure of misfortunes. You muſt bear your ſorrows in ſilence, unknown and unpitied. You muſt often put on

h a face of ſerenity and cheerfulneſs, when your hearts are torn with anguiſh, or ſinking in deſpair. Then your only reſource is in the conſolations of religion. It is chiefly owing to theſe, that you bear domeſtick misfortunes better than we do.

But you are ſometimes in very different circumſtances, that equally require the reſtraints of religion. The natural vivacity, and perhaps the natural vanity of your ſex, is very apt to lead you into a diſſipated ſtate of life, that deceives you under the appearance of innocent pleaſure, but which in reality waſtes your ſpirits, impairs your health, weakens all the ſuperior faculties of your minds, and often ſullies your reputations. Religion, by checking this diſſipation and rage for pleaſure, enables you to draw more happineſs, even from thoſe very ſources of amuſement, which, when too frequently applied to, are often productive of ſatiety and diſguſt.

Religion is rather a matter of ſentiment than reaſoning. The important and intereſting articles of faith are ſufficiently plain. Fix your attention on theſe, and do not meddle with controverſy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourſelves. It ſpoils the temper, and, I ſuſpect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books and all converſations that tend to ſhake your faith on thoſe great points of religion which ſhould ſerve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happineſs depend.

Never indulge yourſelves in ridicule on religious ſubjects, nor give countenance to it in others, by ſeeming diverted with what

what they ſay. This, to people of good-breeding, will be a ſufficient check.

I wiſh you to go no further than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace thoſe you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourſelves about ſuch as you do not underſtand, but treat them with ſilent and becoming reverence. I would adviſe you to read only ſuch religious books as are addreſſed to the heart, ſuch as inſpire pious and devout affections, ſuch as are proper to direct you in your conduct, and not ſuch as tend to entangle you in the endleſs maze of opinions and ſyſtems.

Be punctual in the ſtated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any ſenſibility or imagination, this will eſtabliſh ſuch an intercourſe between you and the Supreme Being, as will be of infinite conſequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulneſs to your tempers, give a firmneſs and ſteadineſs to your virtue, and enable you to go through all the viciſſitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wiſh you to be regular in your attendance on publick worſhip, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your publick or private devotions, except the performance of ſome active duty in life, to which they ſhould always give place. In your behaviour at publick worſhip, obſerve an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme ſtrictneſs which I recommend to you in theſe duties, will be conſidered by many of your acquaintance as a ſuperſtitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you

you on this and other ſubjects, I have an eye to the ſpirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and diſſipation in the preſent manners, a coldneſs and liſtleſſneſs in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unleſs you purpoſely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional taſte habitual.

Avoid all grimace and oſtentation in your religious duties. They are the uſual cloaks of hypocriſy; at leaſt they ſhew a weak and vain mind.

Do not make religion a ſubject of common converſation in mixed companies. When it is introduced, rather ſeem to decline it. At the ſame time, never ſuffer any perſon to inſult you by any fooliſh ribaldry on your religious opinions, but ſhew the ſame reſentment you would naturally do on being offered any other perſonal inſult. But the ſureſt way to avoid this, is by a modeſt reſerve on the ſubject, and by uſing no freedom with others about their religious ſentiments.

Cultivate an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably ariſe from cauſes in which you had no ſhare, and from which you can derive no merit.

Shew your regard to religion by a diſtinguiſhing reſpect to all its miniſters, of whatever perſuaſion, who do not by their lives diſhonour their profeſſion; but never allow them the direction of your conſciences, leſt they taint you with the narrow ſpirit of their party.

The beſt effect of your religion will be a diffuſive humanity to all in diſtreſs. Set apart a certain proportion of your income

income as ſacred to charitable purpoſes. But in this, as well as in the practice of every other duty, carefully avoid oſtentation. Vanity is always defeating her own purpoſes. Fame is one of the natural rewards of virtue. Do not purſue her, and ſhe will follow you.

Do not confine your charity to giving money. You may have many opportunities of ſhewing a tender and compaſſionate ſpirit where your money is not wanted. There is a falſe and unnatural refinement in ſenſibility, which makes ſome people ſhun the ſight of every object in diſtreſs. Never indulge this, eſpecially where your friends or acquaintances are concerned. Let the days of their misfortunes, when the world forgets or avoids them, be the ſeaſon for you to exerciſe your humanity and friendſhip. The ſight of human miſery ſoftens the heart, and makes it better: it checks the pride of health and proſperity; and the diſtreſs it occaſions is amply compenſated by the conſciouſneſs of doing your duty, and by the ſecret endearment which nature has annexed to all our ſympathetick ſorrows.

Women are greatly deceived, when they think they recommend themſelves to our ſex by their indifference about religion. Even thoſe men who are themſelves unbelievers, diſlike infidelity in you. Every man who knows human nature, connects a religious taſte in your ſex with ſoftneſs and ſenſibility of heart; at leaſt we always conſider the want of it as a proof of that hard and maſculine ſpirit, which of all your faults we diſlike the moſt. Beſides, men conſider your religion as one of their principal ſecurities for that female virtue in which they are

moſt

moſt intereſted. If a gentleman pretends an attachment to any of you, and endeavours to ſhake your religious principles, be aſſured he is either a fool, or has deſigns on you which he dares not openly avow.

You will probably wonder at my having educated you in a church different from my own. The reaſon was plainly this: I looked on the differences between our churches to be of no real importance, and that a preference of one to the other was a mere matter of taſte. Your mother was educated in the Church of England, and had an attachment to it, and I had a prejudice in favour of every thing ſhe liked. It never was her deſire that you ſhould be baptized by a clergyman of the Church of England, or be educated in that Church. On the contrary, the delicacy of her regard to the ſmalleſt circumſtances that could affect me in the eye of the world, made her anxiouſly inſiſt it might be otherwiſe. But I could not yield to her in that kind of generoſity. When I loſt her, I became ſtill more determined to educate you in that Church, as I feel a ſecret pleaſure in doing every thing that appears to me to expreſs my affection and veneration for her memory. I draw but a very faint and imperfect picture of what your mother was, while I endeavour to point out what you ſhould be.*

* The reader will remember, that ſuch obſervations as reſpect equally both the ſexes, are all along as much as poſſible avoided.

CONDUCT AND BEHAVIOUR.

ONE of the chief beauties in a female character, is that modeſt reſerve, that retiring delicacy, which avoids the public eye, and is diſconcerted even at the gaze of admiration.—I do not wiſh you to be inſenſible to applauſe; if you were, you muſt become, if not worſe, at leaſt leſs amiable women: but you may be dazzled by that admiration which yet rejoices your hearts.

When a girl ceaſes to bluſh, ſhe has loſt the moſt powerful charm of beauty. That extreme ſenſibility which it indicates, may be a weakneſs and incumbrance in our ſex, as I have too often felt; but in yours it is peculiarly engaging. Pedants, who think themſelves philoſophers, aſk why a woman ſhould bluſh when ſhe is conſcious of no crime? It is a ſufficient anſwer, that Nature has made you to bluſh when you are guilty of no fault, and has forced us to love you becauſe you do ſo.—Bluſhing is ſo far from being neceſſarily an attendant on guilt, that it is the uſual companion of innocence.

This modeſty, which I think ſo eſſential in your ſex, will naturally diſpoſe you to be rather ſilent in company, eſpecially in a large one.—People of ſenſe and diſcernment will never miſtake ſuch ſilence for dullneſs. One may take a ſhare in converſation without uttering a ſyllable. The expreſſion in the countenance ſhews it, and this never eſcapes an obſerving eye.

I ſhould

I ſhould be glad that you had an eaſy dignity in your behaviour at public places, but not that confident eaſe, that unabaſhed countenance, which ſeems to ſet the company at defiance. If, while a gentleman is ſpeaking to you, one of ſuperior rank addreſſes you, do not let your eager attention and viſible preference betray the flutter of your heart: let your pride on this occaſion preſerve you from that meanneſs into which your vanity would ſink you. Conſider that you expoſe yourſelves to the ridicule of the company, and affront one gentleman only to ſwell the triumph of another, who perhaps thinks he does you honour in ſpeaking to you.

Converſe with men, even of the firſt rank, with that dignified modeſty which may prevent the approach of the moſt diſtant familiarity, and conſequently prevent them from feeling themſelves your ſuperiors.

Wit is the moſt dangerous talent you can poſſeſs. It muſt be guarded with great diſcretion and good nature, otherwiſe it will create you many enemies. Wit is perfectly conſiſtent with ſoftneſs and delicacy; yet they are ſeldom found united. Wit is ſo flattering to vanity, that they who poſſeſs it become intoxicated, and loſe all ſelf-command.

Humour is a different quality. It will make your company much ſolicited; but be cautious how you indulge it. It is often a great enemy to delicacy, and a ſtill greater one to dignity of character. It may ſometimes gain you applauſe, but will never procure you reſpect.

Be even cautious in diſplaying your good ſenſe. It will be thought you aſſume a ſuperiority over the reſt of the company.

But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound ſecret, eſpecially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts, and a culſivated underſtanding.

A man of real genius and candour is far ſuperior to this meanneſs; but ſuch a one will ſeldom fall in your way; and if by accident he ſhould, do not be anxious to ſhew the full extent of your knowledge. If he has any opportunities of ſeeing you, he will ſoon diſcover it himſelf; and if you have any advantages of perſon or manner, and keep your own ſecret, he will probably give you credit for a great deal more than you poſſeſs. The great art of pleaſing in converſation conſiſts in making the company pleaſed with themſelves. You will more readily hear them talk yourſelves into their good graces.

Beware of detraction, eſpecially where your own ſex are concerned. You are generally accuſed of being particularly addicted to this vice—I think, unjuſtly. Men are fully as guilty of it when their intereſts interfere. As your intereſts more frequently claſh, and as your feelings are quicker than ours, your temptations to it are more frequent: for this reaſon be particularly tender of the reputation of your own ſex, eſpecially when they happen to rival you in our regards. We look on this as the ſtrongeſt proof of dignity and true greatneſs of mind.

Shew a compaſſionate ſympathy to unfortunate women, eſpecially to thoſe who are rendered ſo by the villany of men. Indulge a ſecret pleaſure, I may ſay pride, in being the friends and refuge of the unhappy, but without the vanity of ſhewing it.

Conſider every ſpecies of indelicacy in converſation, as ſhameful

ful in itſelf, and as highly diſguſting to us. All double entendrè is of this ſort. The diſſoluteneſs of men's education allows them to be diverted with a kind of wit, which yet they have delicacy enough to be ſhocked at, when it comes from your mouths, or even when you hear it without pain and contempt. Virgin purity is of that delicate nature, that it cannot hear certain things without contamination. It is always in your power to avoid theſe. No man, but a brute or a fool, will inſult a woman with converſation which he ſees gives her pain; nor will he dare to do it, if ſhe reſent the injury with a becoming ſpirit. There is a dignity in conſcious virtue which is able to awe the moſt ſhameleſs and abandoned of men.

You will be reproached perhaps with prudery. By prudery is uſually meant an affectation of delicacy. Now I do not wiſh you to affect delicacy; I wiſh you to poſſeſs it: at any rate it is better to run the riſk of being thought ridiculous than diſguſting.

The men will complain of your reſerve. They will aſſure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But, truſt me, they are not ſincere when they tell you ſo. I acknowledge, that on ſome occaſions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you leſs amiable as women—an important diſtinction, which many of your ſex are not aware of. After all, I wiſh you to have great eaſe and openneſs in your converſation; I only point out ſome conſiderations which ought to regulate your behaviour in that reſpect.

Have a ſacred regard to truth. Lying is a mean and deſpicable vice. I have known ſome women of excellent parts, who

were

were ſo much addicted to it, that they could not be truſted in the relation of any ſtory, eſpecially if it contained any thing of the marvellous, or if they themſelves were the heroines of the tale. This weakneſs did not proceed from a bad heart, but was merely the effect of vanity, or an unbridled imagination. I do not mean to cenſure that lively embelliſhment of a humourous ſtory, which is only intended to promote innocent mirth.

There is a certain gentleneſs of ſpirit and manners extremely engaging in your ſex; not that indiſcriminate attention, that unmeaning ſimper, which ſmiles on all alike. This ariſes either from an affectation of ſoftneſs, or from perfect inſipidity.

There is a ſpecies of refinement in luxury, juſt beginning to prevail among the gentlemen of this country, to which our ladies are yet as great ſtrangers as any women upon earth; I hope, for the honour of the ſex, they may ever continue ſo; I mean the luxury of eating. It is a deſpicable ſelfiſh vice in men, but in your ſex it is beyond expreſſion indelicate and diſguſting.

Every one who remembers a few years back, is ſenſible of a very ſtriking change in the attention and reſpect formerly paid by the gentlemen to the ladies; their drawing rooms are deſerted; and after dinner and ſupper, the gentlemen are impatient till they retire. How they came to loſe this reſpect, which nature and politeneſs ſo well entitle them to, I ſhall not here particularly inquire. The revolutions of manners in any country depend on cauſes very various and complicated. I ſhall only obſerve, that the behaviour of the ladies in the laſt age was very reſerved and ſtately. It would now be reckoned ridiculouſly

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ſtiff and formal. Whatever it was, it had certainly the effect of making them more reſpected.

A fine woman, like other fine things in nature, has her proper point of view, from which ſhe may be ſeen to moſt advantage. To fix this point requires great judgment, and an intimate knowledge of the human heart. By the preſent mode of female manners, the ladies ſeem to expect that they ſhall regain their aſcendency over us, by the fulleſt diſplay of their perſonal charms, by being always in our eye at public places; by converſing with us with the ſame unreſerved freedom as we do with one another; in ſhort, by reſembling us as nearly as they poſſibly can.—But a little time and experience will ſhow the folly of this expectation and conduct.

The power of a fine woman over the hearts of men, of men of the fineſt parts, is even beyond what ſhe conceives. They are ſenſible of the pleaſing illuſion, but they cannot, nor do they wiſh to diſſolve it. But if ſhe is determined to diſpel the charm, it certainly is in her power; ſhe may ſoon reduce the angel to a very ordinary girl.

There is a native dignity in ingenuous modeſty to be expected in your ſex, which is your natural protection from the familiarities of the men, and which you ſhould feel previous to the reflection that it is your intereſt to keep yourſelves ſacred from all perſonal freedoms. The many nameleſs charms and endearments of beauty ſhould be reſerved to bleſs the arms of the happy man to whom you give your heart, but who, if he has the leaſt delicacy, will deſpiſe them if he knows that they have been proſtituted to fifty men before him. The ſentiment, that

that a woman may allow all innocent freedoms, provided her virtue is ſecure, is both groſsly indelicate and dangerous, and has proved fatal to many of your ſex.

Let me now recommend to your attention that elegance; which is not ſo much a quality itſelf, as the high poliſh of every other. It is what diffuſes an ineffable grace over every look, every motion, every ſentence you utter; it gives that charm to beauty, without which it generally fails to pleaſe. It is partly a perſonal quality, in which reſpect it is the gift of nature; but I ſpeak of it principally as a quality of the mind. In a word, it is the perfection of taſte in life and manners;—every virtue and every excellency in their moſt graceful and amiable forms.

You may perhaps think that I want to throw every ſpark of nature out of your compoſition, and to make you entirely artificial. Far from it. I wiſh you to poſſeſs the moſt perfect ſimplicity of heart and manners. I think you may poſſeſs dignity without pride, affability without meanneſs, and ſimple elegance without affectation. Milton had my idea, when he ſays of Eve,

> Grace was in all her ſteps, Heaven in her eye,
> In every geſture dignity and love.

AMUSE-

AMUSEMENTS.

EVERY period of life has amuſements which are natural and proper to it. You may indulge the variety of your taſtes in theſe, while you keep within the bounds of that propriety which is ſuitable to your ſex.

Some amuſements are conducive to health, as various kinds of exerciſe; ſome are connected with qualities really uſeful, as different kinds of women's work, and all the domeſtic concerns of a family; ſome are elegant accompliſhments, as dreſs, dancing, muſick, and drawing. Such books as improve your underſtanding, enlarge your knowledge, and cultivate your taſte, may be conſidered in a higher point of view than mere amuſements. There are a variety of others, which are neither uſeful nor ornamental, ſuch as plays of different kinds.

I would particularly recommend to you thoſe exerciſes that oblige you to be much abroad in the open air, ſuch as walking, and riding on horſeback. This will give vigour to your conſtitutions, and a bloom to your complexions. If you accuſtom yourſelves to go abroad always in chairs and carriages, you will ſoon become ſo enervated, as to be unable to go out of doors without them. They are like moſt articles of luxury, uſeful and agreeable when judiciouſly uſed; but when made habitual, they become both inſipid and pernicious.

An attention to your health is a duty you owe to yourſelves

and to your friends. Bad health ſeldom fails to have an influence on the ſpirits and temper. The fineſt geniuſes, the moſt delicate minds, have very frequently a correſpondent delicacy of bodily conſtitution, which they are too apt to neglect. Their luxuty lies in reading and late hours, equal enemies to health and beauty.

But though good health be one of the greateſt bleſſings of life, never make a boaſt of it, but enjoy it in grateful ſilence. We ſo naturally aſſociate the idea of female ſoftneſs and delicacy with a correſpondent delicacy of conſtitution, that when a woman ſpeaks of her great ſtrength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear exceſſive fatigue, we recoil at a deſcription in a way ſhe is little aware of.

The intention of your being taught needle-work, knitting, and ſuch like, is not on account of the intrinſick value of all you can do with your hands, which is trifling, but to enable you to judge more perfectly of that kind of work, and to direct the execution of it in others. Another principal end is to enable you to fill up, in a tolerably agreeable way, ſome of the many ſolitary hours you muſt neceſſarily paſs at home. It is a great article in the happineſs of life, to have your pleaſures as independent of others as poſſible. By continually gadding abroad in ſearch of amuſement, you loſe the reſpect of all your acquaintances, whom you oppreſs with thoſe viſits, which, by a more diſcreet management, might have been courted.

The domeſtick œconomy of a family is entirely a woman's province, and furniſhes a variety of ſubjects for the exertion both of good ſenſe and good taſte. If you ever come to have the

the charge of a family, it ought to engage much of your time and attention; nor can you be excuſed from this by any extent of fortune, though, with a narrow one, the ruin that follows the neglect of it may be more immediate.

I am at the greateſt loſs what to adviſe you in regard to books. There is no impropriety in your reading hiſtory, or cultivating any art or ſcience to which genius or accident lead you. The whole volume of Nature lies open to your eye, and furniſhes an infinite variety of entertainment. If I was ſure that Nature had given you ſuch ſtrong principles of taſte and ſentiment as would remain with you, and influence your future conduct, with the utmoſt pleaſure would I endeavour to direct your reading in ſuch a way as might form that taſte to the utmoſt perfection of truth and elegance. "But when I reflect how eaſy it is to warm a girl's imagination, and how difficult deeply and permanently to affect her heart; how readily ſhe enters into every refinement of ſentiment, and how eaſily ſhe can ſacrifice them to vanity or convenience," I think I may very probably do you an injury by artificially creating a taſte, which, if Nature never gave it you, would only ſerve to embarraſs your future conduct. I do not want to *make* you any thing: I want to know what Nature has made you, and to perfect you on her plan. I do not wiſh you to have ſentiments that might perplex you; I wiſh you to have ſentiments that may uniformly and ſteadily guide you, and ſuch as your hearts ſo thoroughly approve, that you would not forego them for any conſideration this world could offer.

Dreſs is an important article in female life. The love of

dreſs is natural to you, and therefore it is proper and reaſonable, Good ſenſe will regulate your expence in it, and good taſte will direct you to dreſs in ſuch a way as to conceal any blemiſhes, and ſet off your beauties, if you have any, to the greateſt advantage. But much delicacy and judgment are required in the application of this rule. A fine woman ſhows her charms to moſt advantage, when ſhe ſeems moſt to conceal them. The fineſt boſom in nature is not ſo fine as what imagination forms. The moſt perfect elegance of dreſs appears always the moſt eaſy, and the leaſt ſtudied.

Do not confine your attention to dreſs to your public appearances. Accuſtom yourſelves to an habitual neatneſs, ſo that in the moſt careleſs undreſs, in your moſt unguarded hours, you may have no reaſon to be aſhamed of your appearance. You will not eaſily believe how much we conſider your dreſs as expreſſive of your characters. Vanity, levity, ſlovenlineſs, folly, appear through it. An elegant ſimplicity is an equal proof of taſte and delicacy.

In dancing, the principal points you are to attend to are eaſe and grace. I would have you to dance with ſpirit; but never allow yourſelves to be ſo far tranſported with mirth, as to forget the delicacy of your ſex. Many a girl dancing in the gaiety and innocence of her heart, is thought to diſcover a ſpirit ſhe little dreams of.

I know no entertainment that gives ſuch pleaſure to any perſon of ſentiment or humour, as the theatre. But I am ſorry to ſay there are few Engliſh comedies a lady can ſee without a ſhock to delicacy. You will not readily ſuſpect the

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comments gentlemen make on your behaviour on ſuch occaſions. Men are often beſt acquainted with the moſt worthleſs of your ſex, and from them too readily form their judgment of the reſt. A virtuous girl often hears very indelicate things with a countenance nowiſe embarraſſed, becauſe in truth ſhe does not underſtand them. Yet this is moſt ungenerouſly aſcribed to that command of features, and that ready preſence of mind, which you are thought to poſſeſs in a degree far beyond us; or, by ſtill more malignant obſervers, it is aſcribed to hardened effrontery.

Sometimes a girl laughs with all the ſimplicity of unſuſpecting innocence, for no other reaſon but being infected with other people's laughing:—ſhe is then believed to know more than ſhe ſhould do. If ſhe does happen to underſtand an improper thing, ſhe ſuffers a very complicated diſtreſs: ſhe feels her modeſty hurt in the moſt ſenſible manner, and at the ſame time is aſhamed of appearing conſcious of the injury. The only way to avoid theſe inconveniences, is never to go to a play that is particularly offenſive to delicacy. Tragedy ſubjects you to no ſuch diſtreſs. Its ſorrows will ſoften and ennoble your hearts.

I need ſay little about gaming; the ladies in this country being as yet almoſt ſtrangers to it. It is a ruinous and incurable vice; and as it leads to all the ſelfiſh and turbulent paſſions, is peculiarly odious in your ſex. I have no objection to your playing a little at any kind of game, as a variety in your amuſements, provided that what you can poſſibly loſe is ſuch a trifle, as can neither intereſt you, nor hurt you.

In this, as well as in all important points of conduct, ſhow a deter-

determined reſolution and ſteadineſs. This is nôt in the leaſt inconſiſtent with that ſoftneſs and gentleneſs ſo amiable in your ſex. On the contrary, it gives that ſpirit to a mild and ſweet diſpoſition, without which it is apt to degenerate into inſipidity. It makes you reſpectable in your own eyes, and dignifies you in ours.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, MARRIAGE.

THE luxury and diſſipation which prevail in genteel life, as it corrupts the heart in many reſpects, ſo it renders it incapable of warm, ſincere, and ſteady friendſhip. A happy choice of friends will be of the utmoſt conſequence to you, as they may aſſiſt you by their advice and good offices. But the immediate gratification which friendſhip affords to a warm, open, and ingenuous heart, is of itſelf a ſufficient motive to court it.

In the choice of your friends, have your principal regard to goodneſs of heart and fidelity. If they alſo poſſeſs taſte and genius, that will ſtill make them more agreeable and uſeful companions. You have particular reaſon to place confidence in thoſe who have ſhown affection for you in your early days, when you were incapable of making them any return. This is an obligation for which you cannot be too grateful. When you read this, you will naturally think of your mother's friend, to whom you owe ſo much.

If you have the good fortune to meet with any who deſerve the name of friends, unboſom yourſelves to them with the moſt unſuſpicious confidence. It is one of the world's maxims, never to truſt any perſon with a ſecret, the diſcovery of which could give you any pain; but it is the maxim of a little mind and a cold heart, unleſs where it is the effect of frequent diſappointments

ments and bad uſage. An open temper, if reſtrained but by tolerable prudence, will make you, on the whole, much happier than a reſerved ſuſpicious one, although you may ſometimes ſuffer by it. Coldneſs and diſtruſt are but the too certain conſequences of age and experience; but they are unpleaſant feelings, and need not be anticipated before their time.

But however open you may be in talking of your own affairs, never diſcloſe the ſecret of one friend to another. Theſe are ſecret depoſits, which do not belong to you, nor have you any right to make uſe of them.

There is another caſe, in which I ſuſpect it is proper to be ſecret, not ſo much from motives of prudence, as delicacy—I mean in love matters. Though a woman has no reaſon to be aſhamed of an attachment to a man of merit, yet Nature, whoſe authority is ſuperior to philoſophy, has annexed a ſenſe of ſhame to it. It is even long before a woman of delicacy dares avow to her own heart that ſhe loves; and when all the ſubterfuges of ingenuity to conceal it from herſelf fail, ſhe feels a violence done both to her pride and to her modeſty. This, I ſhould imagine, muſt always be the caſe where ſhe is not ſure of a return to her attachment.

In ſuch a ſituation, to lay the heart open to any perſon whatever, does not appear to me conſiſtent with the perfection of female delicacy. But perhaps I am in the wrong. At the ſame time I muſt tell you, that, in point of prudence, it concerns you to attend well to the conſequences of ſuch a diſcovery. Theſe ſecrets, however important in your own eſtimation, may appear very trifling to your friends, who poſſibly will

will not enter into your feelings, but may rather conſider them as a ſubject of pleaſantry. For this reaſon, love-ſecrets are of all others the worſt kept. But the conſequences to you may be very ſerious; as no man of ſpirit and delicacy ever valued a heart much hackneyed in the ways of love.

If, therefore, you muſt have a friend to pour out your heart to, be ſure of her honour and ſecreſy. Let her not be a married woman, eſpecially if ſhe lives happily with her huſband. There are certain unguarded moments, in which ſuch a woman, though the beſt and worthieſt of her ſex, may let hints eſcape, which at other times, or to any other perſon than her huſband, ſhe would be incapable of; nor will a huſband in this caſe feel himſelf under the ſame obligation of ſecreſy and honour, as if you had put your confidence originally in himſelf; eſpecially on a ſubject which the world is apt to treat ſo lightly.

If all other circumſtances are equal, there are obvious advantages in your making friends of one another. The ties of blood, and your being ſo much united in one common intereſt, form an additional bond of union to your friendſhip. If your brothers ſhould have the good fortune to have hearts ſuſceptible of friendſhip, to poſſeſs truth, honour, ſenſe, and delicacy of ſentiment, they are the fitteſt and moſt unexceptionable confidants. By placing confidence in them, you will receive every advantage which you could hope for from the friendſhip of men, without any of the inconveniences that attend ſuch connexions with our ſex.

Beware of making confidants of your ſervants. Dignity, not properly underſtood, very readily degenerates into pride, which

enters into no friendſhips, becauſe it cannot bear an equal; and is ſo fond of flattery, as to graſp at it even from ſervants and dependants. The moſt intimate confidants, therefore, of proud people, are valets-de-chambre and waiting-women. Shew the utmoſt humanity to your ſervants; make their ſituation as comfortable to them as poſſible: but if you make them your confidants, you ſpoil them, and debaſe yourſelves.

Never allow any perſon, under the pretended ſanction of friendſhip, to be ſo familiar as to loſe a proper reſpect for you. Never allow them to teaze you on any ſubject that is diſagreeable, or where you have once taken your reſolution. Many will tell you, that this reſerve is inconſiſtent with the freedom which friendſhip allows. But a certain reſpect is as neceſſary in friendſhip as in love. Without it, you may be liked as a child, but you will never be beloved as an equal.

The temper and diſpoſitions of the heart in your ſex make you enter more readily and warmly into friendſhips than men. Your natural propenſity to it is ſo ſtrong, that you often run into intimacies which you ſoon have ſufficient cauſe to repent of; and this makes your friendſhips ſo very fluctuating.

Another great obſtacle to the ſincerity as well as ſteadineſs of your friendſhips, is the great claſhing of your intereſts in the purſuits of love, ambition, or vanity. For theſe reaſons, it would appear at firſt view more eligible for you to contract your friendſhips with the men. Among other obvious advantages of an eaſy intercourſe between the two ſexes, it occaſions an emulation and exertion in each to excel and be agreeable: hence their reſpective excellencies are mutually communicated and blended.

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As their intereſts in no degree interfere, there can be no foundation for jealouſy, or ſuſpicion of rivalſhip. The friendſhip of a man for a woman is always blended with a tenderneſs, which he never feels for one of his own ſex, even where love is in no degree concerned. Beſides, we are conſcious of a natural title you have to our protection and good offices, and therefore we feel an additional obligation of honour to ſerve you, and to obſerve an inviolable ſecreſy, whenever you confide in us.

But apply theſe obſervations with great caution. Thouſands of women of the beſt hearts and fineſt parts have been ruined by men who approach them under the ſpecious name of friendſhip. But ſuppoſing a man to have the moſt undoubted honour, yet his friendſhip to a woman is ſo near akin to love, that if ſhe be very agreeable in her perſon, ſhe will probably very ſoon find a lover, where ſhe only wiſhed to meet a friend. Let me here, however, warn you againſt that weakneſs ſo common among vain women—the imagination that every man who takes particular notice of you is a lover. Nothing can expoſe you more to ridicule, than the taking up a man on the ſuſpicion of being your lover, who perhaps never once thought of you in that view, and giving yourſelves thoſe airs ſo common among ſilly women on ſuch occaſions.

There is a kind of unmeaning gallantry much practiſed by ſome men, which, if you have any diſcernment, you will find really very harmleſs. Men of this ſort will attend you to publick places, and be uſeful to you by a number of little obſervances, which thoſe of a ſuperior claſs do not ſo well underſtand, or have not leiſure to regard, or perhaps are too proud to

ſubmit to. Look on the compliments of ſuch men as words of courſe, which they repeat to every agreeable woman of their acquaintance. There is a familiarity they are apt to aſſume, which a proper dignity in your behaviour will be eaſily able to check.

There is a different ſpecies of men whom you may like as agreeable companions, men of worth, taſte, and genius, whoſe converſation, in ſome reſpects, may be ſuperior to what you generally meet with among your own ſex. It will be fooliſh in you to deprive yourſelves of an uſeful and agreeable acquaintance, merely becauſe idle people ſay he is your lover. Such a man may like your company, without having any deſign on your perſon.

People whoſe ſentiments, and particularly whoſe taſtes correſpond, naturally like to aſſociate together, although neither of them have the moſt diſtant view of any further connection. But as this ſimilarity of minds often gives riſe to a more tender attachment than friendſhip, it will be prudent to keep a watchful eye over yourſelves, leſt your hearts become too far engaged before you are aware of it. At the ſame time, I do not think that your ſex, at leaſt in this part of the world, have much of that ſenſibility which diſpoſes to ſuch attachments. What is commonly called love among you is rather gratitude, and a partiality to the man who prefers you to the reſt of your ſex; and ſuch a man you often marry, with little of either perſonal eſteem or affection. Indeed, without an unuſual ſhare of natural ſenſibility, and very peculiar good fortune, a woman in this country has very little probability of marrying for love.

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It is a maxim laid down among you, and a very prudent one it is, That love is not to begin on your part, but is entirely to be the conſequence of our attachment to you. Now, ſuppoſing a woman to have ſenſe and taſte, ſhe will not find many men to whom ſhe can poſſibly be ſuppoſed to bear any conſiderable ſhare of eſteem. Among theſe few, it is very great chance if any of them diſtinguiſhes her particularly. Love, at leaſt with us, is exceedingly capricious, and will not always fix where reaſon ſays it ſhould. But ſuppoſing one of them ſhould become particularly attached to her, it is ſtill extremely improbable that he ſhould be the man in the world her heart moſt approved of.

As, therefore, Nature has not given you that unlimited range in your choice which we enjoy, ſhe has wiſely and benevolently aſſigned to you a greater flexibility of taſte on this ſubject. Some agreeable qualities recommend a gentleman to your common good liking and friendſhip. In the courſe of his acquaintance he contracts an attachment to you. When you perceive it, it excites your gratitude; this gratitude riſes into a preference; and this preference, perhaps, at laſt advances to ſome degree of attachment, eſpecially if it meets with croſſes and difficulties; for theſe, and a ſtate of ſuſpence, are very great incitements to attachment, and are the food of love in both ſexes. If attachment was not excited in your ſex in this manner, there is not one of a million of you that could ever marry with any degree of love.

A man of taſte and delicacy marries a woman, becauſe he loves her more than any other. A woman of equal taſte and delicacy marries him, becauſe ſhe eſteems him, and becauſe he

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gives her that preference. But if a man unfortunately becomes attached to a woman whoſe heart is ſecretly pre-engaged, his attachment, inſtead of obtaining a ſuitable return, is particularly offenſive; and if he perſiſts to teaze her, he makes himſelf equally the object of her ſcorn and averſion.

The effects of love among men are diverſified by their different tempers. An artful man may counterfeit every one of them ſo as eaſily to impoſe on a young girl of an open, generous, and feeling heart, if ſhe is not extremely on her guard. The fineſt parts in ſuch a girl may not always prove ſufficient for her ſecurity. The dark and crooked paths of cunning are unſearchable and inconceivable to an honourable and elevated mind.

The following, I apprehend, are the moſt genuine effects of an honourable paſſion among the men, and the moſt difficult to counterfeit. A man of delicacy often betrays his paſſion by his too great anxiety to conceal it, eſpecially if he has little hopes of ſucceſs. True love, in all its ſtages, ſeeks concealment, and never expects ſucceſs. It renders a man not only reſpectful, but timid to the higheſt degree, in his behaviour to the woman he loves. To conceal the awe he ſtands in of her, he may ſometimes affect pleaſantry, but it ſits awkwardly on him, and he quickly relapſes into ſerioufneſs, if not into dulneſs. He magnifies all her real perfections in his imagination, and is either blind to her failings, or converts them into beauties. Like a perſon conſcious of guilt, he is jealous that every eye obſerves him; and to avoid this, he ſhuns all the little obſervances of common gallantry.

His

His heart and his character will be improved in every reſpect by his attachment. His manners will become more gentle, and his converſation more agreeable; but diffidence and embarraſſment will always make him appear to diſadvantage in the company of his miſtreſs. If the faſcination continue long, it will totally depreſs his ſpirit, and extinguiſh every active, vigorous, and manly principle of his mind. You will find this ſubject beautifully and pathetically painted in Thomſon's Spring.

When you obſerve in a gentleman's behaviour theſe marks which I have deſcribed above, reflect ſeriouſly what you are to do. If his attachment is agreeable to you, I leave you to do as nature, good ſenſe, and delicacy ſhall direct you. If you love him, let me adviſe you never to diſcover to him the full extent of your love; no, not although you marry him. That ſufficiently ſhews your preference, which is all he is intitled to know. If he has delicacy, he will aſk for no ſtronger proof of your affection, for your ſake; if he has ſenſe, he will not aſk it for his own. This is an unpleaſant truth, but it is my duty to let you know it. Violent love cannot ſubſiſt, at leaſt cannot be expreſſed, for any time together, on both ſides; otherwiſe the certain conſequence, however concealed, is ſatiety and diſguſt. Nature in this caſe has laid the reſerve on you.

If you ſee evident proofs of a gentleman's attachment, and are determined to ſhut your heart againſt him, as you ever hope to be uſed with generoſity by the perſon who ſhall engage your own heart, treat him honourably and humanely. Do not let him linger in a miſerable ſuſpence, but be anxious to let him know your ſentiments with regard to him.

However

However people's hearts may deceive them, there is ſcarcely a perſon that can love for any time without at leaſt ſome diſtant hope of ſucceſs. If you really wiſh to undeceive a lover, you may do it in a variety of ways. There is a certain ſpecies of eaſy familiarity in your behaviour, which may ſatisfy him, if he has any diſcernment left, that he has nothing to hope for. But perhaps your particular temper may not admit of this.—You may eaſily ſhew that you want to avoid his company; but if he is a man whoſe friendſhip you wiſh to preſerve, you may not chuſe this method, becauſe then you loſe him in every capacity. You may get a common friend to explain matters to him, or fall on many other devices, if you are ſeriouſly anxious to put him out of ſuſpence.

But if you are reſolved againſt every ſuch method, at leaſt do not ſhun opportunities of letting him explain himſelf. If you do this, you act barbarouſly and unjuſtly. If he brings you to an explanation, give him a polite, but reſolute and deciſive anſwer. In whatever way you convey your ſentiments to him, if he is a man of ſpirit and delicacy, he will give you no further trouble, nor apply to your friends for their interceſſion. This laſt is a method of courtſhip which every man of ſpirit will diſdain. He will never whine nor ſue for your pity. That would mortify him almoſt as much as your ſcorn. In ſhort, you may poſſibly break ſuch a heart, but you can never bend it. Great pride always accompanies delicacy, however concealed under the appearance of the utmoſt gentleneſs and modeſty, and is the paſſion of all others the moſt difficult to conquer.

There is a caſe where a woman may coquet juſtifiably to the utmoſt

utmoſt verge which her conſcience will allow. It is where a gentleman purpoſely declines to make his addreſſes, till ſuch time as he thinks himſelf perfectly ſure of her conſent. This at bottom is intended to force a woman to give up the undoubted privilege of her ſex, the privilege of refuſing; it is intended to force her to explain herſelf, in effect, before the gentleman deigns to do it, and by this means to oblige her to violate the modeſty and delicacy of her ſex, and to invert the cleareſt order of nature. All this ſacrifice is propoſed to be made, merely to gratify a moſt deſpicable vanity in a man, who would degrade the very woman whom he wiſhes to make his wife.

It is of great importance to diſtinguiſh, whether a gentleman, who has the appearance of being your lover, delays to ſpeak explicitly, from the motive I have mentioned, or from a diffidence inſeparable from true attachment. In the one caſe, you can ſcarely uſe him too ill; in the other, you ought to uſe him with great kindneſs: and the greateſt kindneſs you can ſhew him, if you are determined not to liſten to his addreſſes, is to let him know it as ſoon as poſſible.

I know the many excuſes with which women endeavour to juſtify themſelves to the world, and to their own conſciences, when they act otherwiſe. Sometimes they plead ignorance, or at leaſt uncertainty, of the gentleman's real ſentiments. That may ſometimes be the caſe. Sometimes they plead the decorum of their ſex, which enjoins an equal behaviour to all men, and forbids them to conſider any man as a lover, till he has directly told them ſo. Perhaps few women carry their ideas of female delicacy and decorum ſo far as I do. But I muſt ſay, you are not

intitled to plead the obligation of theſe virtues, in oppoſition to the ſuperior ones of gratitude, juſtice and humanity. The man is intitled to all theſe, who prefers you to the reſt of your ſex, and perhaps whoſe greateſt weakneſs is this very preference. The truth of the matter is, vanity, and the love of admiration, are ſo prevailing a paſſion among you, that you may be conſidered to make a very great ſacrifice whenever you give up a lover, till every art of coquetry fails to keep him, or till he forces you to an explanation. You can be fond of the love, when you are indifferent to, or even when you deſpiſe the lover.

But the deepeſt and moſt artful coquetry is employed by women of ſuperior taſte and ſenſe, to engage and fix the heart of a man, whom the world and whom they themſelves eſteem, although they are firmly determined never to marry him. But his converſation amuſes them, and his attachment is the higheſt gratification to their vanity; nay, they can ſometimes be gratified with the utter ruin of his fortune, fame, and happineſs.—God forbid, I ſhould ever think ſo of all your ſex! I know many of them have principles, have generoſity and dignity of ſoul that elevate them above the worthleſs vanity I have been ſpeaking of.

Such a woman, I am perſuaded, may always convert a lover, if ſhe cannot give him her affections, into a warm and ſteady friend, provided he is a man of ſenſe, reſolution, and candour. If ſhe explains herſelf to him with a generous openneſs and freedom, he muſt feel the ſtroke as a man; but he will likewiſe bear it as a man: what he ſuffers, he will ſuffer in ſilence. Every ſentiment of eſteem will remain; but love, though it requires very little food, and is eaſily ſurfeited with too much, yet

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it requires ſome. He will view her in the light of a married woman; and though paſſion ſubſides, yet a man of a candid and generous heart always retains a tenderneſs for a woman he has once loved, and who has uſed him well, beyond what he feels for any other of her ſex.

If he has not confided his own ſecret to any body, he has an undoubted title to aſk you not to divulge it. If a woman chuſe to truſt any of her companions with her own unfortunate attachments, ſhe may, as it is her own affair alone; but if ſhe has any generoſity or gratitude, ſhe will not betray a ſecret which does not belong to her.

Male coquetry is much more inexcuſable than female, as well as more pernicious; but it is rare in this country. Very few men will give themſelves the trouble to gain or retain any woman's affections, unleſs they have views on them either of an honourable or diſhonourable kind. Men employed in the purſuits of buſineſs, ambition, or pleaſure, will not give themſelves the trouble to engage a woman's affections, merely from the vanity of conqueſt, and of triumphing over the heart of an innocent and defenceleſs girl. Beſides, people never value much what is entirely in their power.

A man of parts, ſentiments, and addreſs, if he lays aſide all regard to truth and humanity, may engage the hearts of fifty women at the ſame time, and may likewiſe conduct his coquetry with ſo much art, as to put it out of the power of any of them to ſpecify a ſingle expreſſion that could be ſaid to be directly expreſſive of love.

This ambiguity of behaviour, this art of keeping one in ſuſ-

penſe, is the great ſecret of coquetry in both ſexes. It is the more cruel in us, becauſe we can carry it what length we pleaſe, and continue it as long as we pleaſe, without your being ſo much as at liberty to complain or expoſtulate; whereas we can break our chain, and force you to explain, whenever we become impatient of our ſituation.

I have inſiſted the more particularly on this ſubject of courtſhip, becauſe it may moſt readily happen to you at that early period of life, when you can have little experience or knowledge of the world; when your paſſions are warm, and your judgments not arrived at ſuch full maturity as to be able to correct them. I wiſh you to poſſeſs ſuch high principles of honour and generoſity, as will render you incapable of deceiving, and at the ſame time to poſſeſs that acute diſcernment which may ſecure you againſt being deceived.

A woman in this country, may eaſily prevent the firſt impreſſions of love, and every motive of prudence and delicacy ſhould make her guard her heart againſt them, till ſuch time as ſhe has received the moſt convincing proofs of the attachment of a man of ſuch merit, as will juſtify a reciprocal regard. Your hearts indeed may be ſhut inflexibly and permanently againſt all the merit a man can poſſeſs. That may be your misfortune, but cannot be your fault. In ſuch a ſituation, you would be equally unjuſt to yourſelf and your lover, if you gave him your hand when your heart revolted againſt him. But miſerable will be your fate, if you allow an attachment to ſteal on you before you are ſure of a return; or, what is infinitely worſe, where there are wanting thoſe qualities, which alone can enſure happineſs in a married ſtate.

I know

I know nothing that renders a woman more deſpicable, than her thinking it eſſential to happineſs to be married. Beſides the groſs indelicacy of the ſentiment, it is a falſe one, as thouſands of women have experienced. But if it was true, the belief that it is ſo, and the conſequent impatience to be married, are the moſt effectual ways to prevent it.

You muſt not think from this, that I do not wiſh you to marry. On the contrary, I am of opinion, that you may attain a ſuperior degree of happineſs in a married ſtate, to what you can poſſibly find in any other. I know the forlorn and unprotected ſituation of an old maid, the chagrin and peeviſhneſs which are apt to infect their tempers, and the great difficulty of making a tranſition, with dignity and cheerfulneſs, from the period of youth, beauty, admiration, and reſpect, into the calm, ſilent, unnoticed retreat of declining years.

I ſee ſome unmarried women, of active, vigorous minds, and great vivacity of ſpirits, degrading themſelves; ſometimes by entering into a diſſipated courſe of life unſuitable to their years, and expoſing themſelves to the ridicule of girls, who might have been their grandchildren; ſometimes by oppreſſing their acquaintances by impertinent intruſions into their private affairs; and ſometimes by being the propagators of ſcandal and defamations. All this is owing to an exuberant activity of ſpirit, which, if it had found employment at home, would have rendered them reſpectable and uſeful members of ſociety.

I ſee other women, in the ſame ſituation, gentle, modeſt, bleſſed with ſenſe, taſte, delicacy, and every milder feminine virtue of the heart, but of weak ſpirits, baſhful, and timid: I ſee

ſuch

ſuch women ſinking into obſcurity and inſignificance, and gradually loſing every elegant accompliſhment; for this evident reaſon, that they are not united to a partner who has ſenſe, and worth, and taſte, to know their value; one who is able to draw forth their concealed qualities, and ſhew them to advantage; who can give that ſupport to their feeble ſpirits, which they ſtand ſo much in need of; and who, by his affection and tenderneſs, might make ſuch a woman happy in exerting every talent, and accompliſhing herſelf in every elegant art that could contribute to his amuſement.

In ſhort, I am of opinion, that a married ſtate, if entered into from proper motives of eſteem and affection, will be the happieſt for yourſelves, make you moſt reſpectable in the eyes of the world, and the moſt uſeful members of ſociety. But I confeſs, I am not enough of a patriot to wiſh you to marry for the good of the public. I wiſh you to marry for no other reaſon but to make yourſelves happier. When I am ſo particular in my advices about your conduct, I own my heart beats with the fond hope of making you worthy the attachment of men who will deſerve you, and be ſenſible of your merit. But heaven forbid, you ſhould ever reliniquiſh the eaſe and independence of a ſingle life, to become the ſlaves of a fool or a tyrant's caprice.

As theſe have always been my ſentiments, I ſhall do you but juſtice, when I leave you in ſuch independent circumſtances, as may lay you under no temptation to do from neceſſity what you would never do from choice.—This will likewiſe ſave you from that cruel mortification to a woman of ſpirit, the ſuſpicion that a gentleman thinks he does you an honour or a favour when he aſks you for his wife.

If

If I live till you arrive at that age, when you ſhall be capable to judge for yourſelves, and do not ſtrangely alter my ſentiments, I ſhall act towards you in a very different manner to what moſt parents do. My opinion has always been, that, when that period arrives, the parental authority ceaſes.

I hope I ſhall always treat you with that affection and eaſy confidence, which may diſpoſe you to look on me as your friend. In that capacity alone, I ſhall think myſelf intitled to give you my opinion; in the doing of which, I ſhould think myſelf highly criminal, if I did not to the utmoſt of my power endeavour to diveſt myſelf of all perſonal vanity, and all prejudices in favour of my particular taſte. If you did not chuſe to follow my advice, I ſhould not on that account ceaſe to love you as my children. Though my right to your obedience was expired, yet I ſhould think nothing could releaſe me from the ties of nature and humanity.

You may perhaps imagine, that the reſerved behaviour, which I recommend to you, and your appearing ſeldom at public places, muſt cut off all opportunities of your being acquainted with gentlemen. I am very far from intending this. I adviſe you to no reſerve, but what will render you more reſpected and beloved by our ſex. I do not think public places ſuited to make people acquainted together. They can only be diſtinguiſhed there by their looks and external behaviour. But it is in private companies alone where you can expect eaſy and agreeable converſation, which I ſhould never wiſh you to decline. If you do not allow gentlemen to become acquainted with you, you can never expect to marry with attachment on either

either ſide. Love is very ſeldom produced at firſt ſight; at leaſt it muſt have, in that caſe, a very unjuſtifiable foundation. True love is founded on eſteem, in a correſpondence of taſtes and ſentiments, and ſteals on the heart imperceptibly.

There is one advice I ſhall leave you, to which I beg your particular attention. Before your affections come to be in the leaſt engaged to any man, examine your tempers, your taſtes, and your hearts, very ſeverely, and ſettle in your own minds, what are the requiſites to your happineſs in a married ſtate; and, as it is almoſt impoſſible that you ſhould get every thing you wiſh, come to a ſteady determination what you are to conſider as eſſential, and what may be ſacrificed.

If you have hearts diſpoſed by nature for love and friendſhip, and poſſeſs thoſe feelings, which enable you to enter into all the refinements and delicacies of theſe attachments, conſider well, for heaven's ſake, and as you value your future happineſs, before you give them any indulgence. If you have the misfortune (for a very great misfortune it commonly is to your ſex) to have ſuch a temper and ſuch ſentiments deeply rooted in you, if you have ſpirit and reſolution to reſiſt the ſolicitations of vanity, the perſecution of friends (for you will have loſt the only friend that would never perſecute you), and can ſupport the proſpect of the many inconveniences attending the ſtate of an old maid, which I formerly pointed out, then you may indulge yourſelves in that kind of ſentimental reading and converſation, which is moſt correſpondent to your feelings.

But if you find, on a ſtrict ſelf-examination, that marriage is abſolutely eſſential to your happineſs, keep the ſecret inviolable

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in your own boſoms, for the reaſon I formerly mentioned; but ſhun as you would do the moſt fatal poiſon, all that ſpecies of reading and converſation, which warms the imagination, which engages and ſoftens the heart, and raiſes the taſte above the level of common life. If you do otherwiſe, conſider the terrible conflict of paſſions, this may afterwards raiſe in your breaſts.

If this refinement once takes deep root in your minds, and you do not obey its dictates, but marry from vulgar and mercenary views, you may never be able to eradicate it entirely, and then it will embitter all your married days. Inſtead of meeting with ſenſe, delicacy, tenderneſs, a lover, a friend, an equal companion, in a huſband, you may be tired with inſipidity and dulneſs; ſhocked with indelicacy, or mortified by indifference. You will find none to compaſſionate, or even underſtand your ſufferings; for your huſbands may not uſe you cruelly, and may give you as much money for your cloathes, perſonal expence, and domeſtic neceſſaries, as is ſuitable to their fortunes. The world would therefore look on you as unreaſonable women, and that did not deſerve to be happy, if you were not ſo. To avoid theſe complicated evils, if you are determined at all events to marry, I would adviſe you to make all your reading and amuſements of ſuch a kind, as do not affect the heart nor the imagination, except in the way of wit or humour.

I have no view by theſe advices to lead your taſtes; I only want to perſuade you of the neceſſity of knowing your own minds; which, though ſeemingly very eaſy, is what your ſex ſeldom attain on many important occaſions in life, but particularly on this of which I am ſpeaking. There is not a quality I

more anxiouſly wiſh you to poſſeſs, than that collected, deciſive ſpirit, which reſts on itſelf, which enables you to ſee where your true happineſs lies, and to purſue it with the moſt determined reſolution. In matters of buſineſs, follow the advice of thoſe who know them better than yourſelves, and in whoſe integrity you can confide; but in matters of taſte, that depend on your own feelings, conſult no one friend whatever, but conſult your own hearts.

If a gentleman makes his addreſſes to you, or gives you reaſon to believe he will do ſo, before you allow your affections to be engaged, endeavour, in the moſt prudent and ſecret manner, to procure from your friends every neceſſary piece of information concerning him; ſuch as his character for ſenſe, his morals, his temper, fortune, and family; whether it is diſtinguiſhed for parts and worth, or for folly, knavery, and loathſome hereditary diſeaſes. When your friends inform you of theſe, they have fulfilled their duty. If they go further, they have not that deference for you, which a becoming dignity on your part would effectually command.

Whatever your views are in marrying, take every poſſible precaution to prevent their being diſappointed. If fortune and the pleaſures it brings, are your aim, it is not ſufficient that the ſettlements of a jointure and children's proviſions be ample, and properly ſecured; it is neceſſary that you ſhould enjoy the fortune during your own life. The principal ſecurity you can have for this will depend on your marrying a good-natured, generous man, who deſpiſes money, and who will let you live where you can beſt enjoy that pleaſure, that pomp and parade of life, for which you married him.

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From what I have ſaid, you will eaſily ſee that I could never pretend to adviſe whom you ſhould marry; but I can with great confidence adviſe whom you ſhould not marry.

Avoid a companion that may entail any hereditary diſeaſe on your poſterity, particularly (that moſt dreadful of all human calamities) madneſs. It is the height of imprudence to run into ſuch a danger, and, in my opinion, highly criminal.

Do not marry a fool; he is the moſt intractable of all animals; he is led by his paſſions and caprices, and is incapable of hearing the voice of reaſon. It may probably, too, hurt your vanity to have huſbands for whom you have reaſon to bluſh and tremble every time they open their lips in company. But the worſt circumſtance that attends a fool, is his conſtant jealouſy of his wife being thought to govern him. This renders it impoſſible to lead him, and he is continually doing abſurd and diſagreeable things, for no other reaſon but to ſhow he dares do them.

A rake is always a ſuſpicious huſband, becauſe he has only known the moſt worthleſs of your ſex. He likewiſe entails the worſt diſeaſes on his wife and children, if he has the misfortune to have any.

If you have a ſenſe of religion yourſelves, do not think of huſbands who have none. If they have tolerable underſtandings, they will be glad that you have religion, for their own ſakes, and for the ſakes of their families; but it will ſink you in their eſteem. If they are weak men, they will be continually teazing and ſhocking you about your principles. If you have children, you will ſuffer the moſt bitter diſtreſs, in ſeeing all your endea-

vours to form their minds to virtue and piety, all your endeavours to ſecure their preſent and eternal happineſs, fruſtrated and turned into ridicule.

As I look on your choice of a huſband to be of the greateſt conſequence to your happineſs, I hope you will make it with the utmoſt circumſpection. Do not give way to a ſudden ſally of paſſion, and dignify it with the name of love. Genuine love is not founded in caprice; it is founded in nature, on honourable views, on virtue, on ſimilarity of taſtes and ſympathy of ſouls.

If you have theſe ſentiments, you will never marry any one, when you are not in that ſituation, in point of fortune, which is neceſſary to the happineſs of either of you. What that competency may be, can only be determined by your own taſtes. It would be ungenerous in you to take advantage of a lover's attachment, to plunge him into diſtreſs; and if he has any honour, no perſonal gratification will ever tempt him to enter into any connection which will render you unhappy. If you have as much between you as to ſatisfy all your demands, it is ſufficient.

I ſhall conclude with endeavouring to remove a difficulty, which muſt naturally occur to any woman of reflection on the ſubject of marriage.—What is to become of all thoſe refinements of delicacy, that dignity of manners, which checked all familiarities, and ſuſpended deſire in reſpectful and awful admiration? In anſwer to this, I ſhall only obſerve, that if motives of intereſt or vanity have had any ſhare in your reſolutions to marry, none of theſe chimerical notions will give you any pain; nay, they will very quickly appear as ridiculous in your own eyes,

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as they probably always did in the eyes of your husbands.—They have been sentiments which have floated in your imaginations, but have never reached your hearts. But if these sentiments have been truly genuine, and if you have had the singular happy fate to attach those who understand them, you have no reason to be afraid.

Marriage, indeed, will at once dispel the enchantment raised by external beauty; but the virtues and graces that first warmed the heart, that reserve and delicacy which always left the lover something further to wish, and often made him doubtful of your sensibility or attachment, may, and ought ever to remain. The tumult of passion will necessarily subside; but it will be succeeded by an endearment, that affects the heart in a more equal, more sensible, and tender manner. But I must check myself, and not indulge in descriptions that may mislead you, and that too sensibly awake the remembrance of my happier days, which, perhaps, it were better for me to forget for ever.

I have thus given you my opinion on some of the most important articles of your future life, chiefly calculated for that period, when you are just entering the world. I have endeavoured to avoid some peculiarities of opinion, which, from their contradiction to the general practice of the world, I might reasonably have suspected were not so well founded.—But, in writing to you, I am afraid my heart has been too full, and too warmly interested, to allow me to keep this resolution. This may have produced some embarrassment, and some seeming contradictions. What I have written has been the amusement of some solitary hours, and has served to divert some melancholy reflections.

reflections. I am conſcious I undertook a taſk, to which I was very unequal; but I have diſcharged a part of my duty. You will at leaſt be pleaſed with it, as the laſt mark of your father's love and attention.



THE



THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

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SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS.

IN the mountains of Savoy, near the road between Briſançon and Modena, lies a ſolitary valley; the appearance of which ſtrikes the traveller with a pleaſing melancholy. Three hills form an amphitheatre, through which are interſperſed the cottages of ſhepherds. Natural caſcades, promiſcuous plantations of flowers and trees, and a continual verdure, combine in ornamenting this charming ſpot.

It was here that the Marquis of Fonroſe, in returning from France to Italy with his lady, broke the axle-tree of his carriage; and the day being far advanced, they were compelled to ſeek in this valley a habitation for the night. As they walked towards the cottages, they ſaw a flock take the ſame road, conducted by a ſhepherdeſs whoſe gait aſtoniſhed them. They approached nearer, and heard her in the moſt affecting and plaintive accents utter theſe words: "The ſun is now going to reſt himſelf after "his labour; it is thus, at the cloſe of a painful life, the exhauſt-

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" ed ſoul reunites itſelf to the pure ſource of its immortality: " but, alas! how diſtant is that time, and how long is life!" Saying theſe words, ſhe turned into another path, and walked from them with an air, which, though quite negligent, was full of majeſty and grace.

The Marquis and his Lady, ſtruck with what they had ſeen, and ſtill more with what they had heard, doubled their ſpeed to overtake this ſhepherdeſs, whom they admired; but what was their ſurprize, when, under the plaineſt dreſs, the humbleſt veſtments, they ſaw all the graces, all the beauties united.

My pretty maid, ſaid the Marchioneſs, ſeeing ſhe endeavoured to avoid them, fear nothing; we are travellers, whom accident obliges to ſeek in this village a lodging for a night; will you be our guide? I am ſorry, Madam, ſaid the ſhepherdeſs, caſting down her eyes and bluſhing, that you are put to this hardſhip; for theſe cottages are the habitations of the poor, and you will be badly lodged. You lodge there yourſelf, without doubt, replied the Marchioneſs, and I can very well ſupport for a night, the inconveniencies which you ſuffer always. I am formed for it, ſaid the ſhepherdeſs, with a charming modeſty. No, certainly, ſaid the Marquis, who could no longer diſſemble the emotion which ſhe cauſed within him; No, you are not formed to ſuffer, and fortune has been unjuſt; Is it poſſible, lovely creature, that ſo many charms ſhould be concealed in this deſart, under this habit? Fortune, Sir, replied Adelaide, (for that was the name of the ſhepherdeſs) is not cruel when we can enjoy what ſhe beſtows on us; my ſtate has pleaſures which are unknown in any other, and uſe makes that agreeable to us, which to you would be inſupportable.

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That may be, ſaid the Marquis, with thoſe whom heaven has ſent into the world in this obſcure condition; but you, wonderful girl, you whom I admire, you who enchant me, was never born what you are now; your air, your look, your voice, your language, all betray you; every word that you have ſpoken ſhows a cultivated underſtanding, and a noble way of thinking; tell us by what ſtrange misfortune you are reduced to this low ſituation. For a man that is unfortunate, replied Adelaide, there are a thouſand ways by which he may make himſelf otherwiſe; but for a woman, there is no honeſt reſource but ſervitude: happy are they who ſerve good people. If you will go and ſee thoſe I belong to, you will be charmed with the innocence of their lives, the candour, ſimplicity, and honeſty, of their manners.

In a ſhort time they arrived at the cottage, which was ſeparated by a partition from the fold where the unknown drove in her ſheep, counting them with the moſt ſerious attention. An old man and woman (ſuch as they paint Philemon and Baucis) came to receive them with that ruſtick freedom which ſeemed to recal the golden age; We have nothing to offer you, ſaid the good woman, better than clean ſtraw for a bed, and milk, fruit, and barley bread, for nouriſhment; but the little which heaven has given us we will ſhare with you, with all our hearts.

Our travellers, in entering the cottage, were ſurprized at the order in which every thing was placed; the table, conſiſting of only one plank of walnut tree, was of a ſhining brown, on which were placed flowered earthen veſſels deſigned for milk; and every thing preſented the image of contented poverty, by the ſatisfac-

tion they expreſſed in the enjoyment of the neceſſaries of life.

It is our dear daughter, ſaid the old woman, who takes care of the houſe. In the morning, before ſhe drives her flock into the fields, and indeed as ſoon as the days dawns, ſhe cleans and places every thing in the moſt decent order, ſo as to leave me no trouble. What! ſaid the Marchioneſs, is this ſhepherdeſs your daughter? Ah! Madam, replied ſhe, I would to heaven ſhe was! but it is my heart only which gives her that name; for though I feel the love of a mother for her, yet I am not ſo happy as to have borne her: alas! I was not worthy to bring ſuch a girl into the world. Who is ſhe then? from whence did ſhe come? and what misfortune has reduced her to this condition? All that is unknown to us, replied the dame. It is four years ſince ſhe came hither, dreſſed like a country girl, and offered her ſervice to look after our flocks. We made no ſcruple of taking her, and indeed would willingly have maintained her for nothing; ſo much did her good looks and ſweet behaviour gain upon us. We were curious to know her birth; but our queſtions afflicting her, we thought it beſt to deſiſt. Our reſpect ſtill encreaſes the longer we know her; but the more we endeavour to ſet her above ourſelves, the more ſhe humbles herſelf to us. Never had daughter more tenderneſs for her real parents than ſhe for us. It is true, ſhe cannot obey us, becauſe we never command; but it ſeems as if ſhe could divine; ſhe anticipates all our wiſhes. Indeed I can look on her as no other than an angel ſent to comfort our old age.

And does ſhe really do all your outdoor buſineſs, demanded the

the Marchioneſs? Yes, madam: ſhe gives freſh ſtraw to the ſheep, ſhe milks the goats and cows, and it ſeems as if her hand gave new ſweetneſs to the milk; for when I go to ſell it in the town, I never have enough for my cuſtomers, they find it ſo delicious. This dear child is never idle; for ſhe employs her leiſure in works of ſtraw and twigs, which every body admires. I wiſh you was to ſee how prettily ſhe plaits them together: every thing becomes precious under her fingers. You ſee, Madam, we appear to live an eaſy and tranquil life: it is ſhe who procures it us; it is this heavenly girl who renders us happy. Is ſhe ſo herſelf, demanded the Marquis? She endeavours to perſuade us that ſhe is, replied the old man; but I have often obſerved to my wife, that in returning from the fields in an evening, ſhe has had her eyes full of tears, and a countenance the moſt afflicted in the world. When ſhe ſees us ſhe affects to ſmile; but we can plainly perceive that there is ſome grief which conſumes her, though we dare not enquire the cauſe. Ah! Madam, rejoined the old woman, what pity is it that this girl ſhould be ſo obſtinate as to attend the flock in ſpite of rain and ſnow! A hundred times have I been on my knees, to beg ſhe would let me take her place, but my prayers have been in vain. She riſes with the ſun; ſhe goes out, and returns in the evening ſtiff with cold. Judge, ſays ſhe to me with tenderneſs, if I would let you quit your fire, and expoſe your age to the rigours of the ſeaſon, when I can hardly bear it myſelf. At the ſame time ſhe carries under her arms the wood that warms us; and if I complain of the fatigue ſhe gives herſelf, let me alone, my good mother, ſays ſhe; it is by exerciſe that I preſerve myſelf from cold; labour is proper

for my age. In fine, Madam, ſhe is ſo good and ſo charming, that my huſband and I never ſpeak of her without tears in our eyes.

But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould leave you, demanded the Marchioneſs? We would not willingly loſe her for the whole world, interrupted the old man; but, if ſhe was to become more happy by it, we ſhould find conſolation in that, and die content. Alas, yes, replied the old woman, burſting into tears. I wiſh to heaven ſhe had a fortune more worthy of her! I did indeed hope that her dear hand might cloſe my eyes; but I love her more than myſelf.

Here the arrival of Adelaide interrupted their diſcourſe. She appeared with a diſh of milk in one hand, and in the other a baſket of fruit; and after having ſaluted them with an enchanting grace, ſhe began to prepare for ſupper.

You give yourſelf a great deal of trouble, my dear child, ſaid the Marchioneſs to her. I endeavour, Madam, replied ſhe, to fulfil the intentions of my maſter and miſtreſs, who deſire to receive you in the beſt manner they are able. You will make (continued ſhe, ſpreading a cloth on the table, which, though courſe, was extremely white) a frugal and ruſtick meal. This bread is not the whiteſt in the world, but it is well-taſted: theſe eggs are freſh, the milk is good, and the fruit ſuch as the ſeaſon yields.

The diligence, the attention, the noble and decent grace with which this wonderful ſhepherdeſs performed all the duties of hoſpitality, the reſpect ſhe paid the old folks every time they ſpoke to her, and the attention with which ſhe watched their eyes

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to know what they would have done, filled the Marquis and his lady with aſtoniſhment and admiration; from the moment they retired, they talked of nothing elſe, and agreed, that in order to clear up this myſtery, they ſhould take the laſs away with them.

At break of day, one of their ſervants, who had paſſed the night in repairing the damage done to their carriage, came to let them know it was ready. The Marchioneſs called for the ſhepherdeſs, and addreſſed her as follows: Without deſiring to penetrate into the ſecret of your birth, and the cauſe of your unhappineſs, I find myſelf greatly intereſted in your favour; I ſee your fortitude raiſes you above misfortune, and that you can accommodate your mind to your preſent condition. At the ſame time that I admire your virtue, I muſt think that conditon unworthy of you; I can, amiable unknown, give you a better fate; the intentions of my Lord agree perfectly with mine: I have at Turin a conſiderable eſtate, but I want a friend, and I believe I ſhall be poſſeſſed of an ineſtimable treaſure, if I can make one of you; if you will live with me, think of this propoſal, and take from it, I beſeech you, all idea of ſervitude; I do not believe you was born in that ſtate; but if I am deceived, I had rather raiſe you above your birth than let you continue in it: I repeat it to you, it is a friend that I want; be not concerned on account of theſe good people; they ſhall be no loſers by your quitting them, at leaſt they ſhall have wherewithal to paſs the remainder of their days in eaſe and comfort, and it is from your hands they ſhall receive thoſe benefits.

The old people, who were preſent at the diſcourſe, threw themſelves at the feet of the Marchioneſs, and kiſſed her hands; they

they conjured the young ſhepherdeſs to accept of theſe generous offers repreſenting to her, with tears in their eyes, that they were on the brink of the grave, and at their death ſhould leave her in a ſtate of total ſolitude, in which ſhe could neither be happy nor ſafe. The ſhepherdeſs, embracing them, mingled her tears with theirs; ſhe rendered thanks to the bounteous Marquis and Marchioneſs, with a ſenſibility that added to her charms. Though I cannot, ſays ſhe, accept of your bounty, becauſe heaven has marked this for my place of reſidence, and the will of heaven muſt be accompliſhed; yet your goodneſs is graven on my heart in characters which can never be effaced: the reſpected name of Fonroſe will be ever preſent in my mind; and let me, ſays ſhe, bluſhing and caſting down her eyes, beg one favour more of thoſe who do honour to that name; it is to bury this adventure in eternal ſilence, and leave the world ignorant of the fate of an unfortunate girl, who wiſhes to live and die in obſcurity.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fonroſe heard her with grief and amazement, and repeated their requeſts, but ſhe was immoveable; and they at length parted, not without tears on both ſides. The travellers, during the reſt of their journey, could talk of nothing but this romantick affair; they could ſcarcely believe it real; their imaginations were ſtill full of it when they arrived at Turin. They doubted not but the ſhepherdeſs muſt have ſome great reaſon for ſo ſtrongly enjoining them ſecreſy, and what this reaſon was, furniſhed an inexhauſtible ſource for reflection and conjecture.

A ſon of the Marquis's, who was generally preſent at theſe diſcourſes, loſt not a circumſtance. He was at that age, when the

the imagination is the moſt ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions. All that he heard recounted of the charms, the virtues, and the misfortunes of the ſhepherdeſs of Savoy, raiſed in his ſoul the moſt ardent deſire to ſee her. He brought her image continually before him, and compared it with all he had ever ſeen, and found they all fell infinitely ſhort of the idea he had conceived of her. The city of Turin grew odious to him; his thoughts were inceſſantly employed on that valley, which concealed from the world one of its greateſt ornaments. At the ſame time he carefully hid what paſſed in his mind from his friends, fearing they ſhould prevent his wiſhes. They will never, ſays he, conſent to my taking a journey to ſee her; and ſhe herſelf, was ſhe apprized of my deſign, would be frighted at my purſuit, and would not fail to hide herſelf from me.

In theſe reflections he ſpent his time for about three months, when at length he took a reſolution to quit all for her, and to go diſguiſed like a ſhepherd to ſeek her in her ſolitude. He ſuddenly diſappeared: his parents were filled with ſurprize and inquietude, which every day increaſed. They ſearched for him, but in vain; they were filled with deſpair. A quarrel, an aſſaſſination, every thing that was dreadful, preſented itſelf to their fancy: and theſe unfortunate parents wept, without ceaſing, for the loſs of their ſon, their only hope. Meanwhile Fonroſe, under the habit of a ſhepherd, offered his ſervice to the villagers, whoſe ſheep fed in the valley. His ambition was filled; they committed a flock to his care.

At firſt he let them guide him, hoping they might ſtray where the ſhepherdeſs kept her's. If, ſays he, this beautiful recluſe is unhappy,

unhappy, her heart will find ſome relief in a friend, if I can prove myſelf one: or if it is only a taſte for an innocent and tranquil life, which keeps her here, ſhe muſt ſometimes feel uneaſy moments, in which ſhe would be glad of ſociety to amuſe her. If I could then render mine agreeable to her, we ſhould in time become friends; for ſurely in this place we only are fitted for the converſation of each other; and acquaintance is not very diſtant from friendſhip, and friendſhip is ſtill nearer to love.

One day, as he was indulging himſelf in theſe thoughts, his eyes at the ſame time wandering acroſs the country, he heard, not far from him, the voice of her whoſe charms had been ſo much commended. It is here, ſaid the ſhepherdeſs in the moſt plaintive tone, it is here that I taſte the only pleaſure which this world has for me! my grief and ſettled melancholy I prefer to all the deceitful joys of life.

Theſe accents wounded the tender heart of Fonroſe. What can, ſays he, be the cauſe of this grief which conſumes her? ah, how deſirable it would be to give her comfort! A hope ſtill more ſweet flattered his wiſhes. He feared to alarm the ſhepherdeſs by imprudently indulging his impatience of ſeeing her, and for the firſt time was ſatisfied with hearing only.

The next day he returned to the meadow, and placed himſelf at the foot of a rock, from whence on the day before he had heard that melodious voice. I muſt not forget to tell my reader, that Fonroſe, to the fineſt perſon in the world, joined thoſe talents which ſo much diſtinguiſh the young nobility of Italy. He played on the flute like Beſuzzi himſelf, from whom he had received his leſſons.

Ade-

Adelaide was now reſting her flock on one ſide of the mountain, not far from the ſhepherd. She was ſo deeply ſunk in affliction, that ſhe did not even give it vent by words. The wind and every thing was ſtill; when on a ſudden this profound ſilence was interrupted by plaintive notes from the flute of Fonroſe. Theſe uncommon ſounds excited in the ſoul of Adelaide a ſurprize mingled with trouble. She had never before heard any from the ſhepherds but the moſt ruſtick muſick. She ſtood fixed in attention, looking round to ſee who it was that made ſuch ſweet harmony; and perceived a young ſhepherd ſitting in a cavity of the rock, at the foot of which his flock was feeding. She walked nearer, the better to hear him. Here, ſays ſhe, is an inſtance of what nature unaſſiſted can arrive at. Had this ſhepherd been taught by the greateſt artiſt, could he have exceeded what he does now? What delicacy in the turns! What variety in the notes! Can it be ſaid that taſte is not a natural gift?

Since the time Adelaide had lived in ſolitude, this was the firſt time that her grief had been ſuſpended by any pleaſing emotion, and ſhe indulged it without reſtraint. Fonroſe, who ſaw her approach without ſeeming to have done ſo, was ſitting at the foot of a willow tree; he ſeized the moment of her retreat, and led his flock ſo as to meet her on the brow of the hill; he looked once at her, and continued his road as if buſied only with the care of his ſheep, but that ſlight view was ſufficient to fill him with admiration: What eyes! What a mouth! What fine features! How lovely, though obſcured by that fixed gloom which was ſpread on her countenance! It was plain that grief alone had faded the roſes in her cheeks; but that which ſtruck him moſt of all her charms, was the noble elegance of her gait,

the eaſe of her movements; ſhe ſeemed like a young cedar, whoſe tender ſtem yielded to the ſoft breeze of the zephyrs. My parents have not done her juſtice, ſays he; they have too faintly deſcribed this unknown beauty, who merits the adoration of the world; and is it in this deſart that ſhe lives! She who is worthy to have kings at her feet, is employed in the care of a flock of ſheep: under what veſtments does ſhe appear! yet ſhe adorns every thing, and nothing diſfigures her: but what a life is this for ſo delicate a frame! the coarſeſt food, a ſavage climate, and a bed of ſtraw! Great God! Yes, I will draw her from this too wretched ſtate, ſo unworthy of her.

Theſe were his reflections the reſt of the evening, until ſleep put an end to them, only to preſent him with her image. Adelaide, on her ſide, was ſenſibly ſtruck with the youth and beauty of Fonroſe, and could not help admiring the caprice of fortune: How nature, ſays ſhe, has adorned him with every grace! but alas! in the ſtate he is, theſe gifts are entirely uſeleſs, and would, perhaps, in a more exalted one be a misfortune: What evils does not beauty cauſe in the world! Fatal gift! who would wiſh to be poſſeſſed of thee? Theſe reflections embittered all the pleaſure ſhe had taſted; ſhe reproached herſelf with having been ſenſible of it, and reſolved for the future not to admit it.

The next day Fonroſe thought ſhe ſeemed to avoid him, and was filled with concern: Does ſhe, ſays he, perceive my diſguiſe? Have I betrayed myſelf? Theſe unquiet thoughts took him up the whole day; and his flute was neglected. Adelaide was not ſo diſtant but ſhe could very well have heard him, and his ſilence aſto-

aſtoniſhed her: ſhe began herſelf to ſing one of her own plaintive compoſitions, the words of which were theſe:

All nature ſeems to ſhare my pains;
The birds on ev'ry tree,
With tender notes, and plaintive ſtrains,
In concert join with me.

Fond echo to my ſong replies,
For me ſhe kindly grieves;
The zephyrs imitate my ſighs,
As ruſtling through the leaves.

The murm'ring brook, through flow'ry vales,
The mournful theme purſues;
With me it weeps, my woe bewails,
Which ev'ry day renews.

Fonroſe heard her, and could not help joining with his flute. Never was a concert more affecting than that of Fonroſe and Adelaide: Oh, heavens! ſays ſhe, with aſtoniſhment, I dare not believe my ſenſes! It is not a ſhepherd, but a God which I hear! Could the natural notion of harmony inſpire theſe concords? As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, a rural melody, or rather a celeſtial one, made the valley refound; Adelaide thought ſhe ſaw realiſed all the wonders that poeſy attributes to her charming ſiſter: confuſed and ſpeechleſs, ſhe knew not whether ſhe ought to fly from, or deliver herſelf to, this enchantment. As ſhe was

in this dilemma, ſhe perceived the ſhepherd aſſembling his flock to return home.

He is ignorant, ſays ſhe, of what delight he gives his hearers; his mind is too ſimple to be vain. Great indeed is the power of muſick! it is the only talent which can be enjoyed alone; all others require witneſſes. This was the gift of heaven to man in the ſtate of innocence; it is the pureſt of all pleaſures: Alas! it is the only one that I am now capable of taſting; and I look upon this ſhepherd as a new echo, who is come to repeat my grief.

The following days Fonroſe affected to keep at a diſtance in his turn: Adelaide was afflicted at it: Fate, ſays ſhe, ſeems to envy me this feeble conſolation; I delivered myſelf too eaſily to it, and for my puniſhment I am deprived of it. One day it happened that they met on the brow of the hill; Adelaide could not reſiſt her deſire of ſpeaking; Shepherd, ſays ſhe, do you keep your flock at any great diſtance from hence? I don't know, ſays he; for it is not I who conduct my flock, but they conduct me; they know theſe places much better than I do, and I leave it to them to chuſe the beſt paſture. You are a ſtranger then, replied the ſhepherdeſs: Pray from whence came you? I was born on the other ſide of the Alps, anſwers Fonroſe. Was you born among the ſhepherds, purſued ſhe? Since I am one myſelf, returned he, caſting down his eyes, you ſurely muſt believe I was born among them. Yet that is what I much doubt, replied Adelaide, obſerving him with attention: your talents, your language, your air, all convince me that you was born to a better fate.

You are very good, anſwered Fonroſe; but why would you believe nature has denied every thing to ſhepherds; is it becauſe you

you was born a queen? Adelaide bluſhed at this reply, and anſwered haſtily; The other day, ſaid ſhe, your flute accompanied my ſong with a tone, which would have been ſurprizing in a ſimple keeper of ſheep. Your voice would not have been leſs ſo to me, replied Fonroſe, in a ſimple ſhepherdeſs. But had you never any inſtructions, purſued ſhe? Only as you have, returned he, the guide of my heart and my ear: you ſung, I heard you; that which my heart felt, my flute explained; I breathed my ſoul into it: this is the whole ſecret; nothing can be more eaſy. That is incredible, ſaid Adelaide. I ſaid the ſame when I heard you; replied Fonroſe; nevertheleſs we muſt believe it: do you think nature and love do not ſometimes unite the moſt valuable qualities with the moſt humble fortune, to ſhew that riches alone will not ennoble us?

While they diſcourſed thus, they advanced into the valley; and Fonroſe, animated by a ray of hope, began to ſing a ſprightly air; but Adelaide interrupted him. Ah! in pity, ſays ſhe, ſpare my ſoul the image of a ſentiment which it can never feel; this ſolitude is ſacred to grief, her echoes are unaccuſtomed to repeat the profane ſounds of joy; here every thing mourns with me. I have enough to complain of as well as you, replied the young ſhepherd; and theſe words, pronounced with a deep ſigh, were followed by a long ſilence; until Adelaide firſt broke it: You have enough to complain of, you ſay, reſumed ſhe; is it of men, or is it of fate? I do not know, ſaid he; but I am far from being happy; pray enquire no farther into the cauſe.

Hear me, ſaid Adelaide: Heaven has certainly brought us together to be a comfort to each other; the ſecret griefs with which my

my heart is oppreſſed, are too heavy for me, I ſink beneath the weight of them. If you know what it is to be unhappy, you ought to be compaſſionate, and therefore fit for my confidence; but promiſe me it ſhall be mutual.

Alas! ſaid Fonroſe, my evils are of ſuch a nature, I ſhall perhaps be condemned never to reveal them. This myſterious anſwer only redoubled the curioſity of Adelaide. Come to morrow, ſays ſhe, to the foot of this hill, under this old buſhy oak, where you have heard me ſigh; here will I tell you things which will excite your pity.

Fonroſe paſſed the night in a dreadful agitation: his fate depended on what he was to hear: a thouſand frightful ideas employed his mind; but what he dreaded moſt was, to be made the confidant of an unfortunate and faithful amour. If ſhe loves, ſays he, I am loſt.

The next day, as ſoon as he arrived at the appointed place, he ſaw Adelaide coming towards it. The ſun was obſcured by clouds; and the gloom of the morning agreed well with the ſubject of their converſation.

When they were ſeated at the foot of the oak, Adelaide ſpoke thus: You ſee theſe ſtones which the graſs begins to cover, they are the tomb of the moſt tender, the moſt virtuous of men, whom my love and imprudence deprived of life. I am of a diſtinguiſhed family in France: the Count d' Oreſtan conceived for me the moſt tender paſſion; I was ſenſible of it, I was ſo to an exceſs; my parents oppoſed it, and my love, increaſed by that oppoſition, made me conſent to a marriage, ſacred to virtuous ſouls, but diſallowed by the laws. Italy was then the theatre of war:

war: my lord was ordered to join the corps of which he was commander; I went with him to Briançon, where my fooliſh tenderneſs detained him two days beyond his time. This young nobleman, full of honour, put off his journey with extreme reluctance; he ſacrificed his duty to me, but what had I to ſacrifice to him but myſelf? At length he reſiſted my tears, and tore himſelf from me when it was too late; I accompanied him to this valley, where I received his laſt adieu, and returned to Briançon, there to wait till I heard from him. A few days after, news arrived of a battle; I feared for d' Oreſtan; I wiſhed for his glory, but feared for his ſafety; when I received a letter to this effect: I ſhall be ſuch a day, and ſuch an hour, in the valley, and under the oak where we parted; I ſhall be there alone, and beg that you would be ſo too; I ſtill live only for you. How great was my miſtake! I perceived in this letter only an impatience to ſee me; I applauded that impatience; I was punctual to the appointment. D' Oreſtan appeared, and after the moſt tender ſalute, I have obliged you, my dear Adelaide, ſaid he, and in doing ſo have failed in my duty to my country, when that duty was of more importance than my life: what I feared has happened; a battle has been fought; my regiment charged, performed prodigies of valour, and I was not there; I am diſhonoured, loſt without reſource; I will not reproach you with my misfortune, I have but one ſacrifice to make you, and I ſhall then have finiſhed.

At this diſcourſe, pale, trembling, and panting for breath, I caught my huſband in my arms; at the ſame time I felt my blood freeze in my veins; my knees bent under me, and I fell with-

without motion; he took advantage of my ſwoon to tear himſelf from me, and I was ſoon recalled to life by the noiſe of the piſtol which gave him his death: I will not endeavour to paint my ſituation, it is not to be deſcribed; and theſe tears which you ſee me ſhed, theſe ſighs which ſtifle my voice, can give you no idea of the anguiſh of my ſoul.

After having paſſed a whole night ſighing over the corpſe in ſtupid grief, my firſt care was to bury with it my ſhame; my own hands dug his grave; I do not endeavour to move your pity by what I ſay; but the moment, in which the earth ſeparated me from the ſad remains of my huſband, was a thouſand times more terrible than that can be, which will part my ſoul from my body: exhauſted by grief and want of nouriſhment, my weak hands employed two days in digging this grave with inconceivable pains; when my ſtrength failed me, I repoſed myſelf on the livid cold breaſt of my huſband: in fine, I rendered him the duties of burial, and my heart promiſed to wait in this place for the time when we ſhould be reunited. Meanwhile cruel hunger began to devour me; I thought it a crime to refuſe nature the maintenance of a life much more grievous than death. I changed my dreſs for the ſimple habit of a ſhepherdeſs, and embraced this ſtate as my only refuge; ſince that time all my conſolation has been to weep over this grave, which ſhall be my own. You ſee, purſued ſhe, with what ſincerity I have opened my ſoul to you. I can with you, undiſguiſed, weep in freedom; it is a ſolace I have need of. But I wait for the ſame confidence from you: think not that I will ever abuſe it. I ſee clearly that the ſtate of a ſhepherd is more new and ſtrange to you than to me.

You

You are young, perhaps ſenſible; and if I may truſt my conjectures, our evils have the ſame ſource, and, like me, you have loved; if ſo, we ſhall be the more inclined to pity each other. I look upon you as a friend, whom heaven, touched by my misfortunes, has kindly ſent me in my ſolitude: look upon me as one capable of giving, if not the beſt councils, at leaſt a conſoling example.

You affect me ſenſibly, ſaid Fonroſe, overwhelmed with what he had heard; nor can you conceive the impreſſion the recital of your misfortunes has made upon me. Alas! it is out of my power to return that confidence which you have teſtified to me, and of which you are ſo worthy: but ſuch is the nature of my ſufferings, that an eternal ſilence muſt bury them in the depth of my heart. You are very unhappy, continued he, with a deep ſigh: I am ſtill more ſo. That is all I can tell you: be not offended at my ſilence: I am condemned to it. Allow me to be your conſtant companion; I will endeavour to ſweeten your labour; I will partake of your cares; I will weep with you over this tomb; I will mix my tears with yours; you ſhall never repent the having truſted with your grief a heart, alas, but too ſenſible.

I repent it already, ſaid ſhe, with confuſion; and both with down caſt eyes withdrew. Adelaide, in quitting Fonroſe, thought ſhe ſaw on his face the expreſſion of deep ſorrow. I have renewed the ſenſe of his troubles, ſays ſhe, and with what muſt that fill him, ſince he believes himſelf more miſerable than I! From that day Adelaide and Fonroſe neither ſought nor avoided each other; when they met, looks of deſpair were all

their converſation; if he found her weeping on the grave of her huſband, his heart was ſeized at once with pity, jealouſy, and grief; he contemplated her in ſilence, and replied to her ſobs only by the moſt profound ſighs.

Two months paſſed away in this painful manner, and Adelaide ſaw the youth of Fonroſe wither as a flower. She was the more afflicted at it, as ſhe could not find out the cauſe; for ſhe was far from ſuſpecting it to be herſelf. However, as it is natural when two ſentiments ſhare the ſame ſoul, that one muſt weaken the other, it is certain the regret of Adelaide, for the death of d' Oreſtan, became leſs violent every day, in proportion as her pity for Fonroſe increaſed. She was very ſure that her pity was innocent; the object of this generous concern was continually preſent, and the languiſhing ſtate, in which ſhe ſaw him, made her think it her duty to endeavour to comfort him.

You die, ſaid ſhe to him, and you add to my other grief, that of ſeeing you conſume before my eyes, without being able to afford a remedy. If the recital of the imprudence of my youth has not rendered me deſpicable to you; if the moſt pure friendſhip is valuable; in fine, if you are not willing to render me more miſerable than I was before I knew you, truſt me with the cauſe of your ſorrow; you have only me with you to help and comfort you. Your ſecret, ſuppoſing it to be more important than mine, you need not fear being diſcovered. The death of my huſband has put an abyſs between the world and me, and the confidence which I exact will very ſoon be buried in that grave, where grief is ſwiftly conducting me.

I hope I ſhall be there firſt, ſaid Fonroſe; leave me, I beſeech you,

you, to finiſh my deplorable life, without giving you reaſon to reproach yourſelf for having abridged the courſe of it.

Oh heaven! what do I hear, cried ſhe, aſtoniſhed! I! have I contributed to the evils which overwhelm you? you pierce my heart. What have I done? what have I ſaid? alas, I tremble! Oh God! haſt thou ſent me into the world only to make others wretched? Speak, tell me; this is not a time to conceal who you are; you have diſſembled too long already.

I am then, ſaid Fonroſe, the ſon of the travellers whom you filled with admiration and reſpect. What they recounted of your virtue and charms inſpired me with the fatal deſign of coming to ſee you under this diſguiſe. I have left my family to weep the loſs of their only ſon. I have ſeen you; I know what fixes you in this place; I know the only hope I have is to die in adoring you: ſpare, I beg, your uſeleſs counſels and unjuſt reproaches; my reſolution is as firm, as little to be ſhaken, as yours. If, by betraying my ſecret, you trouble the laſt moments of my life, you will do me an unneceſſary wrong, which can be of no ſervice to yourſelf.

Adelaide, touched by the calm deſpair which appeared in this young gentleman, began to conſider how ſhe could recal him to life, and reſtore him to his parents. Heaven, ſays ſhe, offers me this opportunity of acknowledging their goodneſs. Thus, inſtead of putting on an ill-timed rigour, all that the moſt tender pity, all that the moſt conſoling friendſhip, could do to comfort him, was put in practice.

Heavenly creature, cried Fonroſe, I am ſenſible of your goodneſs, and how unwilling you are to be the cauſe of my unhappi-

neſs; but fate has decreed it ſo; your heart is his who ſleeps in that grave; I ſee that nothing can detach you from it; you kindly endeavour to hide from me my misfortune, your goodneſs overpowers me; but pardon me when I tell you, that though you look upon it as your duty never to love me, yet it is impoſſible I ſhould ever ceaſe adoring you.

Adelaide ſaid little more, but took her leave, and returned to her cottage. My father, ſaid ſhe to the old man, do you think you are able to take a journey to Turin? I want a perſon that I can confide in, to go to the Marquis and Marchioneſs of Fonroſe about a very intereſting affair. The old man replied, that his zeal to ſerve her gave him ſtrength. Go then, ſaid ſhe; you will find them weeping for the loſs of their only ſon; tell them he is living, and in this valley; that I will conduct them to him; but that it is indiſpenſably neceſſary that they ſhould come themſelves to ſeek him.

The good old man ſet out; he arrived at Turin, and made himſelf known for the old man of the valley of Savoy. Ah, cried the Marchioneſs! perhaps he is come to tell us of ſome misfortune that has happened to our ſhepherdeſs. I rather hope, anſwered the Marquis, he is come to acquaint us that ſhe conſents to live with us. Her company, replied the Marchioneſs, would be the greateſt alleviation of our ſorrow for the loſs of our ſon. The old man being introduced, proſtrated himſelf before them: they raiſed him. The loſs of a ſon, ſaid he, is now the object of your grief; I am come to tell you he lives; our dear child has diſcovered him; and with this agreeable news ſhe diſpatched me to Turin; but ſhe ſays it is you alone that can recal him.

As

As he ſpoke thus, ſurprize and joy deprived the lady of her ſenſes: the Marquis, affrighted, called for ſuccour to his wife; they brought her to herſelf; and the whole houſe was acquainted with the joyful news. The Marchioneſs, recovering her ſpirits, ſaid, what ſhall we do? ſeizing the hands of the old man, and embracing them tenderly. How ſhall we acknowledge the goodneſs which gives us life? Every thing was prepared for their journey; and they ſet out with the good man, travelling night and day until they arrived at the valley, which contained all that was dear to them.

The ſhepherdeſs was in the meadows; the old woman conducted them thither; but what was their ſurprize! their ſon, their dear ſon before them under the habit of a ſimple ſhepherd! their hearts and eyes immediately acknowledged him. Ah, cruel child! cried his mother, running into his arms, what anguiſh have you given us! why have you robbed us of yourſelf, whom we ſo tenderly loved? And what has brought you here? Adoration of her, ſaid Fonroſe, whom you ſo much admired. Pardon, Madam, ſaid Adelaide, pardon your being left ſo long to weep the loſs of your ſon. If I had known ſooner who he was, you would have been ſooner comforted.

After the firſt tranſports of filial affection were paſt, Fonroſe fell back into his uſual melancholy: Come, ſaid the Marquis, let us go and reſt ourſelves in the cot, and forget the chagrin this young ſimpleton has given us. I confeſs with ſhame, ſir, ſaid Fonroſe, that I deſerve the name you give me; for nothing but want of reaſon could, for a moment, ſuſpend in my heart my tenderneſs for you, could make me forget the moſt ſacred duties, and,

and, in fine, detach me from all that was moſt dear; but this folly, which you gave birth to, I am fully puniſhed for. I love this incomparable girl; I love her without hope. Alas! you know but little of her; ſhe is virtue itſelf. I love her to idolatry. I know I can never be happy without her; and I know ſhe can never be mine.

Has ſhe truſted you with the ſecret of her birth, demanded the Marquis? I have learned enough, replied he, to aſſure me that it is in nothing inferior to mine: ſhe has renounced a conſiderable fortune to bury herſelf in this deſart. And know you what it is that engages her here? Yes, ſir, but it is a ſecret which ſhe only muſt reveal. She is married, perhaps. No, ſir, ſhe is a widow; but her heart, inſtead of being more at liberty by her widowhood, is bound by links ſtronger even than marriage.

The Marquis ſaid no more, but went on muſing until he arrived at the cottage, when he addreſſed Adelaide in theſe words: My dear girl, you ſee what a change you have made in him who was once Fonroſe: the extravagant paſſion of this young man could be juſtified only by ſuch an object as yourſelf. My wife's conſtant wiſh is to have your company and friendſhip; my ſon cannot live without you: and I deſire nothing more than to call you my child: think then how unhappy you will make us all by a refuſal. Ah! ſir, ſaid ſhe, your goodneſs confounds me; but hear, and judge for me.

She then recited her deplorable adventure; to which ſhe added the name of her family, till then unknown to M. de Fonroſe; and concluded with a vow of inviolable fidelity to her huſband.

At

At theſe words a general conſternation ſpread itſelf over all their faces. Young Fonroſe, almoſt choaked with grief, retired to a corner of the cottage to give it free ſcope. The Marchioneſs preſſing Adelaide in her arms, ſaid, Can you, my dear girl, leave us to weep a ſecond time the loſs of our child? The old man and woman, with eyes full of tears, looked on Adelaide in painful expectation of her anſwer; who, after ſome deliberation, ſpoke thus: Heaven witneſs for me; I would loſe my life rather than be ungrateful for your favours: nothing could add to my own misfortunes but my being the cauſe of yours; therefore I wiſh that Fonroſe himſelf would be my judge; and I beg you would leave me for a moment to ſpeak to him in private. They complied. As ſoon as they were alone; You know, ſaid ſhe, what ſacred ties keep me in this place; if I could be forgetful of, or ceaſe to weep for, a huſband, whoſe only fault was loving me too well, I ſhould be the moſt deſpicable of women: eſteem, friendſhip, and gratitude, I feel for you; but theſe are feelings very different from love; you have conceived for me the moſt tender paſſion, it is not poſſible I ſhould return it; at the ſame time I ſee you in a ſituation which would melt the hardeſt heart; it terrifies me to think myſelf the cauſe, and ſtill more when your parents accuſe me of being the author of their calamities: but to convince you I would do all in my power to make you happy, I put my deſtiny into your hands; chuſe of theſe two ſituations, that which is moſt deſirable to you, either to renounce me, or to poſſeſs a woman, whoſe heart is filled by another object, and whoſe regard for you muſt be too languid to ſatisfy the wiſhes of a lover.

It is enough, ſaid Fonroſe; from a ſoul like yours friendſhip is an equivalent for love. I ſhall, without doubt, be jealous of the tears you will ſhed to the momory of your former huſband; but the cauſe of this jealouſy, in rendering you more worthy, will render you ſtill dearer to me. Then leading her to his parents, She is mine, ſays he, and it is to her reſpect for you that I owe my felicity and my life.

At this moment the Marchioneſs, unable to expreſs her joy by words, caught Adelaide in her arms, and embraced her with the utmoſt affection. Thus, in yielding to pity and to gratitude, the character of Adelaide grew ſtill more amiable. She was deſirous, before ſhe left the valley, of viſiting her huſband's grave; when looking at it with the utmoſt regret, her eyes drowned in tears, Oh! my dear d' Oreſtan, ſaid ſhe! if from the bed of death thou canſt read what paſſes in my ſoul, thy ghoſt will not be offended at the ſacrifice which I make; I owe it to this generous family; but my heart will ever remain with thee: I go with the deſign of making others happy, without a hope of being ſo myſelf.

They tore her from this place with a ſort of violence. The firſt thing ſhe did was to raiſe a monument to her deceaſed huſband: the cottage alſo of the old peaſants, who went with her to Turin, was changed into a country houſe as ſimple as ſolitary, where ſhe reſolved to come ſometimes to weep the follies of her youth. But time, and the tender affection of Fonroſe, with the fruits of a ſecond marriage, have awakened in her ſoul ſome impreſſions of a new paſſion; and ſhe is mentioned as a woman worthy of reſpect, even in her infidelity.

GUAL-



GUALTHERUS AND GRISELDA.

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GUALTHERUS AND GRISELDA;

OR,

HAPPINESS PROPERLY ESTIMATED.

A TALE.

DOWN at the foot of Veſulus the cold,
(Thus ancient bards this moral tale unfold)
Where firſt, thro' ſubterraneous caverns led,
The ſprings of Po expand their ſilver bed;
And, Italy from Italy, divide;
There lies a diſtrict, on the weſtern ſide.
Where, rich in flock and herd, in fruit and grain
Abundant, nature ſpreads an ample plain.
Here, travel'd eyes the varied ſcene admire,
The rounded turret, and the gradual ſpire;
From towns and caſtles that aſpiring riſe,
Proud of their wealthy ſeats, and claim the ſkies.

At once for pleaſure and for plenty fam'd,
The country all around Saluzzo nam'd.
A Marquis rul'd this happy tract of land;
Happy in him: he rul'd with eaſy hand.
Full ready were his ſubjects to obey
The mild indulgence of his gentle ſway.
Obedient to his will, he govern'd all;
Both orders, the great vulgar and the ſmall.
Whether, from merit due, or lucky fate;
For worth not always can ſecure the great.
Well was he born, his anceſtry to trace,
No Lombard Prince cou'd boaſt a nobler race;
And fair of face, his face was fair as young;
Tho' ſtrong of body, delicate tho' ſtrong:
Nor was his beauty to his form confin'd,
His perſon was the image of his mind;
Where courteſy, alike, and honour meet.
Active, but wiſe! indulgent, but diſcreet!
In camp or council, equal to preſide!
Direct in battle, and in law decide!
In this I blame Gualtieri (ſuch his name),
In this, and almoſt this alone, to blame.
But free from love, from error who is free?
(The ſofter ſex will ſure admit the plea!)
Heirs, to ſupport his name, he never ſought,
But turn'd to lighter ſport his daily thought.
He never weigh'd, how early or how late
He ſat on matters that concern'd the ſtate.

But

But thence releas'd, to hawk or hunt prepares;
And well nigh quite neglects all better cares.
For cares, he deem'd the joys of married life:
Fall what might fall, he wou'd not take a wife.
This ſpecious cauſe new diſaffection draws,
And when cou'd ſubjects find no ſpecious cauſe?
(Oft falſely feign'd, but here ſincerely meant!)
So, flocking on a day, to court they went.
And one, in form, they choſe from out the reſt,
The common voice! to utter their requeſt;
Whether, as wiſeſt, to themſelves prefer'd,
Or deareſt to their lord, and better heard.
" Thrice noble Marquis!" (Thus with humble aïr,
And ſuppliant voice, he ſpoke the public care.)
" If thus aſſur'd we meet that honor'd face;
" 'Tis due to thy humanity and grace.
" Theſe princely qualities our fears repel;
" You prompt to eaſe our griefs as we to tell.
" My lowly pray'r then take not in diſdain;
" For love and duty force me to complain.
" But why ſhou'd I my pray'r, preſumptive, call
" This univerſal ſuit? the pray'r of all?
" If from my lips theſe words of licence break,
" Thy faithful ſubjects dictate what I ſpeak.
" Oft have I gain'd before like audience here!
" Nor wert thou wont to give an heedleſs ear.
" Then let me ſtill find favour in thy ſight,
" Still, pardon my requeſt, if not requite.

" While to the gen'ral good I point the way;
" And we but wait your judgment, to obey.
" Such is thy rule, and ſuch is our content,
" Aught to correct not envy cou'd invent.
" But ſtill forgive, if here with ſad preſage
" We doubt the equal bliſs of future age;
" And wiſh thoſe virtues rare, continued down
" To lateſt times, that dignify our own.
" To ſerve thee, in thy heirs, thy people want;
" Nor think this royal gift too much to grant.
" Then bow thy neck beneath the bliſsful yoke;
" The ties of wedlock are not eaſy broke:
" But love to beauty lends a ſilken rein:
" Tis not a ſervile bond, but virtuous chain.
" Then, oh! reflect, (for here the danger lies!)
" Reflect, that time with haſty pinions flies.
" Time, ever on the wing, time ſtays for none;
" Whether we ſleep or wake, or ſtand or run.
" Tho' blooming now thy youth, thy vigour green;
" Age, ſilent as the night, creeps on unſeen,
" And threatens ev'ry ſex, and ev'ry ſtate.
" No pow'r can ſhun the certain doom of fate.
" Certain the doom that he muſt yield his breath!
" Uncertain yet the day aſſign'd by death.
" If life's a bleſſing of ſo ſhort a ſtay;
" Judge what yourſelf muſt ſuffer by delay!
" Judge what we ſuffer! for in this we claim
" An equal int'reſt; to preſerve your name!

" Pre-

" Preſerve your worth! here ev'ry voice conſpires,
" To leave our ſons as happy as their ſires!
" If never yet we diſobey'd your will,
" Accept our offer! be our parent ſtill!
" Ourſelves, to do thee fame, will make the choice;
" A worthy bride, confirm'd by public voice!
" Such as deriv'd from ſome exalted line,
" Is fit, and only fit, to match with thine!
" For this, in full aſſembly, we appear,
" Then pardon our well-meant, tho' needleſs fear.
" Better declare the grievance than conceal;
" If 'tis a forward, 'tis an honeſt zeal.
" We fear your ancient rights (which heav'n defend!)
" May to ſome new, ſome foreign lord deſcend.
" Our free but duteous care, dread liege, excuſe!
" What much we value, much we dread to loſe."
Their honeſt plea, in modeſt ſpeech addreſt,
Touch'd with paternal care his gen'rous breaſt.
By reaſon and by duty, they were mov'd;
But more than life his liberty he lov'd.
That he cou'd eaſe their grief, exalts his mind;
The manner only leaves a ſting behind.
A doubtful courſe propos'd, thro' which to run,
Of rough and ſmooth; a courſe he wiſh'd to ſhun!
At length the father o'er the man prevails,
And public int'reſt turns the private ſcales.
" Full dear (he ſaid) is future welfare bought,
" Conſtrain'd to act the thing I never thought;

" Forego

" Forego my peace; my freedom lay aſide;
" Peace, all my pleaſure! freedom, all my pride!
" Freedom and peace! in marriage rarely found!
" Then what is to be wiv'd, but to be bound?
" Yet to your good my quiet I reſign,
" And yield my liberty. Your good is mine.
" Not born to govern for myſelf alone,
" I ever held your int'reſt as my own.
" Then what you kindly aſk, I freely give,
" And this the laſt and ſureſt proof receive.
" This friend or foe! this good, or ill of life!
" This ſpecious charge! this doubtful chance! a wife!
" But for the choice; be that our proper care;
" This mark of duty and affection ſpare.
" Nor think it matters ought, whate'er ſhe be,
" Of rich or poor, of high or low degree;
" Ought! to the preſent or ſucceeding age.
" What parents for their children can engage?
" The ſon or well or ill ſupports his race,
" As heav'n directs; the glory or diſgrace!
" Nor vice nor virtue, rightly underſtood,
" Deſcend like titles, running with our blood.
" Was honour but entail'd upon our kind,
" No well born prince cou'd ſhew a ſlaviſh mind.
" Nought cou'd the ſeeds of infamy reclaim,
" No vulgar progeny cou'd riſe to fame.
" Yet ſay what houſe obſerves an equal mean?
" Where fix'd was vice or virtue ever ſeen?

" View

" View ſire and ſon with various ſouls endu'd!
" The poliſh'd ſire begets a ſon as rude.
" Yet oft the circle ends where it begun,
" And the rude ſire begets a poliſh'd ſon.
" No human care can deſtiny controul;
" Superior is the pow'r that guides the whole.
" From ſprings unknown are nat'ral talents giv'n;
" Call it the force of fate, or will of heav'n.
" Our lives are ſubject to divine decrees;
" Man only acts as providence foreſees.
" Our part perform'd, let providence prepare
" (Here all precaution fails!) the future heir;
" Your weal or woe to fruſtrate or advance:
" Sprung from what line, you take an equal chance.
" I too the ſame reſiſtleſs law obey,
" For ev'ry happy, or unhappy day.
" The pains or pleaſures of the married ſtate,
" Hang on the ſame neceſſity of fate.
" Yet far as human prudence can ſecure,
" There let your common oath my peace inſure.
" Swear—When in form my plighted hands I bind,
" (Whate'er the object that ſhall take my mind)
" All due obeyſance to the choſen maid
" Be fully ſhown; all homage freely paid:
" Her right acknowledg'd, from the nuptial hour
" As juſt, as had ſhe brought the world in dow'r.
" And further; be it ſolemnly agreed;
" That none in thought, or look, in word, or deed:

" Or

" Or of her fortune grieve, or birth complain.
" Oppoſe me here, I hold the treaty vain.
" This I exact. And juſtice this requires.
" Freedom and peace I yield to your deſires.
" Reſign my body: ſo the public voice
" Demands: but never will reſign my choice.
" Whate'er concerns the ſtate is not withſtood;
" Slave I will be, with pleaſure, for her good.
" Yet, as a royal ſlave my port maintain,
" And to my fancy fit the faſhion of my chain."
Aſſent from all the juſt propoſal bore,
And ſolemnly the tender'd oath they ſwore;
Praying, ere yet they took their ſev'ral way,
To fix the ſpouſal, and aſſign the day:
Still dreading that Gualtherus wou'd not wed.
For when cou'd ſubjects find no cauſe of dread?
To leave no doubt of his determin'd mind,
He fix'd the ſpouſal, and the day aſſign'd.
Term of his future war, or future reſt!
A chance incurr'd (he ſaid) at their requeſt!
Full low they thank him on their bended knees;
For vulgar minds well-tim'd conceſſions pleaſe.
And home again all merrily they tend;
Proud, by their conduct, to have gain'd their end.
Mean time their lord (as marriage form requires)
Appoints his privy knights, and truſty ſquires,
As well for pomp as order to provide;
To grace the rite, and dignify the bride.

Strict

Strict charge, on every chief attendant, lays,
And eager ev'ry chief the charge obeys.
Nor ought was ſpar'd of ſervice or delight,
To dignify the bride, or grace the rite.
The day appointed for the nuptials came;
The feaſt prepar'd: the Marquis ſtill the ſame.
Not one the choſen conſort cou'd deviſe;
Tho' what eſcapes the courtier's buſy eyes?
To blame their lord the vulgar much incline;
So cloſe his ſpeech, ſo covert his deſign!
And where they durſt, in ſecret, or alone,
Impeach his good intent, becauſe unknown.
" Slave to his eaſe, (in murmurs thus they ſaid)
" Imagin'd eaſe! he ſtill forbears to wed;
" Our ſuit, and ev'n his word, forgot the while:
" Why will he thus himſelf and us beguile?"
The morning paſs'd; approach'd the noon of day;
The ev'ning came: and ſtill the ſame delay.
No name went round! no bride appear'd in ſight!
Yet were the nuptials fix'd to crown the night.
Ill cou'd the croud (ſuſpended to deſpair)
Indure ſuch myſt'ry, ſuch deluſion bear.
For ſtill the palace ſeem'd the promis'd word
To keep, and juſtify its thoughtleſs lord.
There neat in ſplendour, pompous in array,
Each ſpacious hall and princely chamber lay.
Rich furniture in coſtly order plac'd;
Never was ſeat of marriage nobler grac'd.

Spread ev'ry table; ev'ry office ſtor'd
With delicates to load the bridal board.
All that the compaſs of Italian ground
Cou'd yield, or might in foreign lands be found.
But why prepar'd? no mortal cou'd deſide!
For what was bridal pomp without a bride?
At length appear'd Gualtherus, richly dreſt;
And dawning hope revives each anxious breaſt.
So wand'ring trav'lers hail the bluſhing ray,
That firſt forebodes the kind return of day.
And forth he rides. While all the royal court
Attend; all bidden to the nuptial ſport.
With many a noble dame of beauty bright,
And many a ſprightly peer, and valiant knight;
And all the choſen gentry of the land,
Common or ſquire, an honorable band:
With theſe, his truſty guard, and houſhold train.
And manfully their foaming ſteeds they rein.
Who, ſnorting to the muſic's mingled ſound,
Paſs to the vales, the neighb'ring hills rebound.
Rumour, the while, their cloſe attention drew;
And buſily, from ſide to ſide, ſhe flew.
A noted dame attracts their ears and eyes;
And mingles many truths, with many lies.
A dame, long practis'd in intrigues of court,
Early in youth ſhe try'd the am'rous ſport;
Nor late in age cou'd wholly quit the trade.
Well cou'd ſhe prompt the half conſenting maid;

And

And to the wiſhing youth ſage counſel lend:
In her, each found a moſt convenient friend.
Thrown out of play, ſhe overlook'd the game;
True friend to love! Bauderia was her name.
Unaſk'd, tho' high of rank, ſhe join'd the throng,
And thus ſhe tattled as ſhe pac'd along.
" Well! now! the Marquis has reveal'd his mind.
" (All hear, on right, on left, before, behind.)
" Soon as you paſs the wood, and reach the lawn,
" Where oft in file the marſhal'd troops are drawn;
" You, from your ſteeds, fair ladies, muſt alight,
" And ſingle paſs review, within his ſight.
" One he will chuſe. For tho' he ſeems to fly,
" He loves the ſex: you read it in his eye.
" Happy the fair, to fix his choice, aſſign'd!
" And great his ſingularity of mind!
" He lays his crown and ſceptre at her feet,
" For unexpected good comes doubly ſweet.
" This he devis'd, for he is good as great,
" In honor to the ſex, and to the ſtate;
" Nor ſought a foreign fair to deck his throne,
" Proud to diſplay the luſtre of his own.
" This, he declar'd the cauſe of his delay;
" Declar'd in council, and declar'd to-day.
" But 'twas a ſecret kept by his commands;
" I know it to be fact, and from good hands."
From fair to fair the pleaſing rumour ſpread;
Hope fills each female heart, and female head.

Daughters of avarice his wealth devour;
Swell the ambitious with the thoughts of pow'r.
Rank fires the proud; and equipage the vain;
But ſelf-opinion ſeizes all the train.
Hence, faſt they fall to ſcandal and ſurmiſe;
As who might claim, but who muſt loſe the prize.
And ſtrait each beauty ev'ry beauty nam'd;
And ev'ry beauty ſtrait each beauty blam'd.
The mart of female cenſure knows no glut;
Bring what you will, they tax it with a but.
While thus, in ſcrutiny, all ſentence all.
Daphne is handſome; but ſhe is too tall!
And honeſtly to judge 'twixt friend and foe,
Silvia is pretty; but as much too low!
Delia, men ſay, is faſhion'd for a wife;
But ſure it is a piece of mere ſtill life!
And Cloe affable, ſhe knows no pride;
But is ſhe not too free, or much belied?
Aminta has a voice, divine to hear;
But then a mouth that gapes from ear to ear!
And Amarillis has a world of fire;
But then a tongue that Socrates wou'd tire!
Flavia has beauty, but her look is mean;
Ah! think, my dear, how ſhe wou'd act the queen!
And Myra, dignity of voice and air;
But oh! the color of her teeth and hair!
Trivia is delicate; but then too lean,
A living corps! half malady, half ſpleen!

And,

And, full of health Nerina, 'tis confeſt;
But 'tis a beaſt of burthen at the beſt!
Nature in Phillis made not one miſtake;
But ſhe is young—who knows what ſhe may make?
And Phœbus in Serpilla's eyes may ſhine;
But you will grant 'tis Phœbus in decline!
The only charm of Sapho is her mind;
But to get lovers ſhe muſt liſt the blind!
And Delia's only merit is her ſhape;
But if you are not deaf you muſt eſcape!
Cælia—(ſcarce envy here a fault cou'd ſpy,)
Yes, 'tis not ſeen, but Cælia is awry!
Not one was worthy (for the truth to own
Each priz'd herſelf) or of his bed or throne.
And well I ween, were they to chuſe the wife,
Full long the prince might lead a ſingle life.
Mean time in royal pomp, and proud array,
Along the dale Gualtherus ſhap'd his way;
To where a low but cleanly village ſtood,
Waſh'd by a ſtream, and border'd by a wood!
Of homely cots compos'd; for ſuch as fed
The fleecy kind, or lowing oxen bred;
For ſuch as mow'd the meads, or plow'd the fields;
And liv'd on what induſtrious labour yields.
Here, lov'd by all, an honeſt ruſtic dwell'd,
Of all the poorer ſwains the pooreſt held.
Bleſt with a ſoul ſuperior to his fate,
For all his wiſh was ſuited to his ſtate.

Here

Here in this narrow circle cou'd he find,
What not the world can give, content of mind.
But yet what all may on themſelves beſtow;
And here it left the high to bleſs the low.
The princely palace for the oxen ſtall.
Him, good Janicola the neighbours call,
A daughter crown'd his age, of ſpotleſs fame,
Tho' noted form; Griſelda was her name.
A fairer, not the journeying ſun ſurveys,
Or with his riſing, or his falling rays.
A chaſter, never happy mother bore,
In days of preſent, or in days of yore:
Strict in her duty, faithful to her truſt,
She ſhun'd temptation, ſpecious lure to luſt.
Yet, for as virtue may, ſhe ſought to pleaſe;
And honeſt toil prefer'd to dang'rous eaſe.
Of diet temp'rate, cautious of exceſs,
Drank oftner of the ſpring, than of the preſs.
For wine adds fuel to the tender breaſt,
The ſprings of youth not motion want, but reſt.
Wiſely ſhe ſhun'd all adventitious heat:
Simple her dreſs, but yet tho' ſimple, neat.
Tho' bleſt of face, and of a tender age,
She wou'd not be engag'd, nor wou'd engage.
Free from the dart of love ſhe kept her heart,
Nor yet at others ſtrove to throw the dart.
Such ſwains as ſought her father's voice to gain,
In birth not ſoul her equals, met diſdain.

Baſe

Baſe commerce with ſuperiors ſhe declin'd,
For conſcious worth ſat ſcepter'd in her mind.
Her aged father was her tendereſt care,
His failing nature ſtudious to repair;
And oft his life her diligence repriev'd,
Repaying back the breath ſhe had receiv'd.
And next to that her duty was to keep,
Nor great the charge, his ſcanty flock of ſheep.
And forth ſhe led them, ſoon as day begun,
And home ſhe drove them, with the ſetting ſun.
Then was ſhe wont with filial joy to bring,
Whate'er produc'd, the ſummer, or the ſpring,
Of herbs, or fruits: what autumn might afford,
Or winter ſpare to ſpread the frugal board.
In houſhold thrift ſhe ſpent each vacant hour,
Arm'd againſt pleaſure, for ſhe fear'd the pow'r;
Hence no falſe bait cou'd her chaſte heart entice:
For ſloth ſhe counted the firſt ſtep to vice.
Her, as he us'd to croſs the neighb'ring green,
Gualtherus joy'd to ſee, and oft had ſeen.
Her matchleſs beauty took his wand'ring ſight,
And hap'ly miniſter'd unknown delight.
'Twas the firſt dawn of paſſion in his breaſt;
And neither ſettled care, nor total reſt.
More frequent came he here, the various game
To rouze; nor knew himſelf, why here he came.
'Twas thought, the near adjacence of the place,
The country round commodious for the chace;

Still

Still to this ſpot his courſe inclines and draws;
Or any thing beſides the real cauſe.
Yet hither when he led the ſportive train,
A ſecret pleaſure thrill'd in ev'ry vein;
But if averſe, he turn'd the flying prey,
Tedious the courſe, and joyleſs was the day.
Next, as ſhe charm'd his eye, ſhe charm'd his ear,
'Twas ſweet delight her modeſt voice to hear?
The native language of an artleſs mind,
Unpractis'd in the trains of womankind.
Oft, by deſign, he from the crowd wou'd ſtray,
And oft pretend occaſions of delay;
Loſs of the ſport! or failure of his horſe!
And tempt her to more free, but chaſte diſcourſe.
Still pleas'd (whate'er ſhe ſaid, whate'er declin'd)
In humble ſtate exalted worth to find,
And note each decent look, and juſt reply,
With glad attention, but with watchful eye.
Watchful! leſt ev'n to diſtant view betray'd,
Envy might wrong the inoffenſive maid.
Prudential cares the beſt affection prove;
No vanity he knew, nor yet knew love.
Sincere regard protects the fair from blame;
Hence what he priz'd, he dreaded to defame.
Then, home as he returns, his thoughts retrace,
Her winning innocence! her baſhful grace!
Her pious care! her unaffected mien!
(Beauties in courtly dames too rarely ſeen.)

Her

Her form, not ſpoil'd by art, by nature wrought!
And far above her ſex, her manly thought!
No poverty of language to expreſs!
No! nought of poverty but in her dreſs.
Thus homeward muſing was he wont to ride;
And thus himſelf, himſelf unknowing, try'd.
" Bleſt is the ſwain, that to his faithful breaſt
" This virgin joins, cou'd marriage make him bleſt.
" Yes, I will own, was I reduc'd to wed,
" Or fear'd not, more than death, that bondage bed;
" None, but Griſelda, wou'd I chuſe for wife:
" But ah! what woman anſwers ſlaviſh life?
" Not for the cauſe, the many may miſguide,
" That in our ancient anceſtry I pride;
" And rather than their dignity diſgrace,
" Wou'd torture nature, than demean my race.
" Tho' this be common ſenſe, 'tis without ground;
" Senſe is by truth, not by opinion bound.
" Much faſhion'd vice from falſe opinion ſprings;
" But laſting virtue from the truth of things.
" Let vulgar ſouls the worldly worth define,
" Of hoarded wealth, or long continued line:
" With me, to be well born, is to be good;
" And merit, the pure ſtream of noble blood.
" But whither wou'd theſe wild concluſions drive?
" To where I neither tend nor can arrive.
" Full happy may the maid (where'er her fate
" Beſtows her) make, and find that caſual ſtate!

" A bliſs, ſo dear the price, by me unſought:
" An idle queſtion! and a wand'ring thought!"
Thus wou'd he war, to ſtrong miſtruſt inclin'd,
'Twixt ſenſe of love, and prejudice of mind.
But now, to quit his boaſted peace, conſtrain'd,
Now, that no hope of liberty remain'd;
Theſe barriers of his paſſion once remov'd,
With rapture he reflects on her he lov'd.
Then the fair object, rooted in his breaſt,
Stood forth, in all the pow'r of fancy dreſt.
So the pent ſtream, obſtructed in his courſe,
The dams o'erthrown, pours with redoubled force.
So the tam'd ſteed with fury ſcours the plain,
When from the curbing hand he ſnaps the rein.
Meantime the maid, full innocent of mind,
Nor knew the ſmother'd flame, nor grace deſign'd.
With ſnow white pail ſhe ſought the ſilver ſpring,
Thence, nature's pure munificence to bring,
Or for her own, or for her father's need;
And home return'd with more than wonted ſpeed.
For now, ſhe heard her ruſtic neighbours ſay,
Her lord wou'd wed, and this the promis'd day.
And tho' gay ſport was not her fond delight,
Full fain wou'd ſhe have ſeen this courtly ſight.
For this, with haſte ſhe bears the limpid freight,
Nor dreamt, how near ſhe verg'd on better fate:
How ſoon to change her cottage for a throne;
And celebrate no nuptial but her own.

She

She but propos'd to end without delay
The houſhold labours of the ſhort'ning day;
Then, at her homely gate reſolv'd to ſtand,
And with her equals view the royal band,
While to the lawn their ſplendid courſe they hold,
As ſwains returning from Saluzzo told.
Yet ſomething here ſhe found, nor yet cou'd find
The cauſe, that pain'd her heart, and griev'd her mind;
Something, that ſeem'd to trouble and perplex:
Envy (you'll ſay), inſep'rate from the ſex.
A virtuous envy ſtill, and well refin'd!
Corrected vice, uncommon to the kind!
'Twas not, that other's pleaſure gave her pain;
'Twas not, that his regard had made her vain;
Nor malice to the bride, to her unknown;
Yet cou'd ſhe wiſh her any other throne.
Gualtherus too, her innocence confeſs'd,
She cou'd not wiſh debas'd, to have poſſeſs'd.
But had, revers'd, their diſtance been as great;
His low as her's, and high as his her ſtate;
His worth, ſhe inly thought, had fix'd her choice;
No pow'r, or wealth had brib'd her partial voice.
His ſteed, Gualtherus quitting at the gate,
Gave to a ſquire, and bade th' attendance wait.
Scarce had he enter'd, when Griſelda came,
At diſtance known: he call'd her by her name.
She down her pail, beſide the oxen ſtall,
Haſtes to diſpoſe, and on her knees to fall.

And thus in humble guiſe continues ſtill,
As one that waits to hear the royal will.
Tho' fix'd all ſign of paſſion to withſtand,
Forward he ſtep'd, and rais'd her with his hand.
While all, that of her innocence or truth
He fram'd, or of her beauty felt or youth,
Fell ſhort, to what his preſent thoughts admire;
Her eyes, ſo full of modeſty yet fire!
The diſcompoſure of her face and frame,
Bluſhing, and trembling, with ingenuous ſhame!
"Say—is—Janicola—" His tongue affords
Uneaſy utt'rance to theſe eaſy words.
And, cover'd with confuſion as ſhe ſtands,
"He—is (ſhe cries), he waits—his lord's commands."
Within the homely cot not long ſhe ſought,
And to his lord her ancient father brought.
Him, by the hand he takes, and leads aſide;
Then thus: "In me, Janicola, confide.
"My faithful vaſſal wert thou wont to reſt;
"Nor let the father with the prince conteſt.
"No longer will I boaſt the pow'r or art,
"To check my will, or to diſguiſe my heart;
"Thy daughter, chaſte of fame as fair of ſight,
"I claim, but wou'd not claim by force but right."
On earth the honeſt ruſtic fix'd his eyes,
Shock'd with miſtruſt, aſtoniſh'd with ſurprize.
At length he rais'd; unable to controul
The pow'r of virtue working in his ſoul.

"My

" My ſovereign Liege, oh! pardon (he reply'd)—
" To ſerve you, was my joy; to pleaſe, my pride;
" To pleaſe you, and to ſerve you, as I ought.
" But ſure, my ignorance miſtakes your thought!
" If my Griſelda may ſome merit claim,
" She ſhou'd not paſs thro' infamy to fame.
" Not ſuch my early care, not ſuch appears
" Her cautious youth; ſhe will not wrong my years,
" Nor wrong her own. Tho' daughter of a ſwain,
" And bred in want, ſhe lives without a ſtain.
" And may I, of thy ſlaves, the meaneſt ſlave,
" Ere virtue ſhe forſake, prepare her grave.
" Here, in this narrow compaſs, fortune grants
" Sufficient for her wiſhes and my wants.
" Sufficient yields our flock, tho' ſmall our fold,
" To guard both her and me from heat and cold.
" The ſtream gives liquor, and the foreſt, fire.
" Poſſeſs we little? little we deſire.
" Ev'n this to your benevolence we owe;
" But rather re-aſſume what you beſtow,
" Than we from ſimple honeſty depart,
" And know a mind corrupt, or vicious heart.
" Still may we live, in innocence and eaſe,
" Pleas'd with our charge, nor baſely ſeek to pleaſe.
" And, if ſo far a father may preſume,
" Bear her to court, you bear her to her tomb."
The pleaſure that from virtuous action flows,
The man of virtue only feels and knows.

Gual-

Gualtherus own'd a joy that roſe to pain,
To find ſo worthy, yet ſo poor a ſwain.
He ſmil'd; and to himſelf in ſecret ſport:
" Few had return'd this negative at court."
Then to Janicola. " My fair deſign
" Miſtake not, friend. By right I claim her mine;
" With me (conſent but thou) to lead her life,
" Not, as you wrong my ſenſe, but as my wife."
Mute with amaze, and with confuſion red,
" Thy will be mine," was all the father ſaid.
Gualtherus ſtrait, purſuing his intent,
Within the lowly cot full humbly went;
The baſhful maid he bade approach him nigh;
(All this he will'd beneath the father's eye.)
Surpris'd ſhe ſtood with wonder and delight,
For never had ſhe ſeen ſo fair a ſight.
And unaccuſtom'd to ſo great a gueſt,
Pale grew her cheeks, and much diſturb'd her breaſt.
He mark'd the ſweet diſorder of the maid,
And thus completes the plan, maturely laid.
" Griſelda, know my purpoſe is to wed,
" And make thee partner of my throne and bed.
" Thy father yields conſent our hands to join;
" What more remains but to ſolicit thine?
" Ought need I add? the offer ſhows my love;
" And time, I hope, thy conſtancy will prove.
" All that I aſk is quietly to live;
" Then freely give, what only you can give.

" The

" The match, 'tis true, too much of haſte requires;
" Your thoughts I know not, tho' I feel my fires.
" To ſpeak my paſſion, or thy truth to try,
" Time fails; then let me add this further tie.
" Swear, that with ready will, and honeſt heart,
" Like or diſlike, without regret or art,
" In preſence, or alone, by night or day,
" All that I will, you fail not to obey;
" All I intend, to forward that you ſeek,
" Nor ever once object to what I ſpeak;
" Nor yet, in part alone, my wiſh fulfil;
" Nor tho' you do it, do it with ill-will.
" Nor with a forc'd compliance half refuſe,
" And ſhowing duty, all the merit loſe.
" To ſtrict obedience add a willing grace,
" And let your ſoul be painted on your face.
" No reaſons giv'n, and no pretences ſought,
" To ſwerve in deed or word, in look or thought."
Hard terms, I doubt, may judge the modern maid,
Marriage dear bought! and grandeur overpaid!
Not ſo Griſelda. And obſerve her life;
All that the maid propos'd, perform'd the wife.
" How much thy vaſſal falls below thy care,
(This juſt reply ſhe made with modeſt air)
" I own; in indigence begot and bred:
" Stain to thy race, diſhonour to thy bed!
" This known, was neither oath nor vow to bind,
" What honeſt heart cou'd ſtray, what virtuous mind?

" Had

" Had fortune join'd me to the meaneſt ſwain,
" That tends your lowing herd, or bleating train;
" Him to obey, had been my choice in life,
" The meaneſt ſwain had found a faithful wife.
" Thus honour'd, ill I merited to live,
" Gave I not that, which only I can give:
" What ev'ry ſlave might claim. But if thoſe eyes
" Have found ought here to prize, myſelf I prize:
" Mindful to whom I owe my happier fate;
" Nor yet forgetful of my former ſtate.
" Senſe of your worth, and gratitude conſpire
" To fix this bond; I ſwear, as you require:
" Still to remain obſervant of your will,
" Your ev'ry charge religiouſly fulfil;
" By that ſole rule my future life to lead:
" Nor ſwerve in thought or look, in word or deed."
" No other dow'r I aſk (Gualtherus cried);
" The world ſhou'd tempt me to no other bride."
Then led her to the door: and thus aloud
Accoſts the menial and the noble crowd.
" Here, on this ſeat of hope, I reſt my life,
" This maid, and none but her, I take no wife.
" To this, my better part, that homage ſhow,
" All that you owe your prince, or think you owe."
The ladies then he bade reform her dreſs,
(Retir'd within the cot's remote receſs)
And richly deck, as princely rites require,
Nor leave one remnant of her old attire;

Re-

Reſolv'd, that e'er ſhe reach'd the royal gate,
Her bridal pomp ſhou'd ſuit her wifely ſtate;
Her mind ſo noble, and her form ſo fair,
Firſt fix'd his choice; and laſt requir'd his care.
In flock the fair, to dreſs the rural maid,
On nuptials pleas'd to lend their uſeful aid.
Some mov'd by duty; by good-nature ſome:
Some meditating marriages to come;
And ruminating ſome on pleaſures paſt:
Some curious, and ſome envious: moſt, the laſt.
But all, on entrance, loud ſurpriſe expreſs'd,
To ſee the courtly bride, ſo country dreſs'd.
For nobly born, and delicately bred,
Her rude apparel rais'd a gen'ral dread.
Such linen, never felt! ſeen, garments ſuch!
So rough! ſo courſe! they almoſt ſwoon to touch!
Deep-principl'd in vain affected airs,
Of framing fears, and counterfeiting cares;
Of feigning woe, where they rejoice at heart;
And pain diſſembling, where they feel no ſmart;
Not one leſs horror witneſs'd than the reſt,
Not one ſo low, as not to ſeem diſtreſt.
Each, as the painful office they purſue,
Oft gave her injur'd hand, and oft withdrew;
Oft turn'd her head, ev'n in Griſelda's ſight,
Leſt other dames might think her leſs polite;
Unleſs ſome ſhow of cenſure ſhe had ſhown,
That any thing, ſo dreſs'd, ſhou'd mount a throne.

Then, ſends the ſpeedy embaſſage of eyes,
To prove her taſte, and witneſs her ſurpriſe;
Then, ſtarting back, her ſupple body bends,
As if infection the vile work attends.
For ſofter taſks their poliſh'd limbs were made;
This was mere drudg'ry! mere mechanic trade!
Ill cou'd their whiter fingers bear the ſoil;
Or weaker arms ſupport the grievous toil.
"But this the prince—and he is free to chuſe,
"And none in common manners can refuſe."
This vaſt fatigue, with mighty pain, ſubdued;
More eaſy was the charge that next enſued.
The ſight of rich apparel glads the fair,
Fond to admire, tho' deſtin'd not to wear!
For now, more ſumpt'ous cloaths th' attendants brought,
In ſecret, by their lord's direction, wrought;
Shap'd to the faireſt maiden of the court:
(The meaſure gayly taken as in ſport)
Cælia the maid; alike her turn and ſize.
Such juſt obſervers ſtill are lovers eyes!
Full-well each faſhion'd dame performs her part;
Skill'd in the myſt'ries of the toilet art.
By each ſome happy maſter-ſtroke was ſhown,
The flowing robe adjuſting by her own.
Rich was the robe, and glorious to behold,
Beſet with coſtly ſtones incas'd in gold;
The plainer ground of pure cerulean dye;
And oft the hand was ſtop'd to feaſt the eye.

Her

Her hair they comb'd, that rudely lay untreſt,
But ſoon reclaim'd, and in new order dreſs'd:
And ſtore they add of adventitious charms,
Rings for the hands and bracelets for the arms;
With pearly rows, with golden bands was grac'd
The riſing boſom, and the falling waiſt;
And laſt a crown was plac'd upon her head,
That prominent with gems a mingled luſtre ſhed.
Patient, beneath their hands, Griſelda ſits,
And to their various wills her limbs ſubmits;
But ſecret wiſh'd, leſs pomp had been prepar'd,
And much of their polite exactneſs ſpar'd.
The vain with ſudden change are ſoon elate,
The ſtupid have no reliſh of their fate;
The two extremes ſhe wiſely ſteer'd between;
Her rule of action was the golden mean.
She nor with idiot-laugh her bliſs proclaims,
Nor with vain triumph treats the courtly dames;
Not tho' ſhe ſaw her fortune inly vex:
She mild forgave the failure of the ſex;
And yet not ſenſeleſs of her good remains;
But riſing pleaſure prudently reſtrains.
The wiſe their bliſs in contemplation find;
Joy is not of the tongue but of the mind!
Yet oft with quicker throbs her boſom roſe,
And oft her face with warmer bluſhes glows;
And ſofter ſmiles to paint her lips ariſe,
And brighter rays to animate her eyes.

The fair themſelves that joint aſſiſtance lend,
Not apt the charms of others to commend,
With looks of ſilent praiſe, alternate thrown,
Well nigh prefer her beauty to their own.
Who (ſtill improv'd beneath their forming hands)
At once their love and their reſpect commands.
But loud applauſe (produc'd in public view)
The vulgar add, ſtill fond of what is new!
Transform'd (they thought) a new Griſelda ſhown:
Slaves to appearance, not transform'd but known!
Not ſuch material change their lord confeſs'd,
Who bore her fairer image in his breaſt;
Who, not by outward ſhow her form ſurvey'd,
And more her merit than her beauty weigh'd.
Yet, for he knew that dreſs improves the face,
(As eloquence to ſenſe adds better grace)
Her juſt adornment gratify'd his ſight,
Pleas'd to behold her in the faireſt light.
He on her hands, uprais'd with decent ſhame,
Affix'd the ring, that binds the nuptial claim.
Then, on a ſnow-white ſteed, the virgin plac'd,
With crimſon reins and ſilver trappings grac'd.
Loud ſhout the coming and returning throng,
As to the royal court they paſs along;
In revel there the finiſh'd day he ſpends;
Till down the weſtern ſteeps the ſun deſcends.
But not on things minute to dwell too long—
(For copious is the remnant of our ſong.)

The

The new-made bride with ſuch true merit ſhone,
She gave (not borrow'd) luſtre from the throne.
So form'd her ſpeech, ſo faſhion'd was her mien;
So juſt but mild! ſo awful but ſerene!
Not envy in her look or ſoul cou'd trace,
Her low condition or ignoble race.
In nought ſhe ſeem'd by ruſtic parents fed,
In meanneſs nurtur'd, or in rudeneſs bred;
No daughter of a cottage humbly born,
But ſprung a princely palace to adorn;
Nor only to adorn, but to ſupport,
Not only fill, but dignify a court.
Her ſpreading fame the crowd with wonder hears
(Who knew her birth) and ſcarce believe their ears;
Gaze the nobility with like ſurpriſe,
And doubt the nearer evidence of eyes.
For tho' her lowly virtue was the ſame,
Exalted thus it ſhow'd a brighter flame.
Virtue lies undiſcover'd when confin'd,
Unfelt the will, unleſs the power be join'd.
Her known example may this truth declare,
So witty, yet ſo wiſe, ſo chaſte, yet fair!
So ſtrictly merciful, ſo humbly great!
Such winning grace, and ſuch complying ſtate!
Her looks their love, her words their wonder won,
Diffus'd on all, indulgent as the ſun!
Not only thro' Saluzzo ſpread her fame,
But diſtant regions heard her bounteous name;

And

And ever laviſh on her praiſes dwell:
Well as one ſpoke, another ſpoke as well.
And thouſands came, alike the young as old,
Women as men, to hear her and behold.
Thus honeſty for once and honor wed,
And humble fortune decks a princely bed.
The diſbelieving lord himſelf confeſs'd,
'Twas poſſible in marriage to be bleſt.
At home his peace preſerv'd the prudent wife,
Abroad his wealth ſupply'd the wants of life:
And more than life requires. For kept from waſte,
Enough remains for elegance of taſte.
And for that worth, thro' poverty's diſguiſe,
Diſcern'd their lord, the people held him wiſe.
This as no common incident be told;
'Tis what the people are not apt to hold.
Yet not in houſehold cares (tho' theſe alone
Are worthy praiſe) her excellence was ſhown;
Abſent her lord, full wiſely cou'd ſhe guide
The public ſtate, the common good provide:
In judgment equal, eaſy of acceſs,
Complaints to hear, or errors to redreſs.
And ready, as ſucceſsful, to aſſuage,
Or private diſcontent, or public rage.
Of counſel prudent, ſteady to her truſt,
Strong in perſuaſion, in diſcernment juſt.
And when at ſtrife (for ſtrife all ſtates afford),
She reconcil'd the people to their lord.

So

So ſought his peace, and ſo their welfare ſought,
Urg'd with ſuch pow'r of ſpeech, and ſtrength of thought;
That rarely was her judgment found to fail:
And if he held the ſword, ſhe held the ſcale.
Hence all degrees, the ſenate and the crowd,
Her juſtice own'd, her clemency allow'd;
A gift of heaven, their fortune to attend,
Not only to preſerve the ſtate, but mend.
Bleſt was the ſubject, and the ſov'reign bleſt!
All ſhar'd her worth, he all her worth poſſeſs'd.
Nor yet the ſun had fill'd his annual round,
E'er a new pledge of love the nuptials crown'd.
A daughter crown'd! whoſe ſweetly-op'ning face
Adorn'd the bed with near-reſembling grace.
And tho' (the better to reward her care)
The anxious mother wiſh'd a manly heir;
Pleas'd was Gualtherus, nor diſpleas'd the ſtate,
To find their wiſhes half indulg'd by fate.
For, from that ſample of inferior kind,
The promiſe of a nobler—they divin'd.
The charge Griſelda, miſtreſs of a throne,
Intruſted to no care, beſide her own.
Gualtherus long oppos'd, at length comply'd,
Diſſenting moſt from love, but much from pride.
No matrimonial jar! for here the ſtrife
Was not to burthen, but to ſpare the wife.
He preſs'd their common dignity and eaſe,
And yielded but to humour, and to pleaſe.

Yet

Yet ſhe maintain'd, (her argument was ſtrong)
" Whole nature biaſs'd to preſerve their young.
" Of all the habitants of earth and air,
" Shall human kind take leſs than ſavage care?
" I own (ſhe ſaid) this ſeems a country ſtrain,
" The language of the daughter of a ſwain;
" What to the crowd may furniſh mirth and ſport,
" And give diſtaſte and wonder to the court.
"-Yet will I ſay, (for this you taught my youth)
" Truſt not to ſhow of things, but to the truth.
" Be truth the rule; polite or impolite,
" I weigh not what is thought, but what is right.
" The point let courtly dames with leave conteſt,
" This lovely child ſhall never quit my breaſt.
" 'Tis vice of faſhion! 'tis neglect of kind!
" 'Tis indolence! 'tis cruelty of mind!"
To ſuch a huſband added ſuch a wife;
What fairer ſcene cou'd yield domeſtic life?
Each ſeems of each the fortune to controul,
Each worthy each in body as in ſoul.
So fair the road, and ſo direct to bliſs,
Their way a pair ſo form'd cou'd hardly miſs.



LOVE



LOVE AND JEALOUSY.-

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

A TALE.

WHAT ſtate of life can be ſo bleſt
As Love, that warms a lover's breaſt?
Two ſouls in one the ſame deſire,
To grant the bliſs, and to require:
But if in heav'n a hell we find,
'Tis all from thee,
O Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

All other ills, tho' ſharp they prove,
Serve to refine and perfect love;
In abſence, or unkind diſdain,
Sweet hope relieves the lover's pain:

O But,

But, Oh! no cure but death we find,
To ſet us free
From Jealouſy;
O Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

Falſe in thy glaſs all objects are,
Some ſet too near, and ſome too far:
Thou art the fire of endleſs night,
The fire that burns, and gives no light.
All torments of the damn'd we find
In only thee,
O Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant, tyrant Jealouſy,
Thou tyrant of the mind!

AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR JENNY,

WAS there any probability that a letter from me would be permitted to reach your hand alone, I ſhould not have choſen this leaſt eligible method of writing to you. The public is no way concerned in family affairs, nor ought to be made a party in them; but my circumſtances are ſuch, as lay me under a neceſſity of either communicating my ſentiments to the world, or concealing them from you; the latter would, I think, be the breach of an indiſpenſible duty, which obliges me to wave the impropriety of the former.

A long train of events, of a moſt extraordinary nature, conſpired to remove you, very early, from the tender care of an affectionate mother; you was then too young to be able to form any right judgment of her conduct; and ſince that time it is very probable that it has been repreſented to you in the moſt unfavourable light. The general prejudice againſt me I never gave myſelf the uſeleſs trouble of any endeavour to remove.—I do not mean to infer from hence, that the opinion of others is of no material conſequence; on the contrary, I would adviſe you always to remember, that, next to the conſciouſneſs of acting right, the public voice ſhould be regarded, and to endeavour, by a prudent behaviour, (even in the moſt trifling inſtances) to ſecure it in your favour. 'Twas my misfortune to be educated in a different opinion: I was early and wiſely taught, that virtue was the one thing neceſſary, and without it no happineſs could be expected either in this, or in any future ſtate of exiſtence; but with this good principle, a miſtaken one was at the ſame time inculcated; namely, that the ſelf-approbation ariſing from conſcious virtue was alone ſufficient, and the cenſures of an ill natured world, ever ready to calumniate, when not founded on truth, were beneath the concern of a perſon, whoſe actions were guided by the ſuperior motive of obedience to the will of heaven: this notion, ſtrongly imbibed before reaſon had gained ſufficient ſtrength to diſcover its fallacy, was the cauſe of an inconſiderate conduct in my ſubſequent life, which ſtamped my character with a diſadvantageous impreſſion. To you I ſpeak with the utmoſt ſincerity, nor will conceal a fault that you may profit by the knowledge of; and therefore

freely

freely own, that, in my younger years, ſatisfied with keeping ſtrictly within the bounds of virtue, I took a fooliſh pleaſure in exceeding thoſe of prudence, and was ridiculouſly vain of indulging a latitude of behaviour that others of my age were afraid of launching into: but then, in juſtice to myſelf, I muſt at the ſame time declare, that this freedom was only taken in public company; and ſo extremely cautious was I of giving, what to me appeared any juſt ground for cenſure, that I call heaven to witneſs, your papa was the firſt man I ever made any private aſſignation with, or met in a room alone, nor with him, till after the moſt ſolemn mutual engagement, that of the matrimonial ceremony, had bound us to each other. My behaviour then, was ſuch, as, he has frequently ſince acknowledged, fully convinced him that I was not only innocent of any criminal act, but of every vicious thought; and that the outward freedom of my deportment proceeded merely from great gaiety of temper, and a very high flow of ſpirits, never broke (if the expreſſion may be allowed) into the formal rules of decorum. To ſum up the whole in a few words, my private conduct was what the ſevereſt prude could not condemn; my public, ſuch as the moſt finiſhed coquet alone would have ventured upon: the latter only could be known to the world; and, conſequently, from thence muſt their opinion be taken, which, you will eaſily ſee, could not be favourable to me, but, on the contrary, gave a general prejudice, that has ſince been made an argument to gain credit for the malicious falſhoods laid to my charge: for this reaſon (convinced by long experience that the greater part of mankind are ſo apt to receive, and ſo willing to retain, a bad im-

impreſſion of others, that when ſuch prepoſſeſſions are once eſtabliſhed, there is hardly a poſſibility through life of removing them), I have, for ſome years paſt, ſilently acquieſced in the diſpenſations of providence, without attempting any juſtification of myſelf; and being conſcious that the infamous aſperſions caſt on my character were not founded on truth, have ſet down content with the certainty of an open and perfect acquittal of all vicious diſpoſitions, or criminal conduct, at that great day, when all things ſhall appear as they really are, and both our actions and the moſt ſecret motives of them, be made manifeſt to men and angels.

Had your papa been amongſt the number of thoſe who were deceived by appearances, I ſhould have thought it my duty to leave no method uneſſayed to clear myſelf in his opinion;—but that was not the caſe: he knows that many of thoſe appearances, urged againſt me, were given, not only under his direction, but by his abſolute command, (which, contrary to reaſon and my own intereſt, I was, for more than twelve years, weak enough implicitly to obey) and that others, even ſince our ſeparation, were occaſioned by ſome particular inſtances of his behaviour, which rendered it impoſſible for me to act with ſafety in any other manner; to him I appeal for the truth of this aſſertion, who is conſcious of the meaning, that may hereafter be explained to you. Perfectly acquainted with my principles and natural diſpoſition, his heart, I am convinced, never here condemned me. Being greatly incenſed that my father's will gave to me an independant fortune, which will, he imagined, I was acceſſary to, or at leaſt, could have prevented; he was thereby

thereby laid open to the arts of deſigning men, who (having their own intereſt ſolely in view) worked him up into a deſire of revenge, and from thence, upon probable circumſtances, into a public accuſation; though that was ſupported only by the ſingle teſtimony of a perſon, whoſe known falſhood had made him a thouſand times declare, that he would not credit her oath in the moſt trifling incident; yet, when he was diſappointed of the additional evidence he might have been flattered with the hope of obtaining, 'twas too late to recede. This I ſincerely believe to be the truth of the caſe, tho' too well know his tenacious temper to expect a preſent juſtification; but whenever he arrives on the verge of eternity, if reaſon holds her place to that awful moment, and religion has any power on his heart, I make no doubt, he will then acquit me to his children, and with truth confeſs, that no part of my behaviour to him ever deſerved the treatment I have met with.—Sorry am I to be under the neceſſity of pointing out faults in the conduct of another, which are perhaps long ſince repented of, and ought then to be as much forgot as they are moſt truly forgiven: heaven knows, that ſo far from retaining any degree of reſentment in my heart, the perſon breathes not whom I wiſh to hurt, or to whom I would not this moment render every ſervice in my power. The injuries by me ſuſtained, had I no children, ſhould contentedly be buried in ſilence till the great day of retribution; but the falſe impreſſions which, by ſuch ſilence, might be fixed on your mind, and thoſe of your brothers and ſiſters, whom I include with you, 'tis incumbent on me, in juſtice to you, to them, and to myſelf, as far as poſſible, to efface

face. To this end it will be neceſſary to enter into a circumſtantial hiſtory of near fifteen years, full of incidents, of a nature ſo uncommon as to be ſcarcely credible, which I am convinced will effectually clear me, in your opinions, of the imputations I now lie under, and prove, almoſt to a demonſtration, the true cauſe of thoſe proceedings againſt me, that were couched under pretended motives, as injurious to my reputation as they were falſe in themſelves. But this muſt be deferred ſome time longer; you are all yet too young to enter into things of this kind, or to judge properly of them. When a few years ſhall, by ripening your underſtandings, remove this objection, you ſhall be informed of the whole truth, without diſguiſe or partiality,—till then ſuſpend your belief of all that may have reached your ears with regard to me, and wait the knowledge of thoſe facts my future letter will reveal for your information.

Thus much I thought it neceſſary to premiſe concerning myſelf, tho' foreign to the deſign of this epiſtle, which is only to remind you, that you have ſtill an affectionate mother, anxious for your welfare, to give you ſome advice with regard to your conduct in life, and to lay down a few precepts, that, if attended to, will in the beſt manner in my power ſupply the deprivation of a conſtant tender maternal care: the addreſs is to you in particular, your ſiſters being yet too young to receive it; but my intention for the equal ſervice of you all.

You are juſt entering, my dear girl, into a world full of deceit and falſhood, where few perſons or things appear as they really are: vice hides her deformity with the borrowed garb of virtue; and though diſcernable, by the unbecoming aukwardneſs

neſs of her deportment under it, paſſes on thouſands undetected: every preſent pleaſure uſurps the name of happineſs, and as ſuch deceives the unwary purſuer; thus one general maſk diſguiſes the whole, and it requires a long experience, and a penetrating judgment, to diſcover the truth.—Thrice happy thoſe, whoſe docile tempers improve the inſtructions of maturer age, and thereby attain ſome degree of this neceſſary knowledge, while it may be chiefly uſeful in directing their conduct!

The turn your mind now takes, fixes the happineſs or miſery of your whole future life; and I am too nearly concerned for your welfare not to be moſt ſolicitouſly anxious that you may early be led into ſo juſt a way of thinking, as will be productive of a prudent, rational behaviour, and ſecure to yourſelf a laſting felicity. You was old enough, before our ſeparation, to convince me that heaven had not denied you a good natural underſtanding, which, properly cultivated, will ſet you above that trifling diſpoſition, too common among the female world, that makes youth ridiculous, maturity inſignificant, and old age contemptible; it is therefore needleſs to enlarge on that head, ſince good ſenſe is there the beſt adviſer, and without it all admonitions or directions on the ſubject would be as fruitleſs, as to lay down rules for an idiot not to act fooliſhly.

There is no room to doubt but that ſufficient care will be taken to give you a polite education; but a religious one is of ſtill greater conſequence; neceſſary as the former is toward your making a proper figure in the world, and being well accepted in it, the latter is yet more ſo, as that only can ſecure to you the approbation of the greateſt and beſt of Beings, on

whoſe favour depends your everlaſting happineſs: let, therefore, your duty to God be ever the firſt and principal object of your care; as your creator and governor, he claims adoration and obedience; as your father and friend, ſubmiſſive duty and affection: remember, that from this common parent of the univerſe you received your life; that to his general providence you owe the continuance of it; and to his bounty, all the health, eaſe, advantages, or enjoyments, which help to make that life agreeable. A ſenſe of benefits received naturally inſpires a grateful diſpoſition, with a deſire of making ſome ſuitable returns; all that can here be made, for innumerable favours every moment beſtowed, is a thankful acknowledgment, and a willing obedience; in theſe be never wanting: make it an invariable rule to begin and end the day with a ſolemn addreſs to the deity. I mean not by this, what is commonly with too much propriety called ſaying of prayers, viz. a cuſtomary repetition of a few good words, without either devotion or attention, than which, nothing is more inexcuſable and affrontive; it is the homage of the heart that can alone be accepted. Expreſſions of our abſolute dependence and entire reſignation, thankſgiving for the mercies already received, petitions for thoſe bleſſings it is fit for us to pray for, and interceſſions for all our fellow-creatures, compoſe the principal parts of this duty; which may be compriſed in very few words, or more enlarged upon, as the circumſtances of time and diſpoſition may render moſt ſuitable; for it is not the length, but the ſincerity and attention of our prayers that will make them efficacious: a good heart, joined to a tolerable underſtanding, will ſeldom be at a loſs for proper words

with

with which to cloathe theſe ſentiments; and all perſons being beſt acquainted with their own particular circumſtances, may reaſonably be ſuppoſed beſt qualified for adapting their petitions and acknowledgments to them; but for thoſe who are of a different opinion, there are many excellent forms of prayer already compoſed; amongſt theſe none, that I know of, are equal to Doctor Hoadly's (the preſent biſhop of Wincheſter), which I recommend to your peruſal and uſe; in the preface to which, you will find better inſtructions on this head, than I am capable of giving, and to thoſe I refer you.

It is acknowledged, that our petitions cannot in any degree alter the intention of a being, who is in himſelf invariable, and without a poſſibility of change; all that can be expected from them is, that by bettering ourſelves, they will render us more proper objects of his favourable regard; and this muſt neceſſarily be the reſult of a ſerious, regular, and conſtant diſcharge of this branch of our duty; for it is ſcarcely poſſible to offer up our ſincere and fervent devotions to heaven, every morning and evening, without leaving on our minds ſuch uſeful impreſſions, as will naturally diſpoſe us to a ready and chearful obedience, and inſpire a filial fear of offending,—the beſt ſecurity virtue can have; therefore, as you value your own happineſs, let not the force of bad examples ever lead you into an habitual diſuſe of ſecret prayer; or an unpardonable negligence ſo far prevail, as to reſt ſatisfied with a formal, cuſtomary, inattentive repetition of ſome well choſen words; let your heart and attention always go with your lips, and experience will ſoon convince you, that this permiſſion of addreſſing the ſupreme being, is the moſt valuable

prerogative of human nature; the chief, nay, the only ſupport, under all the diſtreſſes and calamities this ſtate of ſin and miſery is liable to; the higheſt rational ſatisfaction the mind is capable of, on this ſide the grave, and the beſt preparative for everlaſting happineſs beyond it. This is a duty ever in your own power, and therefore you only will be culpable by the omiſſion; public worſhip may not always be ſo, but whenever it is, do not wilfully neglect the ſervice of the church, at leaſt on Sundays, and let your behaviour there be adapted to the ſolemnity of the place, and the intention of the meeting. Regard neither the actions or dreſs of others; let not your eyes rove in ſearch of acquaintance; but in the time of divine ſervice avoid, as much as poſſible, all complimental civilities, of which there are too great an intercourſe in moſt of our churches; remember, that your only buſineſs there is to pay a ſolemn act of devotion to almighty God, and let every part of your conduct be ſuitable to this great end. If you hear a good ſermon, treaſure it in your memory, that you may reap all the benefit it was capable of imparting; if but an indifferent one,—there muſt be ſome good things in it; retain thoſe, and let the remainder be buried in oblivion; ridicule not the preacher, who no doubt has done his beſt, and is rather the object of pity, than contempt, for having been placed in a ſituation of life, which his talents were not equal to, and may perhaps be a good man tho' no great orator. I would alſo recommend to you the early and frequent participation of the communion (or, what is commonly called receiving the ſacrament), as the indiſpenſible duty of every chriſtian; there is no inſtitution of our religion more ſimple, plain, and

and intelligible than this is, as delivered to us by our Saviour; and moſt of the elaborate treatiſes wrote, ſince his time, on the ſubject, have ſerved only to puzzle and diſturb weak minds, by throwing the dark veil of ſuperſtition and human invention over a plain poſitive command, given by him in ſo explicit a manner, as to be eaſily comprehended by the meaneſt capacity, and which, it is doubtleſs in the power of all his ſincere followers, to pay an acceptable obedience to. Nothing has more contributed to the neglect of this duty, than the numerous well-meaning books that have been wrote, to enjoin a month's or a week's preparation, as previouſly neceſſary to the due performance of it; by this means, filling the minds of many with needleſs terror, putting it even out of the power of ſome to receive it at all, and inducing great numbers to reſt ſatisfied with doing it only once or twice in a year, on ſome high feſtival, whereas it was certainly the conſtant cuſtom of the apoſtles, and primitive chriſtians, on every Sunday; and ought to be received by us as often as it is adminiſtered in the church we frequent (which in moſt places is but once in a month); nor do I think it excuſable, at any time, to turn our backs upon the table we ſee prepared for that purpoſe, on pretence of not being fit to partake worthily of it: the beſt, the only true preparation for this, and every other part of religious duty, is a good and virtuous life, by which the mind is conſtantly kept in ſuch a devotional frame, as to require but a little recollection, to be ſuited to any particular act of worſhip or obedience that may occaſionally happen; and without that, there cannot be a greater, or more fatal miſtake, than to ſuppoſe, that a few days or weeks ſpent in humiliation and

prayer,

prayer, will render us at all the more acceptable to the deity, or the better fitted for any one inſtance of that duty, which muſt be univerſally paid, to be either approved by him, or advantageous to ourſelves: I would not therefore adviſe you to read any of thoſe weekly preparatives, which are too apt to lead the mind into error, by teaching it to reſt in a mere ſhadow of piety, wherein there is nothing rationally ſatisfactory. The beſt book I have ever met with on the ſubject is the biſhop of Wincheſter's plain account of the nature and end of the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper (to which the prayers before-mentioned are annexed): this is well worth your careful peruſal; the deſign of the inſtitution is there fully explained, agreeable both to ſcripture and reaſon, ſtript of all that veil of myſtery, which has been induſtriouſly thrown over it, by deſigning or miſtaken men, and laid as plainly open to every capacity, as it was at firſt left us by our great maſter. Read this book with due attention; you will there find every neceſſary inſtruction concerning the rite, and every reaſonable inducement to the conſtant and conſcientious performance of it.

The ſincere practice of theſe religious duties naturally leads to the proper diſcharge of the ſocial ones, which may be all comprehended in that one great general rule, of doing unto others as you would they ſhould do unto you;—but of theſe more particularly hereafter. I ſhall firſt give you my advice concerning employment; it being of great moment to ſet out in life in ſuch a method, as may be uſeful to yourſelf and beneficial to others. Time is invaluable, its loſs irretrievable! the remembrance of having made an ill uſe of it muſt be one of the ſharpeſt

ſharpeſt tortures to thoſe who are on the brink of eternity! and what can yield a more unpleaſing retroſpect, than whole years idled away in an irrational inſignificant manner: examples of which are continually before our eyes. Look on every day as a blank ſheet of paper put into your hands to be filled up; remember the characters will remain to endleſs ages, and can never be expunged; be careful therefore not to write any thing but what you may read with pleaſure a thouſand years hence: I would not be underſtood in a ſenſe ſo ſtrict as might debar you from any innocent amuſement ſuitable to your age, and agreeable to your inclination; diverſions, properly regulated, are not only allowable, they are abſolutely neceſſary to youth, and are never criminal, but when taken to exceſs; that is, when they engroſs the whole thought, are made the chief buſineſs of life, give a diſtaſte to every valuable employment; and by a ſort of infatuation, leave the mind in a ſtate of reſtleſs impatience, from the concluſion of one till the commencement of another: this is the unfortunate diſpoſition of many: guard moſt carefully againſt it; for nothing can be attended with more pernicious conſequences: a little obſervation will convince you, that there is not, amongſt the human ſpecies, a ſet of more miſerable beings, than thoſe who cannot live out of a conſtant ſucceſſion of diverſions: theſe people have no comprehenſion of the more ſatisfactory pleaſures to be found in retirement; thought is inſupportable to them, and conſequently ſolitude muſt be intolerable; they are a burthen to themſelves, and a peſt to their acquaintance, by vainly ſeeking for happineſs in company, where they are ſeldom acceptable (I ſay vainly, for true happineſs exiſts

only

only in the mind; nothing foreign can give it: the utmoſt to be attained by what is called a gay life, is a ſhort forgetfulneſs of miſery, to be felt with accumulated anguiſh in every interval of reflection). This reſtleſs temper is frequently the product of a too eager purſuit of pleaſure in the early part of life, to the neglect of thoſe valuable improvements, which would lay the foundation of a more ſolid and permanent felicity. Youth is the ſeaſon for diverſions; but it is alſo the ſeaſon for acquiring knowledge, for fixing uſeful habits, and laying in a ſtock of ſuch well choſen materials, as may grow into a ſerene happineſs, that will encreaſe with every added year of life, and bloom in the fulleſt perfection at the decline of it. The great art of education conſiſts in aſſigning to each its proper place, in ſuch a manner, that the one ſhall never become irkſome by intrenching on the other: our ſeparation having taken from me the pleaſing taſk of endeavouring, to the beſt of my ability, to ſuit them occaſionally as might be moſt conducive both to your profit and pleaſure, it only remains to give you general rules, which accidents may make it neceſſary ſometimes to vary;—that muſt be left to your own diſcretion; and I am convinced you have a ſufficient ſhare of underſtanding, to be very capable of making ſuch caſual regulations advantageouſly to yourſelf, if the inclination is not wanting.

It is an excellent method to appropriate the morning wholly to improvement; the afternoon may then be allowed to diverſions; under the laſt head I place company, books of the humourous kind, and entertaining productions of the needle, as well as plays, balls, cards, &c. which more commonly go by that name; from dinner till ſupper may be variouſly by theſe em-

employed, with innocence and propriety; but let none of them ever be ſuffered to intrude on the former part of the day, which ſhould be always devoted to more uſeful employments. One half hour either before, or immediately after breakfaſt, I would have you conſtantly give to the attentive peruſal of ſome rationally pious author, or ſome part of the new teſtament (which laſt, and indeed the whole ſcripture, you ought to make yourſelf perfectly acquainted with, as the baſis on which your religion is founded); this practice you will reap more real benefit from, than can be ſuppoſed by thoſe who have never made the experiment. The other hours may be divided amongſt thoſe neceſſary and polite acquiſitions, which are ſuitable to your ſex, age, and rank in life. Study your own language thoroughly, that you may ſpeak correctly, and write grammatically; do not content yourſelf with the common uſe of words, which cuſtom has taught you from the cradle, but learn from whence they are derived, and what are their proper ſignifications. French you ought to be as well acquainted with as Engliſh; and Italian might, without much difficulty, be added. Acquire a good knowledge of hiſtory; that of your own country firſt, then of the other European nations; read them, not with a view to amuſe, but to improve your mind; and to that end make reflections on what you have read, which may be uſeful to yourſelf, and render your converſation agreeable to others: learn ſo much of geography, as to form a juſt idea of thoſe places you read of; this will make hiſtory more entertaining to you.

It is neceſſary for you to be perfect in the four firſt rules of arithmetic; more you can never have occaſion for; and the

mind ſhould not not be burthened with needleſs application. Muſic and drawing are accompliſhments well worth the trouble of attaining, if your inclination and genius lead to either; if not, do not attempt them, for it will be only much time and great labour unprofitably thrown away; it being next to impoſſible to arrive at any degree of perfection in thoſe arts, by the dint of preſeverance only, if a good ear, and a native genius are wanting. The ſtudy of natural philoſophy you will find both pleaſing and inſtructive; pleaſing from the continual new diſcoveries to be made of the innumerably various beauties of nature (a moſt agreeable gratification of that deſire of knowledge wiſely implanted in the human mind); and inſtructive, as thoſe diſcoveries lead to the contemplation of the great author of nature, whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs ſo conſpicuouſly ſhine through all his works, that it is impoſſible to reflect ſeriouſly on them, without admiration and gratitude.

Theſe, my dear, are but a few of thoſe mental improvements I would recommend to you; indeed there is no branch of knowledge that your capacity is equal to, and you have an opportunity of acquiring, which I think ought to be neglected. It has been objected againſt all female learning, beyond that of houſehold œconomy, that it tends only to fill the minds of the ſex with a conceited vanity, which ſets them above their proper buſineſs, occaſions an indifference to, if not a total neglect of, their family-affairs, and ſerves only to render them uſeleſs wives, and impertinent companions. It muſt be confeſſed, that ſome reading ladies have given but too much cauſe for this objection; and could it be proved to hold good throughout the ſex, it would certainly

certainly be right to confine their improvements within the narrow limits of the nurſery, the kitchen, and the confectionary; but I believe it will upon examination be found, that ſuch ill conſequences proceed chiefly from too great an imbecility of mind to be capable of much enlargement, or from a mere affectation of knowledge, void of all reality. Vanity is never the reſult of underſtanding; a ſenſible woman will ſoon be convinced, that all the learning her utmoſt application can make her miſtreſs of will be, from the difference of education, in many points inferior to that of a ſchool-boy; this reflection will keep her always humble, and be an effectual check to that loquacity, which renders ſome women ſuch inſupportable companions.

The management of all domeſtic affairs is certainly the proper buſineſs of woman; and unfaſhionably ruſtic as ſuch an aſſertion may be thought, it is certainly not beneath the dignity of any lady, however high her rank, to know how to educate her children, to govern her ſervants, to order an elegant table with œconomy, and to manage her whole family with prudence, regularity, and method; if in theſe ſhe is defective, whatever may be her attainments in any other kinds of knowledge, ſhe will act out of character; and, by not moving in her proper ſphere, become rather the object of ridicule than approbation: but I believe it may with truth be affirmed, that the neglect of theſe domeſtic concerns has much more frequently proceeded from an exorbitant love of diverſions, a ridiculous fondneſs for dreſs and gallantry, or a miſtaken pride, that has placed them in a ſervile light (fit only for the employment of dependants, and below the attention of a fine lady), than from too great an at-

tachment to mental improvements; yet, from whatſoever cauſe ſuch a neglect proceeds, it is equally unjuſtifiable. If any thing can be urged in vindication of a cuſtom, unknown to our anceſtors, which the prevalence of faſhion has made ſo general amongſt the modern ladies, I mean, that of committing to the care and diſcretionary power of different ſervants, the ſole management of their family-affairs; nothing certainly can be alleged in defence of ſuch an ignorance in things of this nature, as renders a lady incapable of giving proper directions on all occaſions; an ignorance, which, in ever ſo exalted a ſtation, will render her contemptible even to thoſe ſervants, on whoſe underſtanding and fidelity ſhe, in fact, becomes dependent for the regularity of her houſe, the propriety, elegance, and frugality of her table; which laſt article is ſeldom regarded by ſuch ſort of people, who too frequently impoſe on thoſe, by whom they are thus implicitly truſted. Make yourſelf, therefore, ſo thoroughly acquainted with the moſt proper method of conducting a family, and the neceſſary expence which every article, in proportion to their number, will occaſion, that you may come to a reaſonable certainty of not being materially deceived, without the ridiculous drudgery of following your ſervants at the heels, and meanly peeping into every obſcure corner of your houſe; nor is this at all difficult to attain, it requiring nothing more than an attentive obſervation.

It is of late, in moſt great families, become too much the cuſtom to be long upon the books of every tradeſman they employ: to aſſign a reaſon for this is foreign to my purpoſe; but am certain it would in general be better, both for themſelves, and the people they deal with, never to be on them at all; and what difficulty

difficulty or inconvenience can arise, in a well-regulated family, from commissioning the steward or housekeeper to pay for every thing at the time of its being brought in? This obsolete practice (though in itself very laudable) is not at present, and perhaps never may again, be authorised by fashion; however, let it be a rule with you to contract as few debts as possible; most things are to be purchased, both better in their kind and at a lower price, by paying for them at the time of purchasing; but, if to avoid the supposed trouble of frequent trifling disbursements, you choose to have the lesser articles thrown together in a bill, let a note of the quantity and price be brought with every such parcel; file these notes, compare them with the bill when delivered in, and let such bills be regularly paid every quarter; for it is not reasonable to expect that a tradesman should give longer credit, without making up the interest of his money by an advanced price on what he sells; and, be assured, if you find it inconvenient to pay at the end of three months, that inconvenience must arise from living at too great an expence, and will consequently increase in six months, and grow still greater at the end of the year: by making short payments, you will become the sooner sensible of such a mistake, and find it at first more easy to retrench any supernumeraries, than after having been long habituated to them.

If your house is superintended by, and your servants accountable to, an housekeeper, let her be accountable to yourself, and entirely governed by your directions; carefully examine her bills, and suffer no extravagancies or unnecessary articles to pass unnoticed; let these bills be brought to you every morning;

what

what they can contain will then be eaſily recollected, without burthening your memory; your accounts, being ſhort, will be adjuſted with leſs trouble and more exactneſs. Should you at any time have an upper ſervant, whoſe family and education were ſuperior to that ſtate of ſubjection, which ſucceeding misfortunes may have reduced her to, ſuch ought to be treated with peculiar indulgence; if ſhe has underſtanding enough to be converſable, and humility enough always to keep her proper diſtance, leſſen, as much as poſſible, every painful remembrance of former proſpects, by looking on her as an humble friend, and making her an occaſional companion; but never deſcend to converſe with thoſe, whoſe birth, education, and early views in life, were not ſuperior to a ſtate of ſervitude; their minds are ſuited to their ſtation; intoxicated by any degree of familiarity, they become uſeleſs and impertinent.—The habit very many ladies have contracted of talking to, and conſulting with, their women, has ſo ſpoiled that ſet of ſervants, that few of them are to be met with, who do not commence their ſervice, by giving their unaſked opinion of your perſon, dreſs, or management, artfully conveyed in the too generally accepted vehicle of flattery; and if allowed in this, will next proceed to offer their ridiculous advice on any occaſion, that may happen to diſcompoſe or ruffle your temper; check the firſt appearance of ſuch impertinence, by a reprimand ſufficiently ſevere to prevent a repetition of it.

Give your orders in a plain, diſtinct manner, with good nature, joined to a ſteadineſs, that will ſhew they muſt be punctually obeyed; treat all your domeſtics with ſuch mildneſs and

and affability, that you may be ſerved rather out of affection than fear; let them live happily under you; give them leiſure for their own buſineſs, time for innocent recreation, and more eſpecially for attending the public ſervice of the church, to be inſtructed in their duty to God; without which you have no right to expect the diſcharge of that owing to yourſelf: when wrong, tell them calmly of their faults; if they amend not after two or three ſuch rebukes, diſmiſs them; but never deſcend to paſſion and ſcolding, which is inconſiſtent with a good underſtanding, and beneath the dignity of a gentlewoman. Be very exact in your hours, without which there can be no order in your family; I mean thoſe of riſing, eating, &c. Require from your ſervants punctuality in theſe, and never be yourſelf the cauſe of breaking through the rules you have laid down, by deferring breakfaſt, putting back the dinner, or letting it grow cold on the table, to wait your dreſſing; a cuſtom by which many ladies introduce confuſion, and bring their orders into neglect. Be always dreſſed, at leaſt, half an hour before dinner.—Having mentioned this important article, I muſt be allowed a little digreſſion on the ſubject.

Whatever time is taken up in dreſs, beyond what is neceſſary to decency and cleanlineſs, may be looked upon (to ſay no worſe) as a vacuum in life, entirely loſt: by decency, I mean, ſuch an habit as is ſuitable to your rank and fortune; an ill-placed finery, inconſiſtent with either, is not ornamental, but ridiculous: a compliance with faſhion, ſo far as to avoid the affectation of ſingularity, is neceſſary; but to run into the extreme of faſhions, more eſpecially thoſe which are incon-

venient,

venient, is the certain proof of a weak mind; have a better opinion of yourſelf, than to ſuppoſe you can receive any additional merit from the adventitious ornaments of dreſs; leave the ſtudy of the toilet to thoſe adapted to it, I mean, to that inſignificant ſet of females, whoſe whole life, from the cradle to the coffin, is but a varied ſcene of trifling, and whoſe intellectuals fit them not for any thing beyond it; ſuch may be allowed to paſs whole mornings at their looking-glaſs, in the important buſineſs of ſuiting a ſet of ribbons, adjuſting a few curls, or determining the poſition of a patch,—one, perhaps, of their moſt innocent ways of idling; but let as ſmall a portion of your time as poſſible, be taken up in dreſſing; be always perfectly clean and neat, both in your perſon and cloaths, equally ſo when alone, as in company; look upon all beyond this, as immaterial in itſelf, any farther than as the different ranks of mankind have made ſome diſtinction in habit generally eſteemed neceſſary; and remember, that it is never the dreſs, however ſumptuous, which reflects dignity and honour on the perſon; it is the rank and merit of the perſon that gives conſequence to the dreſs.—But to return.

It is your own ſteadineſs and example of regularity that alone can preſerve uninterrupted order in your family; if, by forgetfulneſs or inattention, you at any time ſuffer your commands to be diſobeyed with impunity, your ſervants will grow upon ſuch neglect into an habit of careleſſneſs, till repeated faults, of which this is properly the ſource, rouſe you into anger, which an even hand would never have made neceſſary. Be not whimſical or capricious in your likings; approve with judgment,

and

and condemn with reaſon; that acting right may be as certainly the means of obtaining your favour, as the contrary of incurring your diſpleaſure.

From what has been ſaid you will ſee, that in order to the proper diſcharge of your domeſtic duties, it is abſolutely neceſſary for you to have a perfect knowledge of every branch of houſehold œconomy, without which you can neither correct what is wrong, approve what is right, or give directions with propriety. It is the want of this knowledge that reduces many a fine lady's family to a ſtate of the utmoſt confuſion and diſorder on the ſudden removal of a managing ſervant, till the place is ſupplied by a ſucceſſor of equal ability: how much out of character, how ridiculous muſt the miſtreſs of a family appear, who is entirely incapable of giving practical orders on ſuch an occaſion! let that never be your caſe; remember, my dear, this is the only proper temporal buſineſs aſſigned you by providence; and in a thing ſo indiſpenſibly needful, ſo eaſily attained, and where ſo little ſtudy or application is neceſſary, to arrive at the moſt commendable degree of it, the want even of perfection is almoſt inexcuſable; make yourſelf miſtreſs of the theory, that you may be able, the more readily, to reduce it into practice; and when you have a family to command, let the care of that always employ your principal attention, and every part of it be ſubjected to your own inſpection. If you riſe early (a cuſtom I hope you have not left off ſince you was with me), waſte no unneceſſary time in dreſſing, and conduct your houſe in a regular method, you will find many vacant hours unfilled up by this material buſineſs; and no objection can lay againſt employ-

ing thoſe in ſuch improvements of the mind as are moſt ſuitable to your genius and inclination. I believe no man of underſtanding will think, that under ſuch regulations, a woman will either make a leſs agreeable companion, a leſs uſeful wife, a leſs careful mother, or a worſe miſtreſs of a family, for all the additional knowledge her induſtry and application can acquire.

The morning being always thus advantageouſly engaged, the latter part of the day may, as I before ſaid, be given to relaxation and amuſement; ſome of theſe hours may be very agreeably, and not unuſefully, employed by entertaining books; a few of which, together with ſome of a religious and inſtructive kind, are annexed, as a ſpecimen of the ſort I would recommend to your peruſal *. Novels and romances never give yourſelf the

* Tillotſon's, Hoadly's, Sherlock's, Clarke's, Seed's } Sermons;
Locke, Woollaſton,
Maſon on Self-Knowledge,
Young's Night Thoughts,
Seneca's Morals,
Cicero's Works,
Collier's Antoninus,
Epictetus,
Leonidas,
Pope's Eſſay on Man,
Rapin's Hiſtory of England,
Hook's or Echard's Roman Hiſtory,
Univerſal Hiſtory,
Potter's Antiquities,
Kennet's Antiquities,
The Spectators,
The Guardians,
Thomſon's Seaſons,
Pope's Tranſlation of Homer's Iliad and Odyſſey, &c.

By theſe you may form a judgment of that ſort of reading that will be both uſeful and entertaining to you. In the ſermons, the practical ones of each author are meant. Our rule of faith ſhould be taken from the ſcripture alone, which we muſt underſtand for ourſelves; therefore the controverted opinions of others ſerve in general rather to puzzle than improve the mind.

trouble

trouble of reading; though many of them contain ſome few good morals, they are not worth picking out of the rubbiſh intermixed; it is like ſearching for a few ſmall diamonds amongſt mountains of dirt and traſh, which when found, are too inconſiderable to anſwer the pains of coming at them; ridiculous as theſe fictitious tales generally are, they are ſo artfully managed, as to excite an idle curioſity to ſee the concluſion; by which means the reader is drawn on, through a tireſome length of fooliſh adventures, to the common cataſtrophe of a wedding, or ſometimes a funeral; from which uſeleſs knowledge neither pleaſure or profit accrues: the beſt I have met with of theſe kind of writings, to ſay no worſe, it is little better than the loſs of time to peruſe; but ſome of them have more pernicious conſequences; for by drawing characters that never exiſt in life, by repreſenting perſons and things in a falſe and extravagant light, and by a ſeries of improbable cauſes bringing on impoſſible events, they are apt to give a romantic turn to the mind, that is often productive of great errors in judgment, and fatal miſtakes in conduct; of this I have ſeen frequent inſtances, and therefore adviſe you never to meddle with this tribe of ſcribblers.

Works of the needle, that employ the fancy, may, if they ſuit your inclination, be ſometimes a pretty amuſement; but let this employment never extend to large pieces, beyond what can be accompliſhed by yourſelf without aſſiſtance. There is not a greater extravagance under the ſpecious name of good houſewifery, than the furniſhing of houſes in this manner;

whole apartments have been ſeen thus ornamented by the ſuppoſed work of a lady, who, perhaps, never ſhaded two leaves in the artificial foreſt, but has paid four times its value to the ſeveral people employed in bringing it to perfection: the expence of theſe tedious pieces of work I ſpeak of experimentally; having many years paſt undertaken one of them, which, when finiſhed, was not worth fifteen pounds; and, by a computation ſince made, did not coſt leſs than fifty, in the hire and maintenance of the people employed in it; this indeed was at the age of ſeventeen; the thoughtleſs inexperience of youth could alone excuſe ſuch a piece of folly. Embroideries in gold, ſilver, or ſhades of ſilk, come within a narrower compaſs: work of that kind, which may, without calling in expenſive aſſiſtance, or tiring the fancy, be finiſhed in a ſummer, will be a well choſen change of amuſement, and may (as there are three of you) be made much more agreeable by one alternately reading aloud, while the other two are thus employed. All kinds of what is called plain work (though no very polite accompliſhment) you muſt be ſo well verſed in, as to be able to cut out, make, or mend, your own linen: ſome fathers and ſome huſbands chooſe to have their daughters and their wives thus attired in the labour of their own hands; and, from a miſtaken notion, believe this to be the great criterion of frugal œconomy; where that happens to be the inclination, or opinion of either, it ought always to be readily complied with; but excluſive of ſuch a motive, I ſee no other that makes the practical part at all neceſſary to any lady; excepting, indeed, ſuch a narrowneſs

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of fortune as admits not conveniently the keeping of an Abigail, to whom ſuch exerciſes of the needle much more properly appertain.

The theatre, which, by the indefatigable labour of the inimitable Mr. Garrick, is now brought to very great perfection, will afford you, when in town, an equally rational and improving entertainment: at his houſe your judgment is not called in queſtion, or your underſtanding affronted, by the impertinent repreſentation of ridiculous pantomimes; nor your modeſty offended by the indecent ribaldry of thoſe authors, who, to their defect in wit, have added the want of good ſenſe and good manners: faults of this kind (that from a blameable compliance with a corrupted taſte, have ſometimes crept into the works of better writers) are, by his prudent direction, generally rectified, or omitted on the ſtage; you may there ſee the beſt plays performed in the beſt manner: do not, however, go to any that you have not before heard the character of; be preſent only at thoſe which are approved by perſons of underſtanding and virtue, as calculated to anſwer the proper ends of the theatre, viz. that of conveying inſtruction in the moſt pleaſing method.—Attend to the ſentiment, apply the moral, and then you cannot, I think, paſs an evening in a more uſeful, or a more entertaining diverſion.

Dancing may alſo take its turn as an healthful exerciſe, and generally ſuitable to the taſte and gaiety of young minds.

Part of thoſe hours appropriated to relaxation, muſt of neceſſity be leſs agreeably taken up in the paying and receiving viſits of mere ceremony and civility, a tribute, by cuſtom authoriſed,

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by good manners enjoined: in theſe, when the converſation is only inſignificant, join in it with an apparent ſatisfaction; talk of the elegance of a birth-day ſuit, the pattern of a lace, the judicious aſſortment of jewels, the cut of a ruffle, or the ſet of a ſleeve, with an unaffected eaſe; not according to the rank they hold in your eſtimation, but proportioned to the conſequence they may be of in the opinion of thoſe you are converſing with: the great art of pleaſing is to appear pleaſed with others; ſuffer not an ill-bred abſence of thought, or a contemptuous ſneer, ever to betray a conſcious ſuperiority of underſtanding, always productive of ill-nature and diſlike; ſuit yourſelf to the capacity and taſte of your company, when that taſte is confined to harmleſs trifles; but where it is ſo far depraved, as to delight in cruel ſarcaſms on the abſent, to be pleaſed with diſcovering the blemiſhes in a good character, or repeating the greater faults of a bad one, here religion and humanity forbid the leaſt degree of aſſent: if you have not any knowledge of the perſons thus unhappily ſacrificed to envy or malice, and conſequently are ignorant as to the truth or falſhood of ſuch aſperſions, always ſuſpect them to be ill grounded, or, at leaſt, greatly exaggerated: ſhew your diſapprobation by a ſilent gravity, and by taking the firſt opportunity to change the ſubject; but where any acquaintance with the character in queſtion, gives room for defending it, let not an ill-timed complaiſance prevail over juſtice; vindicate injured innocence with all the freedom and warmth of an unreſtrained benevolence; and, where the faults of the guilty will admit of palliation, urge all that truth can allow in mitigation of error; from this method, beſides the pleaſure

pleaſure ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of a ſtrict conformity to the great rule of doing as you would be done by, you will alſo reap to yourſelf the benefit of being leſs frequently peſtered with themes ever painful to a humane diſpoſition. If unfortunately you have ſome acquaintance, whoſe malevolence of heart, no ſentiment of virtue, no check of good manners, can reſtrain from theſe malicious ſallies of ill-nature, to them let your viſits be made as ſeldom, and as ſhort, as decency will permit, there being neither benefit or ſatisfaction to be found in ſuch company; amongſt whom only cards may be introduced with any advantage; on this account it will be proper for you to know how to play at thoſe games moſt in uſe, becauſe it is an argument of great folly to engage in any thing without doing it well; but this is a diverſion that I hope you will have no fondneſs for, as it is in itſelf, to ſay no worſe, a very inſignificant one.

With perſons for whom you can have no eſteem, good-breeding may oblige you to keep up an intercourſe of ceremonious viſits, but politeneſs enjoins not the length or frequency of them; here inclination may be followed without a breach of civility; there is no tax upon intimacy, but from choice, and that choice ſhould ever be founded on merit, the certainty whereof you cannot be too careful in previouſly examining; great caution is neceſſary not to be deceived by ſpecious appearances; a plauſible behaviour, often, upon a ſuperficial knowledge, creates a prepoſſeſſion in favour of perſons, who, upon a nearer view, may be found to have no claim to eſteem; the forming a precipitant judgment ſometimes leads into an unwary intimacy, which it may prove abſolutely neceſſary to break off, and yet that breach

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be attended with innumerable inconveniencies, may, perhaps, with very material and laſting ill conſequences: prudence, therefore, here enjoins the greateſt circumſpection. Few people are capable of friendſhip, and ſtill fewer have all the qualifications one would chooſe in a friend; the fundamental point is a virtuous diſpoſition; but to that ſhould be added, a good underſtanding, ſolid judgment, ſweetneſs of temper, ſteadineſs of mind, freedom of behaviour, and ſincerity of heart; ſeldom as theſe are to be found united, never make a boſom friend of a perſon greatly deficient in either. Be ſlow in contracting friendſhip, and invariably conſtant in maintaining it: expect not many friends, but think yourſelf happy, if, through life, you meet with one or two who deſerve that name, and have all the requiſites for the valuable relation. This may juſtly be deemed the higheſt bleſſing of mortality; uninterrupted health has the general voice; but, in my opinion, ſuch a friend as much deſerves the preference, as the mental pleaſures, both in nature and degree, exceed the corporeal: the weakneſſes, the pains of the body, may be inexpreſſibly alleviated by the converſation of a perſon, by affection endeared, by reaſon approved; whoſe tender ſympathy partakes your afflictions, and ſhares your enjoyments; who is ſteady in the correction, but mild in the reproof of your faults; like a guardian angel, ever watchful to warn you of unforeſeen danger, and, by timely admonitions, prevent the miſtakes incident to human frailty, and ſelf-partiality. This is the true office of friendſhip; with ſuch a friend, no ſtate of life can be abſolutely unhappy; but deſtitute of ſome ſuch connection, heaven has ſo formed our natures for this intimate ſociety,

ciety, that, amidſt the affluence of fortune, and the flow of uninterrupted health, there will be an aching avoid in the ſolitary breaſt, that can never know a plenitude of happineſs. Should the ſupreme diſpoſer of all events beſtow on you this ſuperlative gift, to ſuch a friend let your heart be ever unreſervedly open; conceal no ſecret thought, diſguiſe no latent weakneſs, but bare your boſom to the faithful probe of honeſt friendſhip, and ſhrink not, if it ſmart beneath the touch; nor with tenacious pride diſlike the perſon that freely dares condemn ſome favourite foible; but, ever open to conviction, hear with attention, and receive with gratitude, the kind reproof that flows from tenderneſs: when ſenſible of a fault, be ingenuous in the confeſſion, ſincere and ſteady in the correction of it.

Happy is her lot, who in an huſband finds this invaluable friend! yet ſo great is the hazard, ſo diſproportioned the chances, that I could almoſt wiſh the dangerous die was never to be thrown for any of you! but as moſt probably it may, let me conjure ye all, my dear girls, if ever any of you take this moſt important ſtep in life, to proceed with the utmoſt care, and deliberate circumſpection. Fortune and family it is the ſole province of your papa to direct in, who certainly has always an undoubted right to a negative voice, though not to a compulſive one; as a child is very juſtifiable in the refuſal of her hand, even to the abſolute command of a father, where her heart cannot go with it; ſo is ſhe extremely culpable, by giving it contrary to his approbation.—Here I muſt take ſhame to myſelf! and for this unpardonable fault, do juſtly acknowledge, the ſubſequent ill conſequences of a moſt unhappy marriage were the proper

puniſhment: this and every other error in my own conduct, I do, and ſhall, with the utmoſt candour, lay open to you; ſincerely praying, that you may reap the benefit of my experience, and avoid thoſe rocks, I have, either by careleſſneſs, or ſometimes, alas! by too much caution, ſplit againſt. But to return.—

The chief point to be regarded in the choice of a companion for life, is a real virtuous principle, an unaffected goodneſs of heart; without this you will be continually ſhocked by indecency, and pained by impiety. So numerous have been the unhappy victims to the ridiculous opinion, that a reformed libertine makes the beſt huſband, that, did not experience daily evince the contrary, one would believe it impoſſible for a girl, who has a tolerable degree of common underſtanding, to be made the dupe of ſo erroneous a poſition, that has not the leaſt ſhadow of reaſon for its foundation, and which a ſmall ſhare of obſervation will prove to be falſe in fact. A man who has been long converſant with the worſt ſort of women, is very apt to contract a bad opinion of, and a contempt for the ſex in general; incapable of eſteeming any, he is ſuſpicious of all; jealous without cauſe, angry without provocation, and his own diſturbed imagination is a continual ſource of ill humour; to this is frequently joined a bad habit of body, the natural conſequence of an irregular life; which gives an additional ſourneſs to the temper. What rational proſpect of happineſs can there be with ſuch a companion? And that this is the general character of thoſe who are called reformed rakes, obſervation will certify: but admit there may be ſome exceptions, it is a hazard

hazard that no conſiderate woman would venture the peace of her whole future life upon. The vanity of thoſe girls, who believe themſelves capable of working miracles of this kind, and give up their perſons to a man of libertine principles, upon the wild expectation of reclaiming him, juſtly deſerve the diſappointment they will generally meet with; for, believe me, a wife is, of all others, the leaſt likely to ſucceed in ſuch an attempt.—Be it your care to find that virtue in a lover, which you muſt never hope to form in an huſband. Good ſenſe and good nature are almoſt equally requiſite; if the former is wanting, it will be next to impoſſible for you to eſteem the perſon, of whoſe behaviour you may have cauſe to be aſhamed; (and mutual eſteem is as neceſſary to happineſs in the married ſtate, as mutual affection); without the latter, every day will bring with it ſome freſh cauſe of vexation; till repeated quarrels produce a coldneſs, that will ſettle into an irreconcileable averſion; and you not only become each other's torment, but the object of contempt to your family and acquaintance.

This quality of good nature, is, of all others, the moſt difficult to be aſcertained; which proceeds from the general miſtake of blending it with good humour, as in themſelves the ſame, though, in fact, no two principles of action are more eſſentially different; this may require ſome explanation.—By good nature, then, I mean, that true benevolence, which partakes the felicity of all mankind, that promotes the ſatisfaction of every individual within the reach of its ability, that relieves the diſtreſſed, comforts the afflicted, diffuſes bleſſings, and communicates happineſs, as far as its ſphere of action can extend; and, in the

private ſcenes of life, will ſhine conſpicuous in the dutiful ſon, the affectionate huſband, the indulgent father, the faithful friend, and the compaſſionate maſter, both to man and beaſt; whilſt good humour is nothing more than a chearful, pleaſing deportment, ariſing either from a natural gaiety of mind, or an affectation of popularity, joined to an affability of behaviour, the reſult of good breeding, and a ready compliance with the taſte of every company. This kind of mere good humour, is, by far, the moſt ſtriking quality; it is frequently miſtaken for, and complimented with, the ſuperior name of real good nature; a man, by this ſpecious appearance, has often acquired that appellation, who, in all the actions of his private life, has been a moroſe, cruel, revengeful, ſullen, haughty tyrant.—Let them put on the cap, whoſe temples fit the galling wreath!—On the contrary, a man of a true benevolent diſpoſition, and formed to promote the happineſs of all around him, may ſometimes, perhaps, from an ill habit of body, an accidental vexation, or a commendable openneſs of heart, above the meanneſs of diſguiſe, be guilty of little ſallies of peeviſhneſs, or ill humour, that may carry the appearance of, and be unjuſtly thought to proceed from ill nature, by perſons who are unacquainted with his true character, and take them for ſynonymous terms; though, in reality, they bear not the leaſt analogy to each other. In order to the forming a right judgment, it is abſolutely neceſſary to obſerve this diſtinction, which will effectually ſecure you from the dangerous error of taking the ſhadow for the ſubſtance; an irretrievable miſtake, pregnant with innumerable conſequent evils!

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From what has been ſaid, it plainly appears, that the criterion of this amiable virtue, is not to be taken from the general opinion; mere good humour being, to all intents and purpoſes, ſufficient, in this particular, to eſtabliſh the public voice in favour of a man, utterly devoid of every humane and benevolent affection of heart. It is only from the leſs conſpicuous ſcenes of life, the more retired ſphere of action, the artleſs tenor of domeſtic conduct, that the real character can, with any certainty, be drawn; theſe undiſguiſed proclaim the man; but as they ſhun the glare of light, nor court the noiſe of popular applauſe, obſcure, they paſs unnoted, and are ſeldom known till after an intimate acquaintance; the beſt method, therefore, to avoid deception in this caſe, is to lay no ſtreſs on outward appearances, too often fallacious, but to take the rule of judging from the ſimple, unpoliſhed ſentiments of thoſe, whoſe dependent connections give them an undeniable certainty; who not only ſee, but hourly feel, the good or bad effects of that diſpoſition they are ſubjected to; by this I mean, that if a man is equally reſpected, eſteemed, and beloved by his tenants, his dependants and domeſtics, from the ſubſtantial farmer to the laborious peaſant, from the proud ſteward to the ſubmiſſive wretch, who, thankful for employment, humbly obeys the menial tribe; you may juſtly conclude, he has that true good nature, that real benevolence, which delights in communicating felicity, and enjoys the ſatisfaction it diffuſes; but if by theſe he is deſpiſed and hated, ſerved merely from a principle of fear, devoid of affection, which is very eaſily diſcoverable; whatever may be his public character, however favourable the general opinion,

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be aſſured, his diſpoſition is ſuch, as can never be productive of domeſtic happineſs. I have been the more particular on this head, as it is one of the moſt eſſential qualifications to be regarded, and of all others the moſt liable to be miſtaken.

Never be prevailed with, my dear, to give your hand to a perſon defective in theſe material points; ſecure of virtue, good nature, and underſtanding, in an huſband, you may be ſecure of happineſs; without the two former it is unattainable; without the latter, in a tolerable degree, it muſt be very imperfect.

Remember, infallibility is not the property of man, or you may entail diſappointment on yourſelf, by expecting what is never to be found; the beſt of men are ſometimes inconſiſtent with themſelves; they are liable to be hurried, by ſudden ſtarts of paſſion, into expreſſions and actions, which their cooler reaſon will condemn; they may have ſome oddities of behaviour, ſome peculiarities of temper, be ſubject to accidental ill humour, or whimſical complaints; blemiſhes of this kind often ſhade the brighteſt character, but are never deſtructive of mutual felicity, unleſs made ſo by an improper reſentment, or an ill-judged oppoſition. Reaſon can never be heard by paſſion; the offer of it tends only to enflame the more; when cooled, in his uſual temper, if wrong, the man of underſtanding will ſuggeſt to himſelf all that can be urged againſt him; the man of good nature will, unupbraided, own an error: contradiction at the time is, therefore, wholly unſerviceable, and highly imprudent; an after repetition, equally unneceſſary and injudicious. Any peculiarities in the temper or behaviour ought to be properly repreſented in the tendereſt and moſt friendly manner; and, if done

done diſcreetly, will be general well taken; but if they are ſo habitual, as not eaſily to be altered, ſtrike not too often upon the unharmonious ſtring, rather let them paſs as unobſerved; ſuch a chearful compliance will better cement your union; and they may be made eaſy to yourſelf, by reflecting on the ſuperior good qualities, by which theſe trifling faults are ſo greatly overbalanced. You muſt remember, my dear, theſe rules are laid down only on the ſuppoſition of your being united to a perſon, who poſſeſſes the three eſſential qualifications for happineſs before mentioned; in this caſe, no farther direction is neceſſary, but that you ſtrictly perform the duty of a wife, viz. to love, honour, and obey; the two firſt are a tribute ſo indiſpenſibly due to merit, that it muſt naturally be paid by inclination; theſe lead to the laſt, which will not only be an eaſy, but a pleaſing taſk, ſince nothing ever can by him be enjoined, that is in itſelf improper; and few things will, that, with any reaſon, can be to you diſagreeable. Here ſhould this ſubject end, were it not more than poſſible for you, after all that has been urged, to be led by ſome inferior motive, to the neglect of the primary caution; and either from an opinion too haſtily entertained, an unaccountable partiality, or the powerful prevalence of perſuaſion, be unfortunately induced to give your hand, where a bad heart, and a moroſe temper, concealed by a well practiſed diſſimulation, may render every flattering hope of happineſs abortive. Heaven in mercy guard you from this fatal error! Such a companion is the worſt of all temporal ills; a deadly portion, that imbitters every ſocial ſcene of life, damps every riſing joy, and baniſhes that chearful temper, which alone can give a true reliſh to the

bleſſings

bleſſing of mortality. Moſt ſincerely do I pray this may never be your lot! and hope your prudent circumſpection will be ſufficient to guard you from the danger: but the bare poſſibility of ſuch an event, makes it not unneceſſary to lay down a few rules, for the maintaining ſome degree of eaſe, under the deprivation of happineſs. This is by far the moſt difficult part of my preſent undertaking; it is hard to adviſe here, and ſtill harder to practiſe the advice: the ſubject alſo is too extenſive to be minutely treated within the compaſs of a letter, which muſt confine me to the moſt material points only; in theſe, ſhall give you the beſt directions in my power, ardently wiſhing you may never have occaſion to make uſe of them.

The being united to a man of irreligious principles, makes it impoſſible to diſcharge a great part of the proper duty of a wife; to name but one inſtance; that of obedience will be rendered impracticable, by frequent injunctions inconſiſtent with, and contrary to the higher obligations of morality. This is not mere ſuppoſition, but ſpoke from facts I have often ſeen, and can atteſt. Where this happens, the reaſons for non-compliance ought to be offered in a plain, ſtrong, good-natured manner; there is at leaſt the chance of ſucceſs from being heard; but ſhould thoſe reaſons be rejected, or the hearing of them be refuſed, and ſilence on the ſubject enjoined (which is moſt probable, a few people caring to hear what they know to be right, when determined not to appear convinced by it); in this obey, nor farther urge the argument, but keep ſteady to your principles, and neither by perſuaſion or threats be prevailed with to act contrary to them; all commands repugnant to the laws of chriſ-

chriſtianity, it is your indiſpenſible duty to diſobey; all requeſts that are inconſiſtent with prudence, incompatible with that rank and character you ought to maintain in life, it is your intereſt to refuſe; a compliance with the former would be criminal, a conſent to the latter highly indiſcreet, and ſubject you to general cenſure; for a man capable of requiring from his wife what he knows to be in itſelf wrong, is equally capable of throwing the whole blame of ſuch miſconduct on her, and afterwards upbraiding her for a behaviour he will, upon the ſame principle, diſown his having been acceſſary to. Many ſimilar inſtances have come within the compaſs of my own obſervation. In things of a leſs material nature, that are neither criminal in themſelves, nor pernicious in their conſequences, always acquieſce, if inſiſted on, however diſagreeable they may be to your own temper and inclination; ſuch a compliance will evidently prove that your refuſal in the other caſe proceeds not from a ſpirit of contradiction, but merely from a juſt regard to that ſuperior duty, which can never be infringed with impunity: paſſion may reſent, but reaſon muſt approve this conduct; and therefore, it is the moſt likely method, in time, to make a favourable impreſſion; but failing there, you will at leaſt enjoy that ſatisfactory ſelf-approbation, which is the inſeparable attendant of a truly religious and rational deportment.

Should the painful taſk of dealing with a moroſe tyrannical temper be aſſigned you, there is little more to be recommended than a patient ſubmiſſion to an evil, which admits not of a remedy. Ill nature is encreaſed, obſtinacy confirmed by oppoſition; the leſs ſuch a temper is contradicted, the more ſupportable will

it be to thoſe who are under its baneful influence. When all endeavours to pleaſe are ineffectual, and a man ſeems determined to find fault with every thing, as if his chief pleaſure conſiſted in tormenting thoſe about him, it requires a more than common degree of patience and reſolution, to forbear uttering thoſe reproaches, which ſuch a behaviour may be juſtly allowed to deſerve; yet it is abſolutely neceſſary to the maintaining any tolerable degree of eaſe, not only to reſtrain all expreſſions of reſentment, but even thoſe diſdainful looks, which are apt to accompany a contemptuous ſilence, both equally tending to encreaſe the malady. This diabolical delight in giving pain, is moſt unwearied in the ſearch of matter for its gratification, and can either find, or unaccountably form it, in almoſt all the occurrences of life; but when ſuffered, unobſtructed, unregarded, to run its malicious courſe, will quickly vent its blunted arrows, and die of diſappointment; whilſt all endeavours to appeaſe, all complaints of unkindneſs, ſharpen againſt yourſelf the weapon's edge; and by proving your ſenſibility of the wound, gives the wiſhed ſatisfaction to him who inflicts it. Prudence here directs more than ordinary circumſpection; that every part of your behaviour may be as blameleſs as poſſible, even to the abſtaining from the leaſt appearance of evil; and after having, to the utmoſt of your power, ſtrove to merit approbation, expect not to meet with it; by this means you will eſcape the mortification of being diſappointed, which, often repeated, is apt to give a gloomy ſourneſs to the temper, incompatible with any degree of contentment: you muſt alſo learn to be ſatisfied with the conſciouſneſs of acting right, according to your beſt abi-

lities,

lities, and look with an unconcerned indifference on the reception every ſucceſsleſs attempt to pleaſe may meet with.

This, it muſt be owned, is a hard leſſon of philoſophy; it requires no leſs than an abſolute command over the paſſions; but let it be remembered, that ſuch a command, will itſelf moſt amply recompenſe every difficulty, every pain the obtaining it may coſt; beſides, it is, I believe, the only way to preſerve any tranquility of mind under ſo diſagreeable a connection.

As the want of underſtanding is by no art to be concealed, by no addreſs to be diſguiſed, it might be ſuppoſed impoſſible for a woman of ſenſe to unite herſelf to a perſon, whoſe defect in this kind, muſt render that ſort of rational ſociety, which conſtitutes the chief happineſs of ſuch an union, impoſſible. Yet here how often has the weakneſs of female judgment been conſpicuous! The advantages of great ſuperiority in rank or fortune, have frequently proved ſo irreſiſtible a temptation, as in opinion, to outweigh not only the folly, but even the vices of its poſſeſſor; a grand miſtake! ever tacitly acknowledged by a ſubſequent repentance, when the expected pleaſures of affluence, equipage, and all the glittering pomp of uſeleſs pageantry, are experimentally found inſufficient to balance the deprivation of that conſtant ſatisfaction, reſulting from the ſocial joy of converſing with a reaſonable friend. Weak as this motive muſt be acknowledged, it is yet more excuſable than one, which, it may be feared, has ſometimes prevailed; I mean, ſo great a love of ſway, as to give the preference to a perſon of weak intellectuals, in hopes thereby of holding uncontrouled the reigns of government: the expectation is in fact ill-grounded; obſtinacy and pride being

generally the companions of folly, the ſilleſt people are uſually the moſt tenacious of their opinions; and, conſequently, the hardeſt of all others to be managed;—but admit the contrary; this principle is in itſelf bad, tends to invert the order of nature, and counteract the deſign of providence.

A woman can never be ſeen in a more ridiculous light, than when ſhe appears to govern her huſband; if unfortunately, the ſuperiority of underſtanding is on her ſide, the apparent conſciouſneſs of that ſuperiority betrays a weakneſs, that renders her contemptible in the ſight of every conſiderate perſon, and may, very probably, fix in his mind a diſlike never to be eradicated. Leſt it ſhould ever be to you neceſſary, remember, that, in this caſe, ſome degree of diſſimulation is commendable, ſo far as to let the defect ſeem unobſerved. When he judges wrong, never flatly contradict, but lead him inſenſibly into another opinion, in ſo diſcreet a manner, that it may ſeem entirely his own, and let the whole credit of every prudent determination reſt on him, without indulging the fooliſh vanity of claiming any merit to yourſelf; thus a perſon of but an indifferent capacity, may be ſo aſſiſted as, in many inſtances, to ſhine with a borrowed luſtre, ſcarce diſtinguiſhable from the native; and by degrees be brought into a kind of mechanical method of acting properly, in all the common occurrences of life: odd as this poſition may ſeem, it is founded in fact, and I have ſeen the method ſucceſsfully practiſed by more than one perſon; where a weak mind, on the governing ſide, has been ſo prudently ſet off, as to appear the ſole director; like the ſtatue of the Delphic God, which was thought to give forth its own oracles, whilſt the humble prieſt, who

who lent his voice, was by the ſhrine concealed, nor ſought a higher glory than a ſuppoſed obedience to the power he would be thought to ſerve.

From hence it may be inferred, that by a perfect propriety of behaviour, eaſe and contentment are, at leaſt, attainable with a companion, who has not the moſt exalted underſtanding; but then virtue and good nature are preſuppoſed, or there will be nothing to work upon; a vicious, ill-natured fool, being ſo untractable and tormenting an aſſociate, that there needs only to add jealouſy to the compoſition, to make the curſe complete.

This paſſion once ſuffered to get footing in the heart, is hardly ever to be extirpated; it is a conſtant ſource of torment to the breaſt that gives it reception, and an inexhauſtable fund of vexation to the object of it: with a perſon of this unfortunate diſpoſition, it is prudent to avoid the leaſt appearance of concealment; a whiſper in a mixed company, a meſſage given in a low voice to a ſervant, has, by the power of a diſturbed imagination, been magnified into a material injury; whatever has the air of ſecreſy, raiſes terror in a mind naturally diſtruſtful; a perfect unreſerved openneſs, both in converſation and behaviour, ſtarves the anxious expectation of diſcovery, and may very probably lead into an habitual confidence, the only antidote againſt the poiſon of ſuſpicion: it is eaſier to prevent, than to remove, a received ill impreſſion; and conſequently, much wiſer to be ſometimes deficient in little points of civility, which, however indifferent in themſelves, may happen unaccountably to claſh with the eaſe of a perſon, whoſe repoſe it is both your duty and intereſt to promote—much more commendable contentedly

tentedly to incur the cenſure of a trifling diſpoſition, by a circumſtantial, unaſked relation of inſignificant incidents, than to give any room for apprehending the leaſt degree of reſerve. Such a conſtant method of proceeding, together with a reaſonable compliance, is the moſt likely to cure this painful turn of mind; for, by with-holding every ſupport that could give ſtrength to it, the want of matter to feed on, may, probably, in time, cauſe its extinction: if, unhappily, it is ſo conſtitutional, ſo interwoven with the ſoul, as to become, in a manner, inſeparably united with it, nothing remains but a patient ſubmiſſion to the will of heaven, under the preſſure of an unalterable evil—to guard carefully againſt the natural conſequence of repeated undeſerved ſuſpicions, viz. a growing indifference, that too frequently terminates in averſion; and, by conſidering ſuch a ſituation as a trial of obedience and reſignation, receive the comfort that muſt ariſe from properly exerciſing one of the moſt exalted of chriſtian virtues.—I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject without adding a particular caution to yourſelf concerning it.

Jealouſy is, on ſeveral accounts, ſtill more inexcuſable in a woman; there is not any thing that ſo much expoſes her to ridicule, or ſo much ſubjects her to the inſult of affrontive addreſſes: it is an inlet to almoſt every poſſible evil, the fatal ſource of innumerable indiſcretions, the ſure deſtruction of her own peace, and frequently proves the bane of her huſband's affection. Give not a momentary harbour to its ſhadow in your heart; fly from it as from the face of a fiend, that would lead your unwary ſteps into a gulph of unalterable miſery. When once embarked in the matrimonial voyage, the fewer faults

faults you diſcover in your partner, the better; never ſearch after what it will give you no pleaſure to find; never deſire to hear what you will not like to be told; therefore avoid that tribe of impertinents, who, either from a malicious love of diſcord, or the meaner, though leſs criminal, motive of ingratiating themſelves, by gratifying the blameleſs curioſity of others, ſow diſſention wherever they gain admittance, by telling unwelcome truth, or, more frequently, by inſinuating invented falſhoods, injure innocent people, diſturb domeſtic union, and deſtroy the peace of families. Treat theſe emiſſaries of Satan with the contempt they deſerve; hear not what they offer to communicate, but give them at once to underſtand, that you can never look on thoſe as your friends, who ſpeak in a diſadvantageous manner of that perſon, whom you would always chooſe to ſee in the moſt favourable light: if not effectually ſilenſed by ſuch rebukes, be inacceſſible to their viſits, and break off all acquaintance with ſuch incorrigible peſts of ſociety, who will be ever upon the watch to ſeize an unguarded opportunity of diſturbing your repoſe.

Should the companion of your life be guilty of ſome ſecret indiſcretions, run not the hazard of being told by theſe malicious meddlers, what, in fact, it is better for you never to know; but, if ſome unavoidable accident betrays an imprudent correſpondence, take it for a mark of eſteem, that he endeavours to conceal from you, what he knows you muſt, upon a principle of reaſon and religion, diſapprove; and do not, by diſcovering your acquaintance with it, take off the reſtraint which your ſuppoſed ignorance lays him under, and thereby, perhaps, give a latitude

latitude to undiſguiſed irregularities. Be aſſured (whatever accidental ſallies the gaiety of inconſiderate youth may lead him into), he can never be indifferent to you, whilſt he is careful to preſerve your peace, by concealing what he imagines might be an infringement of it: reſt ſatisfied, that time and reaſon will, moſt certainly, get the better of all faults, which proceed not from a bad heart; and, that by maintaining the firſt place in his eſteem, your happineſs will be built on too firm a foundation to be eaſily ſhaken.

I have been thus particular on the choice of an huſband, and the material parts of conduct in a married life, as thereon depends not only the temporal, but often the eternal felicity of thoſe who enter into that ſtate; a conſtant ſcene of diſagreement, ill nature, and quarrels, neceſſarily unfitting the mind for every religious and ſocial duty, by keeping it in a diſpoſition diametrically oppoſite to that chriſtian piety, that practical benevolence and rational compoſure, which alone can prepare it for everlaſting happineſs.

Inſtructions on this head, conſidering your tender age, may ſeem premature, and ſhould have been deferred till occaſion called for them, had our ſituation allowed me frequent opportunities of communicating my ſentiments to you; but that not being the caſe, I chooſe, in this epiſtle, at once, to offer you my beſt advice in every circumſtance of great moment to your well being both here and hereafter; leſt, at a more proper ſeaſon, it may not happen to be in my power. This part you may defer the conſideration of, till the deſign of entering into a new ſcene of life may make it uſeful to you; which I hope will not be

be yet ſome years; an unhappy marriage being generally the conſequence of a too early engagement, before reaſon has gained ſufficient ſtrength to form a ſolid judgment, on which only a proper choice can be determined. Great is the hazard of a miſtake, and irretrievable the effects of it! Many are the degrees between happineſs and miſery: abſolute miſery, I will venture to affirm, is to be avoided by a proper behaviour, even under all the complicated ills of human life; but to arrive at that proper behaviour, requires the higheſt degree of chriſtian philoſophy; and who would voluntarily put themſelves upon a ſtate of trial, ſo ſevere, that not one in a thouſand have been found able to come off victorious? Betwixt this and poſitive happineſs, there are innumerable ſteps of comparative evil; each has its ſeparate conflict, variouſly difficult, differently painful, under all which a patient ſubmiſſion, and a conſcious propriety of behaviour, is the only attainable good: far ſhort of poſſible temporal felicity, is the eaſe ariſing from hence! Reſt not content with the proſpect of ſuch eaſe, but fix on a more eligible point of view, by aiming at true happineſs; and, take my word, that can never be found in a married ſtate, without the three eſſential qualifications already mentioned, virtue, good nature, and good ſenſe, in an huſband: remember, therefore, my dear girl, this repeated caution; if you ever reſolve on marriage, never to give your hand to a man who wants either of them, whatever other advantages he may be poſſeſſed of; ſo ſhall you not only eſcape all thoſe vexations, which thouſands of unthinking mortals hourly repent the having brought upon themſelves; but moſt aſſuredly, if it is not your own

ſault, enjoy that uninterrupted domeſtic harmony, in the affectionate ſociety of a virtuous companion, that conſtitutes the higheſt ſatisfaction of human life. Such an union, founded on reaſon and religion, cemented by mutual eſteem and tenderneſs, is a kind of faint emblem (if the compariſon may be allowed) of the promiſed reward of virtue in a future ſtate; and, moſt certainly, an excellent preparative for it, by keeping the mind in a conſtant equanimity, a regular compoſure, that naturally leads to the proper diſcharge of all the religious and ſocial duties of life; the unerring road to everlaſting peace. The firſt have been already ſpoken to; it remains only to mention ſome few of the latter.

Amongſt theſe œconomy may, perhaps, be thought improperly placed; yet, as many of the duties we owe to ſociety are often rendered impracticable by the want of it, there is not ſo much impropriety in ranking it under this head, as may at firſt be imagined: for inſtance; a man, who lives at an expence beyond what his income will ſupport, lays himſelf under a neceſſity of being unjuſt, by with-holding from his creditors what they have a right to demand from him, as their due, by all laws both human and divine; and thereby often entails ruin on an innocent family, who, but for the loſs ſuſtained by his extravagance, might have comfortably ſubſiſted on the profits of their induſtry; he likewiſe puts it out of his own power to give that relief to the indigent, which, by the laws of humanity, they have a right to expect; the goods of fortune being given (as a great divine excellently obſerves) for the uſe and ſupport of others, as well as the perſon on whom they are beſtowed.

Theſe

Theſe are ſurely great breaches of that duty we owe to our fellow-creatures, and are the ſubſequent effects produced by the want of œconomy.

You will find it a very good method, ſo to regulate your ſtated expences, as to bring them always one-fourth part within your certain annual income; by this means you will avoid being at any time diſtreſſed by unforeſeen accidents, and have it more eaſily in your power materially to relieve thoſe who deſerve aſſiſtance. The giving trifling ſums, indiſcriminately, to ſuch as appear neceſſitous, is ſo far from being commendable, that it is a real injury to ſociety; an encouragement to idleneſs; and helps to fill the ſtreets with lazy beggars, that live upon miſapplied bounty, to the prejudice of the induſtrious poor, who are uſeful members of the common-wealth; and on whom ſuch benefactions might be ſerviceably beſtowed: be very ſparing in this kind of donations; they are an inſignificant relief to the receivers, ſuppoſing them really in want, and, frequently repeated, amount to a conſiderable ſum in the year's account. The proper objects of charity are, thoſe who, by unavoidable misfortunes, have fallen from affluent circumſtances into a ſtate of poverty and diſtreſs; thoſe alſo, who, by unexpected diſappointments in trade, are on the point of being reduced to an impoſſibility of carrying on that buſineſs, on which their preſent ſubſiſtence, and future proſpects in life depend, from the incapacity of raiſing an immediate ſum to ſurmount the difficulty; and thoſe who, by their utmoſt induſtry, can hardly ſupport their families above the miſeries of want; or, who, by age or illneſs, are rendered incapable of labour. Appropriate a

certain part of your income to the relief of theſe real diſtreſſes. To the firſt, give as largely as your circumſtances will allow. To the ſecond (after the example of an excellent prelate of our own church) lend, if it is in your power, a ſufficient ſum to prevent the threatened ruin, on condition of being repaid the loan, without intereſt, if providence enables them, by future ſucceſs, to do it with convenience. The ſame method may be uſed where indigence renders induſtry unavailable, by depriving it of the means to lay in a ſmall original ſtock, to be improved upon. Never take a note of hand, or any acknowledgment of ſuch loan, leſt what you intended for a benefit, ſhould be afterwards made the inſtrument of ruin to the receiver, by a different diſpoſition in your ſucceſſor. Such aſſiſtance ought not to be given to any, without a thorough knowledge of their character, and having good reaſon to believe them not only induſtrious, but ſtrictly honeſt; which will be a ſufficient obligation on them for the repayment: and the ſums ſo repaid ought to be laid by, till an opportunity again offers of making them, in like manner, ſerviceable to others. The latter ſort, who are able to work, may, by a ſmall addition to the profits of their own labour, be reſcued from miſery, and put into a comfortable way of ſubſiſtence. Thoſe who, by age or infirmity, are rendered utterly incapable of ſupporting themſelves, have an undoubted right, not only to the neceſſaries, but even to ſome of the conveniences of life, from all whom providence has placed in the more happy ſtate of affluence and independance.

As your fortune and ſituation are yet undetermined, I have purpoſely laid down ſuch rules as may be adapted to every ſtation.

ſtation. A large fortune gives greater opportunity of doing good, and communicating happineſs in a more extenſive degree; but a ſmall one is no excuſe for with-holding a proportionate relief to real and deſerving objects of compaſſion; to aſſiſt them is an indiſpenſible duty of chriſtianity. The firſt and great commandment is to love God with all your heart; the ſecond, to love your neighbour as yourſelf. *Whoſo ſeeth his brother in need, and ſhutteth up his bowels of compaſſion, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*—Or how the love of his neighbour? If deficient in theſe primary duties, vain are the hopes of acceptance, built on a partial obedience to the leſſer branches of the law! Inability is often pleaded as an excuſe for the want of charity, by perſons who make no ſcruple of daily laviſhing on their pleaſures, what, better applied, might have made an indigent family happy through life; theſe loſe ſight of real felicity, by the miſtaken purſuit of its ſhadow: ſuch pleaſures die in the enjoyment, are often ſucceeded by remorſe, and always by ſatiety; whereas the true joy, the ſweet complacency, reſulting from benevolent actions, encreaſe by reflection, and muſt be immortal as the ſoul. So exactly, ſo kindly, is our duty made to coincide with our preſent, as well as future intereſt, that incomparably more ſatisfaction will accrue to a conſiderate mind, from denying itſelf even ſome of the agreeables of life, in order the more effectually to relieve the unfortunate, than a full indulgence of every temporal gratification could beſtow.

However ſmall your income may be, remember that a part of it is due to merit in diſtreſs; ſet by an annual ſum for this purpoſe,

purpoſe, even though it ſhould oblige you to abate ſome unneceſſary expence to raiſe the fund: by this method, perſons of ſlender fortune have been enabled to do much good, and give happineſs to many. If your fund will not admit of frequent draughts upon it, be the more circumſpect with regard to the merit of thoſe you relieve, that bounties not in your power to repeat often, may not be miſapplied: but if providence, by a more ample fortune, ſhould bleſs you with a larger ability of being ſerviceable to your fellow-creatures, prove yourſelf worthy of the truſt repoſed in you, by making a proper uſe of it. Wide as your influence can extend, turn the cry of diſtreſs and danger into the ſong of joy and ſafety; feed the hungry, cloath the naked, comfort the afflicted, give medicine to the ſick, and with it, all the alleviation their unfortunate circumſtances can admit of. Thus may you truly make a friend of the unrighteous Mammon, thus turn the periſhable goods of fortune into everlaſting bleſſings.—Upon earth you will partake that happineſs you impart to others, and lay up for yourſelf *treaſures in heaven, where neither moth nor ruſt can corrupt, nor thieves break through and ſteal.*

A perſon who has once experienced the advantages of right action, will be led by the motive of preſent ſelf-intereſt, as well as future expectation, to the continuance of it. There is no injunction of chriſtianity, that a ſincere chriſtian will not, by obedience, find is ſo calculated, as to be directly, in ſome meaſure, its own reward.

The forgiveneſs of injuries (to which alone is annexed the promiſe of pardon for our own offences, and required by the goſpel,

goſpel, not only ſo far as to forbear all kinds of retaliation, but alſo to render you equally diſpoſed to ſerve, with your utmoſt power, thoſe perſons who have wilfully injured you, as if no ſuch injury had been received from them) has by ſome been accounted a hard precept; yet the difficulty of it ariſes merely from, and is proportionable to, the badneſs of the heart by which it is ſo eſteemed: a good diſpoſition finds a ſuperlative pleaſure in returning good for evil; and, by an inexpreſſible ſatisfaction of mind, in ſo doing feels the preſent reward of obedience; whereas a ſpirit of revenge is incompatible with happineſs, an implacable temper being a conſtant torment to its poſſeſſor; and the man who returns an injury, feels more real miſery from the rancour of his own heart, than it is in his power to inflict upon another.

Should a friend wound you in the moſt tender part, by betraying a confidence repoſed, prudence forbids the expoſing yourſelf to a ſecond deception, by placing any future truſt in ſuch a perſon; but though here all obligations of intimacy ceaſe, thoſe of benevolence and humanity remain ſtill in full force, and are equally binding as to every act of ſervice and aſſiſtance, even to the ſuffering a leſſer evil yourſelf, in order to procure a much greater good, to the perſon by whom you have been thus ill-uſed: this is in general allowed to be the duty of every individual to all, as a member of ſociety; but is particularly inſtanced in the preſent caſe, to ſhew, that not even a breach of friendſhip, the higheſt of all provocations, will cancel the duty, at all times equally and unalterably obligatory, of promoting

moting both the temporal and eternal happineſs of all your fellow-creatures, by every method in your power.

It has been by many thought impertinent at any time to offer unaſked advice; the reaſon of which may be chiefly owing to its being too frequently tendered with a ſupercilious air, that implies a conceited conſciouſneſs of ſuperior wiſdom: it is the manner, therefore, more than the thing itſelf, that gives diſguſt.

If thoſe, with whom you have any degree of intimacy, are guilty of what to you appears either wrong or indiſcreet, ſpeak your opinion to them with freedom, though you ſhould even loſe a friend by ſo doing: ſilence makes you, in ſome meaſure, an acceſſary to the fault; but having thus once diſcharged your duty, reſt there; they are to judge for themſelves; to repeat ſuch admonitions, is both uſeleſs and impertinent; and will be thought to proceed rather from pride than good nature: to the perſons concerned only, are you to ſpeak your diſapprobation of their conduct; when cenſured by others, ſay all that truth or probability will permit in their juſtification.

It often happens, that, upon an accidental quarrel between friends, they ſeparately appeal to a third perſon: in ſuch caſe, alternately take the oppoſite ſide; alleging every argument in favour of the abſent party, and placing the miſtakes of the complainer in the ſtrongeſt light: this method may, probably, at firſt diſpleaſe, but is always right, as the moſt likely to procure a reconciliation: if that takes place, each, equally obliged, will thankfully approve your conduct; if not, you will have the ſatiſ-

ſatisfaction of, at leaſt, endeavouring to be the reſtorer of peace. A contrary behaviour, which generally proceeds from the mean deſire of pleaſing by flattery, at the expence of truth, often widens a trifling breach, into open and irreconcileable enmity. People of this diſpoſition are the worſt ſort of incendiaries; the greateſt plague of human ſociety; becauſe the moſt difficult to be guarded againſt, from their always wearing the ſpecious diſguiſe of pretended approbation and friendſhip to the preſent, and equally deceitful reſentment againſt the abſent perſon or company.

To enumerate all the ſocial duties would lead me too far; ſuffice it, therefore, my dear, in few words, to ſum up what remains. Let truth ever dwell upon your tongue; ſcorn to flatter any, and deſpiſe the perſon who would practiſe ſo baſe an art upon yourſelf. Be honeſtly open in every part of your behaviour and converſation. All with whom you have any intercourſe, even down to the meaneſt ſtation, have a right to civility and good humour from you. A ſuperiority of rank or fortune is no licence for a proud, ſupercilious behaviour; the diſadvantages of a dependent ſtate are alone ſufficient to labour under; it is both unjuſt and cruel to encreaſe them, either by an haughty deportment, or by the unwarrantable exerciſe of a capricious temper.

Examine every part of your conduct towards others by the unerring rule of ſuppoſing a change of places; this will certainly lead to an impartial judgment; do then what appears to you right, or, in other words, what you would they ſhould do unto you; which comprehends every duty relative to ſociety.

Aim at perfection, or you will never reach to an attainable height of virtue. Be religious without hypocriſy, pious without enthuſiaſm. Endeavour to merit the favour of God, by a ſincere and uniform obedience to whatever you know, or believe, to be his will: and ſhould afflictive evils be permitted to cloud the ſunſhine of your brighteſt days, receive them with ſubmiſſion; ſatisfied that a being, equally wiſe, omniſcient, and beneficent, at once ſees, and intends the good of his whole creation; and that every general or particular diſpenſation of his providence towards the rational part of it, is ſo calculated as to be productive of ultimate happineſs, which nothing but the miſbehaviour of individuals can prevent to themſelves. This truth is ſurely an unanſwerable argument for abſolute reſignation to the will of God; and ſuch a reſignation, found upon reaſon and choice, not enforced by neceſſity, is unalterable peace of mind, fixed on too firm a baſis to be ſhaken by adverſity: pain, poverty, ingratitude, calumny, and even the loſs of thoſe we hold moſt dear, may each tranſiently affect, but united cannot mortally wound it. Upon this principle you will find it poſſible not only to be content, but chearful, under all the diſagreeable circumſtances this ſtate of probation is liable to; and by making a proper uſe of them, effectually remove the garb of terror from the laſt of all temporal evils; and learn, with grateful pleaſure, to meet approaching death as the kind remover of every painful ſenſation, the friendly guide to perfect and everlaſting happineſs.

Believe me, this is not mere theory; my own experience every moment proves the fact undeniably true; my conduct (in all

all thoſe relations, which ſtill with me ſubſiſt, nearly as human imperfection will allow) is governed by the rules here laid down for you; which produces the conſtant rational compoſure, that conſtitutes the moſt perfect felicity of human life; and with truth I can aver, that I daily feel incomparably more real ſatisfaction, more true contentment, in my preſent retirement, than the gayeſt ſcenes of feſtive mirth ever afforded me; am pleaſed with this life, without an anxious thought for the continuance of it, and happy in the hope of hereafter exchanging it for an infinitely better. My ſoul, unſtained by the crimes unjuſtly imputed to me, moſt ſincerely forgives the malicious authors of theſe imputations, anticipates the future pleaſure of an open acquittal, and in that expectation loſes the pain of preſent undeſerved cenſure: by this is meant, the inſtance that was made the ſuppoſed foundation for the laſt of innumerable injuries received through him, from whom I am conſcious of having deſerved the kindeſt treatment: other faults, no doubt, I might have many, to him had very few; nay, for ſeveral years cannot, upon reflection, accuſe myſelf of any thing, but too abſolute, too unreſerved an obedience to every injunction, even where they were plainly contrary to the dictates of my own reaſon.—How wrong ſuch a compliance was clearly evinced by many inſtances of it; having been ſince moſt ungenerouſly, and moſt ungratefully urged as circumſtantial arguments againſt myſelf.

It muſt indeed be owned, that for the two or three laſt years, tired with a long ſeries of repeated inſults, of a nature almoſt beyond the power of imagination to conceive, my temper be-

came ſoured; a conſtant fruitleſs endeavour to oblige, was changed into an abſolute indifference about it; and ill humour, occaſioned by frequent diſappointment (a conſequence I have experimentally warned you againſt), was, perhaps, ſometimes too much indulged; how far the unequalled provocations may be allowed as an excuſe for this, heaven only muſt determine, whoſe goodneſs has thought fit to releaſe me from the painful ſituation, though by a method, at preſent, not the moſt eligible, as it is the cauſe of a ſeparation from my children alſo, and thereby has put it out of my power to attend, in the manner I could have wiſhed, to their education; a duty that inclination would have led me with equal care and pleaſure, more amply to fulfil, had they continued under my juriſdiction.—But as providence has thought fit otherways to determine, contented I ſubmit to every diſpenſation, convinced that all things are ordered for the beſt, and will, in the end, work together for good to them that fear God, and ſincerely endeavour to keep his commandments. If in theſe I err, I am certain it is owing to a miſtake in the judgment, not a defect of the will.

Thus have I endeavoured, my dear girl, in ſome meaſure, to compenſate both to you and your ſiſters, the deprivation of a conſtant maternal care, by adviſing you, according to my beſt ability, in the moſt material parts of your conduct through life, as particularly as the compaſs of a letter would allow. May theſe few inſtructions be as ſerviceable to you, as my wiſhes would make them! and may that Almighty Being, to whom my daily prayers aſcend for your preſervation, grant you his heavenly benediction, keep you from all moral evil, lead you into

into the paths of righteouſneſs and peace, and give us all an happy meeting in thoſe regions of unalterable felicity, *prepared for thoſe, who, by patient continuance in well-doing, ſeek after glory and immortality.*

Should any of you, when at liberty to follow your own inclinations, chooſe to write to me, a direction to be left at Mr. Clutterbuck's, attorney at law, at the Bath, will always ſafely convey a letter to my hand.

So many have been the inſtances of falſhood and deceit I have met with, where they were leaſt expected, that it may juſtify a precaution againſt my name being hereafter made uſe of, without my knowledge; eſpecially as my promiſe of a future letter may lay a foundation for ſuch an attempt. That future letter muſt contain the relation of many events, which, for the ſake of the perſons concerned in them, I could wiſh (my heart being really void of all angry reſentment) there was no neceſſity of making public: if, therefore, I can find a certain means of conveying the narrative to your brothers, ſiſters, and yourſelf only, when you are all arrived at a proper age to receive and underſtand it, that method will be preferred; if not, muſt again have recourſe to this channel: ſhould I, before that intended period, be removed from this ſtate of exiſtence; ſo neceſſary does it appear to me to undeceive the minds of my children, and juſtify to them, who are ſo nearly concerned, my injured character; that the manuſcript is depoſited in the hands of a friend, on whom I can ſafely depend for the publication, at the time prefixed; and, who has alſo ſome original letters, together with an order from me, which will be ſatisfactory vouchers of its being

being wrote by myſelf: this precaution will effectually ſecure you from the poſſibility of being impoſed upon, by any pretended poſthumous letter of mine; and, whilſt I live, ſhall *write* my name to whatever is by me addreſſed to any of you.

Depend upon it, therefore, my dear, moſt certainly, that I am not the author of any epiſtle, which bears not the manual ſign of

Your affectionate Mother,

S. PENNINGTON.





My Father urged me wair, my Mither did nae speak,
Yet she look'd in my Face, till my Heart was like to break.

Auld B

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AULD ROBIN GRAY.

A NEW SONG.

WHEN the ſheep are in the fauld and the ky at home,
And all the world to ſleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fall in ſhowers from my ee,
When my gude man lies ſound by me.

Young Jamie ſought me lang to be his bride,
But ſaving a crown he had naught beſide,
And to make the crown a pound my Jamie gad to ſea,
And the crown and the pound were both for me.

He had na been awa a week but twa,
When my mother fell ſick, and the cow ſtonna awa,
My father broke his arm, and my Jamie's at the ſea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courting to me.

My father could na work, nor my mother ſpin,
I toil'd day and night but their bread cou'd na win,
Auld Robin fed them baith, and with tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny, for their ſakes, pray marry me.

My

My heart it ſaid na, for I hop'd Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, the ſhip was a wreck;
The ſhip was a wreck, why did na Jamie dee?
And why do I live to ſay, wa's me?

My father argu'd fair, tho' my mother did na ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gid him my hand, tho' my heart was at ſea,
And Auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.

I had na been a wife a week but four,
When ſitting right woeful at the door,
I ſaw my Jamie's wereath, for I could na think it he,
Till he ſaid, I'm come back to marry thee.

O! ſai did we greet, and muckle did we ſay,
We took a kiſs, and tore ourſelves away;
I wiſh I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,
And why do I live to ſay, wae's me?

I gang like a ghaiſt, and care na to ſpin,
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a ſin;
But I will do my beſt a gude wife for to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is kind to me.

ADVICE

ADVICE OF A MOTHER

TO HER

DAUGHTER.

THE world has in all ages been very negligent in the education of daughters; all their care is laid out entirely upon the men; and, as if the women were a diſtinct ſpecies, they leave them to themſelves without any helps, without thinking that they compoſe one half of the world; that the two ſexes are neceſſarily united together by alliances; that the women make either the happineſs or miſery of the men, who always feel the want of having them reaſonable; that they are a great means of the riſe and ruin of families; that they are entruſted with the education of the children in their early youth, a ſeaſon of life, in which they receive the livelieſt and deepeſt impreſſions. What would they have them inſpire into their children, when, from their very infancy, they are left themſelves

in the hands of governantes, who, as they are generally taken out of the low world, inſpire them with low ſentiments, encourage all the timorous paſſions, and form them to ſuperſtition inſtead of religion? It would be a ſubject worthier of their thoughts, to contrive how to make certain vices hereditary to their families, by conveying them down from the mother to the children, than how to ſecure their eſtates by entails. Nothing, therefore, is ſo much miſtaken as the education which they give to young women: they deſign them to pleaſe; they give them no inſtructions but for the ornament and graces of the body; they flatter their ſelf-love; they give them up to effeminacy, to the world, and to falſe opinions; they give them no lectures of virtue and fortitude: ſurely it is unreaſonable, or rather, downright madneſs, to imagine that ſuch an education ſhould not turn to their prejudice.

It may be neceſſary, my daughter, to obſerve all the outward rules of *decorum*; but this is not enough to gain you the eſteem of the world; it is the ſentiments of the mind that form the character of a perſon; that lead the underſtanding; that govern the will; that ſecure the reality and duration of all our virtues: but religion ſhould be the principle and foundation of theſe ſentiments. When religion is once engraven on our heart, all the virtues will naturally flow from that ſource; all the duties of life will be regularly practiſed in their reſpective order. It is not enough for the conduct of young perſons, to oblige them to do their duty; they muſt be brought to love it. Authority is a tyrant only over the outward behaviour; it has no ſway over the inward ſentiments. When one preſcribes a conduct,

conduct, we ſhould repreſent the reaſons and the motives of it, and give them a reliſh for what we adviſe them.

It is ſo much for our intereſt to practiſe virtue, that we ſhould never conſider it as our enemy, but rather, as the ſource of happineſs, of glory, and of peace.

You are juſt coming into the world; enter it, my daughter, with ſome principles; you cannot fortify yourſelf too much againſt what you will meet with there: bring along with you all your religion: nouriſh it in your heart by your ſentiments; confirm it in your mind by proper reflections, and by reading adapted to encourage it.

There is nothing more neceſſary, and, indeed, more happy for us, than to keep up a ſentiment that makes us love and hope; that gives us a proſpect of an agreeable futurity; that reconciles all times; that inſures all the duties of life; that anſwers for us to ourſelves; and is our guarantee with regard to others. What a ſupport will you find from religion under the misfortunes that threaten you! for a certain number of misfortunes muſt fall to your ſhare. It was a ſaying of one of the ancients, "That he wrapt himſelf up in the mantle of his virtue:" Wrap yourſelf up in that of your religion; it will be a great help to you againſt the weakneſs of youth, and a ſure refuge in your riper years.

Women that have cultivated all their underſtanding with nothing but the maxims of the world, are preſented at laſt with an univerſal blank, and find themſelves in a terrible want of thought and employment, the moſt irkſome ſituation in life. As they advance in age the world quits them, and reaſon tells

them they ſhould quit the world; but where muſt they go for relief? The time paſt furniſhes us with regrets, the preſent with inquietudes, and the time to come with fears. Religion alone calms all our uneaſineſs, and comforts us under all misfortunes; by uniting you to God, it reconciles you with the world, and yourſelf too.

A young perſon, when ſhe comes into the world, frames to herſelf an high notion of the happineſs reſerved for her. She ſets herſelf to obtain it; it is the ſource of all her cares. She is always on the hunt after her notion, and in hopes of finding a perfect happineſs: this is the occaſion of lightneſs and inconſtancy.

The pleaſures of the world are deceitful; they promiſe more than they perform; the queſt of them is full of anxiety: their enjoyment is far from yielding any true ſatisfaction, and their loſs is attended with vexation.

To fix your deſires, think that no ſolid or laſting happineſs is to be found any where but in your own breaſt. Honours and riches have no charms that are laſting for any length of time; their poſſeſſion extends our view, and gives us new deſires. Pleaſures, when they grow familiar, loſe their reliſh. Before you have taſted them, you may do without them; whereas enjoyment makes that neceſſary to you, which was once ſuperfluous, and you are worſe at your eaſe than you were before; by enjoying them, you grow uſed to them, and when you loſe them, they leave you nothing but emptineſs and want. What affects us ſenſibly is the paſſage from one circumſtance of life to another; the interval between a miſerable ſeaſon and a happy one.

one. The ſenſe of pleaſure wears off as ſoon as we grow habituated to it. It would be a great advantage, if reaſon could at once lay before us all that is neceſſary for our happineſs. Experience brings us back to ourſelves; ſpare yourſelf that expence; and lay it early down for a maxim, with a firmneſs and reſolution to determine your conduct, that "true felicity conſiſts in peace of mind, in reaſon, and in the diſcharge of our duty." Let us not fancy ourſelves happy, my daughter, till we feel our pleaſures of this ſort flow from the bottom of our ſoul.

Theſe reflections ſeem too ſtrong for a young perſon, and are proper for a riper age: however, I believe you capable of them; and beſides, I am inſtructing myſelf. We cannot engrave the precepts of wiſdom too deeply in our hearts; the impreſſions that they make are always too light; but it cannot be denied, that ſuch as uſe themſelves to make reflections, and fortify their hearts with principles, are in a fairer way to virtue than ſuch as neglect them. If we are unhappy enough to be defective in the practice of our duty, let us, at leaſt, not be wanting in our affections to it: let us then, my daughter, make uſe of theſe precepts for a continual help to our virtue.

It is commonly ſaid there are two prejudices with which every body muſt comply: religion and honour. It is a wrong expreſſion to call religion a prejudice. A prejudice is an opinion, that may be ſubſervient to error as well as truth; the term ought never to be applied but to things that are uncertain; and religion is not ſo.

Honour is, indeed, an invention merely human; yet nothing is more real than the evils that people ſuffer, who would get rid

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of it; it would be dangerous to ſhake it off; we ſhould rather do all we can to fortify a ſentiment that ought to be a rule to our conduct, ſince nothing is more deſtructive of our quiet, or makes our life more unequal, than to think one way and act another. Poſſeſs your heart as much as is poſſible with ſentiments for the conduct that you ought to obſerve; fortify this prejudice of honour in your mind: you cannot be too ſcrupulouſly nice on this ſubject.

Never warp in the leaſt from theſe principles; never entertain a notion, as if the virtue of women was a virtue only enjoined by cuſtom; nor allow yourſelf to think you have ſufficiently diſcharged your obligations, if you can but eſcape the eyes of the world. There are two courts before which you muſt inevitably appear in judgment; your conſcience and the world: you may poſſibly get clear of the world, but you can never get clear of conſcience. Secure her teſtimony in favour of your honeſty; it is what you owe to yourſelf; but withal, do not neglect the approbation of the public; for a contempt of reputation naturally leads to a contempt of virtue.

When you are a little acquainted with the world, you will find that there is no need of the ſanctions and terror of laws to keep you within the bounds of your duty; the example of ſuch as have deviated from it, and the calamities that have ever attended them, is enough to ſtop any inclination in the midſt of its career; for there is no coquet but muſt own, if ſhe would be ſincere, that it is the greateſt misfortune in the world to be forgot and neglected.

Shame is a paſſion that might be of excellent advantage to us,

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if we managed it well: I do not mean that falſe ſhame, which only ſerves to diſturb our quiet, without being of any ſervice to our behaviour; I ſpeak of that which keeps us from evil out of fear of diſhonour: we muſt confeſs this ſhame is ſometimes the ſureſt guard of the women's virtue; there are very few virtuous for virtue itſelf.

There are ſome great virtues, which, when they are carried to a certain degree, make a great many defects be overlooked; ſuch as extraordinary valour in the men, and extreme modeſty in the women. Agrippina, the wife of Germanicus, was excuſed of all her faults on account of her chaſtity. This princeſs was ambitious and haughty; but, ſays Tacitus, "all her paſſions "were conſecrated by her chaſtity."

If you are ſenſible and nice in the point of reputation, if you are apprehenſive of being attacked as to eſſential virtues, there is one ſure means to calm your fears and ſatisfy your nicety; it is to be virtuous. Be ſure always to keep well with yourſelf; it is a ſure income of pleaſures; and will gain you praiſe, and a good reputation to boot; in a word, be but truly virtuous, and you will find admirers enough.

The virtues that make a figure in the world, do not fall to the women's ſhare; their virtues are of a ſimple and peaceable nature: fame will have nothing to do with us. It was a ſaying of one of the ancients, that "the great virtues are for the men!" he allows the women nothing but the ſingle merit of being unknown; and "ſuch as are moſt praiſed (ſays he), are not always the perſons that deſerve it beſt; but rather ſuch as are not talked of at all." The notion ſeems to me to be wrong; but, to reduce this

this maxim into practice, I think it beſt to avoid the world, and making a figure, which always ſtrike at modeſty, and be contented with being one's own ſpectator.

The virtues of the women are difficult, becauſe they have no help from glory to practiſe them. To live at home; to meddle with nothing but one's ſelf and family; to be ſimple, juſt, and modeſt; are painful virtues, becauſe they are obſcure. One muſt have a great deal of merit to ſhun making a figure, and a great deal of courage to bring one's ſelf to be virtuous only to one's own eyes. Grandeur and reputation ſerve for ſupports to our weakneſs, for ſuch in reality is our deſire to diſtinguiſh and raiſe ourſelves. The mind reſts in the public approbation, but true glory conſiſts in being ſatisfied without it. Let it not enter then into the motives of your actions; it is enough that it is the recompence of them.

Be aſſured, my daughter, that perfection and happineſs cling together; that you can never be happy but by virtue, and ſcarce ever unhappy but by ill conduct. Whoever examines themſelves ſtrictly, will find that they never had any grievous affliction, but they occaſioned it themſelves by ſome fault, or by being wanting in ſome duty. Anxiety always follows the loſs of innocence; but virtue is ever attended with an inward ſatisfaction, that is a conſtant ſpring of felicity to all its votaries.

Do not however imagine that your only virtue is modeſty; there are abundance of women, that have no notion of any other, and fancy, that by practiſing it, they diſcharge all the duties of ſociety: they think they have a right to neglect all the reſt, and to be as proud and cenſorious as they pleaſe. Anne of Bretagne,

ſagne, a proud and imperious princeſs, made Lewis XII. ſuffer exceedingly; and the good prince was uſed to ſay, when he ſubmitted to her humour, "we muſt pay dear for the women's chaſtity." Make nobody pay for yours; think rather that it is a virtue which regards only yourſelf, and loſes its greateſt luſtre, if it be not attended with the other virtues.

We ſhould be very tender in our modeſty; inward corruption paſſes from the heart to the mouth, and occaſions looſe diſcourſe. The moſt violent paſſions have need of modeſty to ſhew themſelves in a ſeducing form; it ſhould diſtinguiſh itſelf in all your action; it ſhould ſet off and embelliſh all your perſon.

They ſay that when Jove formed the paſſions, he aſſigned every one of them its diſtinct abode. Modeſty was forgot; and when ſhe was introduced to him, he could not tell where to place her: ſhe was therefore allowed to conſort with all the reſt. Ever ſince that time ſhe is inſeparable from them; ſhe is the friend of truth, and betrays the lie that dares attack it; ſhe is in a ſtrict and intimate union with love; ſhe always attends, and frequently diſcovers and proclaims it: love, in a word, loſes his charms, whenever he appears without her; there is not a more glorious ornament for a young lady than modeſty.

Let the chief part of your finery then be modeſty; it has great advantages; it ſets off beauty, and ſerves for a veil to uglineſs: modeſty is the ſupplement of beauty. The great misfortune of uglineſs is, that it ſmothers and buries the merit of women. People do not go to look in a forbidding figure for the engaging qualities of the mind and heart; it is a very difficult affair when merit muſt make its way, and ſhine through a diſagreeable outſide.

You do not want graces to make you agreeable, but you are no beauty: this obliges you to lay up a ſtock of merit: the world will compliment you with nothing. Beauty has great advantages. One of the antients ſaid of it, that it was "a ſhort tyranny, and the greateſt privilege in nature; that handſome perſons carry letters of recommendation in their looks."

Beauty inſpires a pleaſing ſentiment which prepoſſeſſes people in its favour. If you have made no ſuch impreſſions, you muſt expect to be taken to pieces. Take care that there be nothing in your air or manners to make any body think that you do not know yourſelf: an air of confidence in an ordinary figure is ſhocking enough. Let nothing in your diſcourſe or dreſs look like art, at leaſt let it not be eaſy to find it out; the moſt refined art never lets itſelf be ſeen.

You are not to neglect the accompliſhments and ornaments proper to make you agreeable, for women are deſigned to pleaſe; but you ſhould rather think of acquiring a ſolid merit, than of employing yourſelf in trifling things. Nothing is ſhorter than the reign of beauty; nothing is more melancholy than the latter part of the lives of women, who never knew any thing but that they were handſome. If any body makes their court to you for the ſake of your agreeable accompliſhments, make their regards centre in friendſhip, and ſecure the continuance of that friendſhip by your merits.

It is a difficult matter to lay down any ſure rules to pleaſe. The graces without merit cannot pleaſe long; and merit without the graces may command the eſteem of men, but can never move them. Women therefore muſt have an amiable merit,

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and join the graces to the virtues. I do not confine the merit of women merely to modeſty; I give it a much larger extent. A valuable woman exerts the manly virtues of friendſhip, probity, and honour, in the punctual diſcharge of all her obligations. An amiable woman ſhould not only have the exterior graces, but all the graces of the heart, and fine ſentiments of the mind. There is nothing ſo hard as to pleaſe without being ſo intent upon it, that it ſhall look a little like coquetry. Women generally pleaſe the men of the world more by their faults than their good qualities. The men are for making their advantages of the weakneſſes of amiable women: they would have nothing to do with their virtues; they do not care to eſteem them; they had much rather be amuſed by perſons of little or no merit, than be forced to admire ſuch as are virtuous.

One muſt know human nature if one deſigns to pleaſe. The men are much more affected with what is new, than with what is excellent: but the flower of novelty ſoon fades; what pleaſed when it was new, ſoon diſpleaſes when it grows common. To keep up this taſte of novelty, we muſt have a great many reſources and various kinds of merit within ourſelves; we muſt not ſtick only at the agreeable accompliſhments: we muſt ſtrike their fancy with a variety of graces and merits to keep up their inclinations, and make the ſame object afford them all the pleaſures of inconſtancy.

Women are born with a violent deſire to pleaſe; as they find themſelves barred from all the ways that lead to glory and authority, they take another road to arrive at them, and make themſelves amends by their agreeableneſs. Beauty impoſes on the

perſon that has it, and infatuates the ſoul; yet remember, that there is but a very ſmall number of years difference between a fine woman and one that is no longer ſo. Get over this exceſſive deſire to pleaſe; at leaſt keep from ſhewing it. We muſt not be extravagant in our dreſs, or let it take up all our time; the real graces do not depend on a ſtudied finery; we muſt ſubmit to the mode as a troubleſome ſort of ſlavery, but comply with it no more than we are obliged in decency. The mode would be reaſonable, if it could be fixed to a point of perfection, convenience, and gracefulneſs; but to be always changing is inconſtancy, rather than politeneſs and a good taſte.

A good taſte avoids all exceſſive niceneſs; it treats little things as little ones, and gives itſelf very little trouble about them. Neatneſs is indeed agreeable, and deſerves to be ranked among things that are graceful; but it commences littleneſs, when it is carried to an exceſs; it is a much better temper to be careleſs in things of little conſequence than to be too nice about them.

Young perſons are very ſubject to the ſpleen; as they are quite deſtitute of knowledge, they run with eagerneſs towards ſenſible objects; the ſpleen, however, is the leaſt evil they have to dread; exceſſive joys are no part of the train of virtue. All violent and moving pleaſures are dangerous. Though one is diſcreet enough not to break through the rules of decency, and to keep within the bounds of modeſty; yet when the heart is once moved with the pleaſure it feels, a ſort of ſoftneſs diffuſes itſelf over the ſoul, and takes away its reliſh for every thing that is called virtue: it ſtops and makes you cool in the practice of your

your duty. A young perſon does not ſee the conſequences of this flattering poiſon, the leaſt miſchief of which is to diſturb the quiet of life, to deprave the taſte, and render all ſimple pleaſure inſipid. When one ſees a young perſon happy enough not to have had her heart touched (as there is a natural diſpoſition in us to a union, and this diſpoſition has not been exerciſed), ſhe eaſily complies, and gives herſelf naturally to the perſon deſigned for her.

Be very cautious on the article of plays, and the like public diverſions. There is no dignity in ſhewing one's ſelf continually; nor is it an eaſy matter to preſerve a ſtrict modeſty in a conſtant hurry of diverſions. It is miſtaking one's intereſt to frequent them: if you have beauty, you muſt not wear out the taſte of the world by ſhewing yourſelf continually: you muſt be ſtill more reſerved if you want graces to ſet you off; beſides, the conſtant uſe of diverſions leſſens the reliſh of them.

When all your life has been ſpent in pleaſures, and they come to leave you, either becauſe your taſte for them is over, or becauſe your reaſon forbids you the enjoyment of them, your mind finds itſelf in a moſt uneaſy ſituation for want of employment. If you would therefore have your pleaſures and amuſements laſt, uſe them only as diverſions to relieve you after more ſerious occupations. Entertain yourſelf with your own reaſon; keep up that correſpondence; and the abſence of pleaſures will not leave you any time upon your hands, nor any hankering after them.

It behoves us therefore to huſband our taſtes; there is no reliſhing life without them, but innocence only can preſerve them in their integrity; irregularity is ſure to deprave them.

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When we have found a heart, we make an advantage of every thing, and turn it into a ſource of pleaſure. We come frequently to pleaſures with a ſick man's palate: we fancy ourſelves nice, when we are only ſurfeited and out of taſte. When we have not ſpoiled our mind and heart by ſentiments that ſeduce the fancy, or by any flaming paſſion, it is eaſy to find delight: health and innocence are the true fountains of joy. But when we have had the misfortune to habituate ourſelves to vehement pleaſures, we become inſenſible to moderate ones. We ſpoil our taſte by diverſions, and uſe ourſelves ſo much to violent pleaſures, that we cannot take up with ſuch as are ſimple and regular.

We ſhould always dread ſuch great emotions of the ſoul as leave us flat and out of ſorts. Young perſons have the greater reaſon to fear them, in that they are leſs capable of reſiſting what flatters their ſenſe. "Temperance," ſaid one of the ancients, "is the beſt caterer for luxury." With this temperance, which makes the health both of mind and body, one has always a pleaſing and an equal joy; one has no need of diverſions and expence; reading, work, and converſation, afford a purer joy than all the train of the greateſt pleaſures. In a word, innocent delights are of moſt advantage; they are always ready at hand; they are beneficent, and are never purchaſed at too dear a rate. Other pleaſures flatter, but they do miſchief: they alter the conſtitution of the mind, and ſpoil it like that of the body.

Be regular in all your views and in all your actions; it would be happy if our fortune was ſuch as to make computations of our income unneceſſary; but as yours is narrow, it obliges us to be regular. Be diſcreet in the article of your expences; if you

you do not obſerve a moderation in them, you will ſoon ſee your affairs in diſorder; as ſoon as you lay aſide œconomy, you can anſwer for nothing.

Pompous living is the high road to ruin, and the ruin of people's fortune is almoſt always followed with corruption of manners: but in order to be regular, it is no way neceſſary to be covetous. Remember that avarice is of little ſervice, and diſhonours a perſon infinitely. All that one ſhould aim at in a regular management, is to avoid the ſhame and injuſtice that always attend an irregular conduct. We muſt retrench ſuperfluous expences only to be in a better condition to afford ſuch as decency, friendſhip, and charity engage us to make.

It is good order, and not the looking into little matters, that turns to any great account. Pliny, when he ſent his friend back a bond for a conſiderable ſum which his father owed him, with a general acquittance, told him, "I have but a ſmall eſtate, and am obliged to be at great expences; but my frugality ſerves for a fund to ſupply me wherewith to do the ſervice that I render to my friends." Borrow from your fancies and diverſions, that you may have ſomething to gratify the ſentiments of generoſity, which every perſon of a genteel ſpirit ought to have.

Never mind the wants that vanity creates. "We muſt be," they ſay, "like others;" this *like* goes a vaſt way. Have a nobler emulation, and allow nobody to have more honour, probity, and integrity than yourſelf. Be always ſenſible of the neceſſity of virtue: poorneſs of ſoul is worſe than poverty of fortune.

Whilſt you are young, form your reputation, raiſe your credit: put your affairs in order: you would have more trouble

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about it in another ſeaſon of life. Charles the Fifth uſed to ſay, that "Fortune loved young folks." In the time of youth, all the world offer themſelves to you, and lend you a helping hand: young people govern without thinking of it. But in more advanced age, you have no helps from any quarter; you have no longer that bewitching charm which has an influence on every body: you have nothing for you but reaſon and truth, which do not ordinarily govern the world.

"You are going," ſaid Montagne to ſome young people, "towards reputation and credit; but I am returning back." When you ceaſe to be young, you have no acquiſition left you to make, but in point of virtue. In all your undertakings and actions, always aim at the higheſt perfection; form no project, and ſet about nothing without ſaying to yourſelf, "Could not I do better?" By this means you will inſenſibly contract a habit of juſtice and virtue, which will make the practice thereof eaſier to you. Do what Seneca adviſed his friend Lucilius: "Chooſe," ſaid he to him, "among great men, ſome one that you think is moſt to be admired: do nothing but in his preſence; give him an account of all your actions." Happy the man that is eſteemed enough to be pitched on for this purpoſe! This is the more eaſy, becauſe young folks have a natural diſpoſition to imitation. They run leſs hazard when they chooſe their patterns from antiquity, where we generally meet with none but great examples. Among the moderns it may have its inconveniences; the copies of them very rarely ſucceed. It has been ſaid long ago, that every copy ought to tremble before its original; they never follow it but at a diſtance; and yet it takes away your natural

natural character, which is generally the trueſt and the moſt ſimple. You are apt to grow negligent as to yourſelf, when you fix yourſelf to a model; beſides, a great part of our faults come from imitation. Learn then to reverence and ſtand in awe of yourſelf: let your ſcrupulouſneſs be your own cenſor.

Uſe all your application to make yourſelf happy in your ſtation of life; improve all the means you have; you loſe a thouſand advantages for want of it. It is our attention and comparing of things, that make us happy.

The more addreſs and capacity you have, the more will you make of your circumſtances, and the more will you extend your pleaſures. It is not poſſeſſion that makes us happy, it is enjoyment, and enjoyment lies in attention.

If people knew how to hug and enjoy themſelves in their condition, they would not be troubled either with ambition or envy, and would be bleſſed with a perfect tranquillity; but we do not live enough in the preſent moment, our deſires and hopes are always puſhing us on towards futurity.

There are two ſorts of madmen in the world; the one always live upon futurity, and feed themſelves with nothing but hopes; and as they are not wiſe enough to calculate them rightly, they paſs their lives in a continual miſtake. Reaſonable perſons are never taken up with any deſires, but ſuch as are within their reach; they often gain their point; and though they ſhould be miſtaken, they would eaſily conſole themſelves under the diſappointment; they know likewiſe that our fondneſs for things wears off upon the poſſeſſion of them, or ceaſes upon ſeeing the impoſſibility of obtaining what we deſire: wiſe men always

make themſelves eaſy with ſuch reflections. There is another ſort of madmen, that make too much of the preſent, and take no manner of care for futurity: they ruin their fortune, their reputation, and their taſte of life, by not managing them diſcreetly. Men of ſenſe join theſe two times together; they enjoy the preſent, and yet do not neglect the future.

It is a duty, my daughter, to employ our time, but what uſe do we make of it? Few people know how to value it as it deſerves. "Account to yourſelf," ſays one of the ancients, "for every moment of your time; that after making a juſt uſe of the preſent, you may have leſs occaſion for the future." Time flies with rapidity: learn to live; that is, to make a good uſe of your time; but life is ſpent too often in vain hopes, in queſt of fortune, or in waiting for it. All mankind feel the vanity of their condition, always taken up without being ever ſatisfied. Remember that life does not conſiſt in the ſpace of time that you live, but in the uſe you ſhould make of it: conſider that you have a mind to cultivate and feed with truth; a heart to purify and regulate; and a religious worſhip to pay to the Deity.

As the firſt years of life are precious, remember, daughter, to make an advantageous uſe of them. Whilſt the mind eaſily receives impreſſions, embelliſh your memory with valuable things, and conſider that you are laying in a proviſion for your whole life. The memory is formed and improved by exerciſing it.

Curioſity is a ſentiment that you ſhould not ſtifle; it wants only to be managed, and placed on a right object. Curioſity is a knowledge begun, which makes you advance farther and quicker

quicker in the road of truth; it is a natural diſpoſition, that meets inſtruction half-way: it ſhould not be ſtopped by lazineſs and love of eaſe.

It is very uſeful for young perſons to employ their time in ſolid ſciences; the Greek and Roman hiſtory elevates the mind, and raiſes the courage by the great actions that we ſee there related. We ought to know the hiſtory of France: nobody ſhould be ignorant of the hiſtory of their own country. I ſhould not even blame a little philoſophy, eſpecially the new, if one has a capacity for it: it helps to give you a clear judgment, to diſtinguiſh your ideas, and teach you to think juſtly. I would likewiſe have a little morality: by the bare reading of Cicero, Pliny, and others, one gets a taſte for virtue: it makes an inſenſible impreſſion on us, that is of great advantage to our morals. The inclination to vice is corrected by the example of ſo many virtues; and you will rarely find an evil diſpoſition have any reliſh for this ſort of reading. We do not love to ſee what is always upbraiding and condemning us.

As for languages, though a woman ought to be ſatisfied with ſpeaking that of her own country, I ſhould not thwart the inclination one might have for Latin. It is the language of the church: it opens you a gate to all the ſciences: it lets you into converſation with the beſt paſt of the world in all ages. Women are ready enough to learn Italian, but I think it dangerous; it is the language of love: the Italian writers are not very correct; you ſee in all their works a gingle of words, and a looſe imagination, inconſiſtent with a juſt way of thinking.

Poetry may produce ſome inconveniences; I ſhould however

be loath to forbid the reading of the fine tragedies of Corneille: but the beſt of them often give you lectures of virtue, and leave you an impreſſion of vice.

The reading of romances is ſtill more dangerous: I would not have them much uſed; they inure the mind to falſhoods. Romances having no foundation of truth to ſupport them, warm the imagination, impair modeſty, put the heart in diſorder, and let a young perſon have but the leaſt diſpoſition to tenderneſs, they hurry on and fire her inclination. One ſhould not increaſe the charms and deluſions of love; the more it is ſoftened, and the more modeſt it appears, the more dangerous it is. I would not forbid them; all prohibitions intrench upon liberty, and raiſe the deſire: but we ſhould, as much as we are able, uſe ourſelves to ſolid readings, which improve the underſtanding and fortify the heart: we cannot too carefully avoid ſuch as leave impreſſions hard to be effaced.

Moderate your fondneſs for extraordinary ſciences; they are dangerous, and generally teach one nothing but a vaſt deal of vanity: they depreſs the activity of the ſoul. If you have a very warm and active imagination, and a curioſity which nothing can ſtop, it is much better to employ theſe diſpoſitions in the ſciences, than to run the hazard of their being turned to ſerve your paſſions: but remember, that a young lady ſhould have almoſt as nice a modeſty in the article of ſciences, as ſhe has with regard to vice.

Guard yourſelf, therefore, againſt the inclination of ſetting up for a virtuoſo; do not amuſe yourſelf in running after vain ſciences, and ſuch as are above your reach. Our ſoul is much better

better qualified for enjoyment than it is for knowledge; we have all the knowledge that is proper and neceſſary for our well being; but we will not ſtick there, we are ſtill running after truths that were not deſigned for us.

Before we engage in enquiries that are above our capacities, we ſhould know the juſt extent of our underſtanding, and what rule we ſhould have for determining our perſuaſion: we ſhould learn to diſtinguiſh between opinion and knowledge; and ſhould have reſolution enough to doubt, when we have no clear notion of things, as well as courage to be ignorant of what ſurpaſſes us.

The better to prevent a vain opinion of our capacity, and abate a confidence in our underſtanding, let us conſider that the two principles of all our knowledge, reaſon and the ſenſes, want ſincerity, and often deceive us. The ſenſes impoſe on reaſon, and reaſon miſleads them in its turn. Theſe are our two guides, and both of them lead us out of the way. Such reflections ſhould naturally put us out of conceit with abſtracted ſciences; it is much better for us to employ our time in uſeful points of knowledge.

Docility is a quality very neceſſary for a young perſon, who ſhould never have much confidence in herſelf: but this docility muſt not be carried too far. In point of religion, indeed, it muſt ſubmit to authority; but on any other ſubject it muſt receive nothing but from reaſon and evidence. By carrying docility too far, you do an injury to your reaſon; you make no uſe of your own judgment and underſtanding, which are impaired for want of exerciſe. You ſet too narrow bounds to

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your ideas, when you confine them to thoſe of other people. The teſtimony of men only deſerves credit in proportion to the degree of certainty which they have acquired by examining into facts. There lies no preſcription againſt truth: it is for all perſons and of all times. In a word, as a great man ſays, "To be a chriſtian, one muſt believe implicitly: but to be a wiſe man, one muſt ſee clearly."

Accuſtom yourſelf to exerciſe your underſtanding, and make more uſe of it than of your memory. We fill our heads with the notions of other people, and take no care to form any of our own. We fancy that we have made a great progreſs, when we load our memory with hiſtories and facts; but this is of very little ſervice to perfect our underſtanding. The underſtanding extends and improves itſelf by exerciſe; yet few perſons take care to exert it.

Among our ſex the art of thinking is a ſort of dormant talent. Hiſtorical facts, and the opinions of philoſophers, will not defend you againſt a calamity that preſſes you: you will not find yourſelf much the ſtronger for them. When an affliction comes upon you, you have recourſe to Seneca and Epictetus: Is it for their reaſon to give you conſolation? Is it not rather the buſineſs of your own? Make uſe of your own ſtock; in the calm of life make a proper proviſion againſt the time of affliction, which you are ſure to meet with: you will find yourſelf much better ſupported by your own reaſon than by that of other people.

If you can govern your imagination, and make it ſubmit to reaſon and truth, it will be a great ſtep towards your perfection and

and happineſs. Women are generally governed by their imagination; as they are not employed in any thing ſolid, and are not in the courſe of their lives troubled either with the care of their fortune, or the management of their affairs, they give themſelves up entirely to their pleaſures. Plays, dreſs, romances, and inclinations, all depend upon imagination. I know well enough, that if you keep it within due bounds, you take ſo much off from your pleaſures; for imagination is the ſource of them; and the things that pleaſe us moſt, derive from her the charm and illuſion in which all their agreeableneſs conſiſts: but for one pleaſure of her creating, what evils doth ſhe not make us ſuffer? She ſtands continually between truth and us: reaſon dares not ſhew herſelf where imagination bears the ſway. We ſee only as ſhe pleaſes; and, thoſe that are led by her, know what they ſuffer from her by woeful experience. It would be a very happy compoſition to make with her, to give her back all her pleaſures, on condition that ſhe made you feel none of her pains: in a word, there is nothing ſo inconſiſtent with happineſs, as a fine, lively, and too heated imagination.

Poſſeſs yourſelf with a true notion of things, and take not up with the ſentiments of the people: form your own judgment, without giving into received opinions, and get over the prejudices of your infancy. When you feel yourſelf under any uneaſineſs, take the following method; I have found the uſe of it: examine into the occaſion of your trouble; ſtrip it of all the diſguiſe that is about it, and of all the embroidery of imagination, and you will find that it is generally nothing at all, or, at leaſt, great allowances are to be made. Value things only according to their real worth. We have a great deal more

more reaſon to complain of our falſe notions than of our fortune; it is very frequently not ſo much things that hurt us, as the opinion that we have of them.

In order to be happy, we muſt think rightly: we owe a great reſpect to the common opinions, when they concern religion; but we ought to think very differently from the vulgar in what regards morality and the happineſs of life. By the vulgar, I mean every body that has a low and vulgar way of thinking; the court is filled with ſuch ſort of creatures; and the world talks of nothing but fortune and credit: all the cry there is, "Go on, make haſte forwards;" whereas wiſdom ſays, "Take up with ſimple things; chooſe an obſcure but quiet life; get out of the hurry of the world; avoid a croud." Fame is not all the recompence of virtue; the main part of it lies in the teſtimony of your own conſcience. A great virtue is ſurely enough to comfort you for the loſs of a little glory.

Be aſſured, that the greateſt ſcience is to know how to be independant. "I have learnt," ſaid one of the ancients, "to be my own friend, ſo I ſhall never be alone." You muſt provide yourſelf ſome reſources againſt the inquietudes of life, and ſome equivalent for the goods you had depended on. Secure yourſelf a retreat and place of refuge in your own breaſt; you can always return thither, and be ſure to find yourſelf again. When the world is leſs neceſſary to you, it will have leſs power over you: when you do not, by ſome ſolid inclinations, place your dependance on yourſelf, you depend upon every thing elſe.

Uſe yourſelf to ſolitude: there is nothing more uſeful and neceſſary to weaken the impreſſion that ſenſible objects make upon

upon us. You ſhould, therefore, from time to time, retire from the world, to be alone. Aſſign ſome hours in the day for reading, and for making your own reflections. "Reflection," ſays a father of the church, "is the eye of the ſoul; it lets light and truth into it."—"I will lead him into ſolitude," ſays wiſdom, "and there I will ſpeak to his heart." It is there, indeed, where truth gives her inſtructions; where prejudices vaniſh, where prepoſſeſſion wears off, and where opinion, that governs all, begins to loſe its influence. When one conſiders the uſeleſſneſs and inſignificancy of life, one is forced to ſay with Pliny, "It is much better to paſs one's life in doing nothing at all, than in doing trifles of nothing."

I have told you already, daughter, that happineſs conſiſts in peace of mind: you cannot enjoy the pleaſures of the mind without health of mind: every thing almoſt is a pleaſure to a ſound mind. If you would live with tranquillity, theſe are the rules you are to obſerve. The firſt is, not to give yourſelf up to things that pleaſe; to uſe them only occaſionally; not to expect too much from the men, for fear of being diſappointed; to be your own principal friend. Solitude, too, will enſure you tranquillity, and is a friend to wiſdom: it is within you that peace and truth take up their abode. Avoid the great world; there is no ſecurity in it; it always awakens ſome ſentiment or other that we had almoſt cruſhed; there are but too many people in it that encourage looſeneſs; the more one converſes with it, the more authority do one's paſſions gain; it is hard to reſiſt the attack of vice when it comes ſo well attended: in a word, one comes back from it much weaker, leſs modeſt, and

more unjuſt, for having been among the men. The world eaſily inſtills its poiſon into tender ſouls. We ſhould likewiſe ſhut up all the avenues to the paſſions; it is much eaſier to keep them off, than vanquiſh them; and though one ſhould be happy enough to baniſh them, yet from the time that they made their impreſſion, they make us pay dear for their abode. The firſt motions of them is what cannot be refuſed to nature, but ſhe often carries her influence too far; and when you come to yourſelf again, you find abundant reaſon to repent.

One ſhould always have ſome reſources and laſt ſhifts: calculate your ſtrength and your courage; and, for this end, in all caſes where you have any apprehenſions, conſider every thing at the worſt. Wait for the misfortune that may happen to you with firmneſs; look it bravely in the face; view it in all its moſt terrible circumſtances, and do not let yourſelf ſink under it.

A favourite raiſed to the height of grandeur was ſhewing his riches to a friend. As he took out a box, he ſaid to him, "Here it is that my treaſure lies." His friend preſſed him to ſhew it him, and he allowed him to open the box: there was nothing in it but an old ragged coat. His friend ſeemed ſurprized at it: the favourite ſaid to him, "When fortune ſhall ſend me back to my original condition, I am ready for it." What a noble reſource is it to conſider every thing at the worſt, and feel fortitude enough in one's ſelf to ſtand the ſhock.

How ſtrongly ſoever you wiſh for any thing, begin with examining the thing you wiſh; ſet before your eyes the good which it promiſes you, and the evils that follow it: remember the paſſage of Horace, "Pleaſure goes before you, but keeps her

her retinue out of ſight." You will ceaſe to fear, as ſoon as ever you ceaſe to deſire. Depend upon it, a wiſe man does not run after felicity, but makes his own happineſs; it muſt be your own doing, and it is in your own power. Remember that a very ſmall matter will ſerve for all the real needs of life, but there muſt be an infinite deal to ſatisfy the imaginary needs of opinion; and that you will much ſooner reduce your deſires to the level of your fortune, than raiſe your fortune to the level of your deſires. If honours and riches could ſatiate us, we might heap them up; but the thirſt of them increaſes by acquiring them: he that deſires moſt, is certainly the moſt indigent.

Young perſons live upon hope; M. de la Rochefoucault ſays, that it carries one an agreeable road to the end of life." It would be indeed ſhort enough, if hope did not lengthen it: it is a very comfortable ſentiment, but may prove dangerous, by occaſioning you often a great many diſappointments. The leaſt evil that happens from it is, that we often loſe what we poſſeſs, by waiting for what we deſire.

Our ſelf-love makes us blind to ourſelves, and diminiſhes all our defects. We live with them as we do with the perfumes that we wear, we do not ſmell them; they only incommode others: to ſee them in their right light, we muſt ſee them in other people. View your own imperfections with the ſame eyes with which you view thoſe of others: be always exact in keeping to this rule; it will accuſtom you to equity. Examine your own nature, and make the beſt of your defects: there is none of them but may be tacked to ſome virtues, and be made to favour them. Morality does not propoſe to deſtroy nature, but

to perfect it. Are you vain-glorious? Make uſe of that ſentiment to raiſe yourſelf above the weakneſſes of your ſex, and to avoid the faults that abaſe it. Every unruly paſſion has a pain and ſhame annexed to it, which ſolicit you to quit it. Are you timorous? Turn that weakneſs into prudence; let it keep you from expoſing yourſelf. Are you laviſh? Do you love to give? It is eaſy to turn prodigality into generoſity. Give with choice and judgment, but do not neglect indifferent people: lend when it is neceſſary; but give to ſuch as cannot return your kindneſs: by ſo doing you ſtrike in with your inclination, and do good actions: there is no weakneſs, but, if you pleaſe, virtue can make a good uſe of it.

In the afflictions which befall you, and which make you ſenſible of your little ſtock of merit, inſtead of fretting, and oppoſing the opinion that you have of yourſelf to the injuſtice which you pretend has been done you; conſider that the perſons who are the authors of it are better able to judge of you than you are yourſelf; that you ſhould ſooner believe them than ſelf-love, which always flatters; and that with regard to what concerns yourſelf, your enemy is nearer truth than you are; that you ſhould have no merit in your own eyes, but what you have in other people's. One has too great a diſpoſition to flatter one's ſelf, and men are too near themſelves to judge impartially in the caſe.

Theſe are general precepts for oppoſing the vices of the mind; but your firſt care ſhould be to perfect your heart and your ſentiments: it depends on your heart to make your virtue ſure and laſting; it is properly that which forms your character; and to make yourſelf miſtreſs of it, obſerve this method. When you

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feel yourſelf agitated with a ſtrong and violent paſſion, deſire it to allow you a little time, and compound with your weakneſs; if without hearing it a moment, you are for ſacrificing every thing to your reaſon and your duty, there is room to fear that your paſſion may rebel, and grow ſtronger than ever. You are under its command, and muſt manage it with addreſs: you will receive more help than you think of from ſuch a conduct: you will find ſome ſure remedies even from your paſſion. If it be that of hatred, you will ſee that you have not altogether ſo much reaſon to hate and revenge yourſelf, as you at firſt imagined. If by misfortune it be the contrary ſentiment that has ſeized you, there is no paſſion which furniſhes you ſurer remedies againſt itſelf.

If your heart has the misfortune to be attacked by love, theſe are the remedies to ſtop its progreſs: think that its pleaſures are neither ſolid nor conſtant; they quit you, and if this was all the harm they would do you, it is enough. In paſſions the ſoul propoſes itſelf an object, and is more intimately united to it either by deſire or enjoyment, than it is to its own being: it places all its felicity in poſſeſſion, and all its miſery in the loſs of the object. Yet this felicity of the imagination, this good of the ſoul's choice, is neither ſolid nor laſting: it depends upon others; it depends upon yourſelf; and you cannot anſwer either for others or for yourſelf.

Love in the beginning offers you nothing but flowers, and hides all the danger from you; it impoſes on you; it always takes ſome form which is not its own: the heart being in ſecret intelligence with it, conceals its inclination from you, for fear of

of alarming your reaſon and modeſty. You fancy it a mere amuſement; it is only the perſon's wit or good ſenſe that pleaſes us. In a word, love is almoſt always unknown till he has got the maſtery. As ſoon as he comes to be felt, fly that inſtant, and hearken not to the complaints of your heart: love is not rooted out of the ſoul with ordinary efforts; it has too many partizans within us: as ſoon as it has ſurprized you, every thing is on its ſide againſt you, and nothing will ſerve you againſt love. It is the moſt cruel ſituation a rational perſon can be in; where there is nothing to ſupport you; where you have no ſpectator but yourſelf. You muſt ſummon up your courage immediately, and remember that you muſt make a much more ſorrowful uſe of it, if you yield to your paſſion in the leaſt.

Reflect upon the fatal conſequences of paſſions, and you will find but too many examples to inſtruct you; but we are often convinced of our miſtake, without being cured of our paſſion. Reckon up, if poſſible, the evils that flow from love: it impoſes on the reaſon; it fills the ſoul and the ſenſes with trouble; it takes away the flower of innocence; it ſtuns virtue; it blaſts the reputation, ſhame being almoſt always the conſequence of love. Nothing debaſes you to ſuch a degree, and ſinks you ſo much below yourſelf, as the paſſions: they degrade you: there is nothing but reaſon that can maintain your dignity. It is far more unhappy to ſtand in need of one's courage to bear a misfortune, than to avoid it: the pleaſure of doing one's duty is a comfort to you; but never applaud yourſelf, for fear of being humbled. Remember that you carry your enemy about with you; ſtick ſtrictly to a conduct that may anſwer for you to your-

yourself. Avoid plays and passionate representations; you must not see what you would not feel; music, poetry, all this is of the retinue of sensual pleasure. Use yourself to reading on solid subjects, to fortify your reason.

"Do not converse with your imagination; it will paint love to you with all its charms; it is all seduction and illusion, when she makes the representation: there is always a great drawback when you quit her to come to the reality. St. Augustine has given us a description of his condition, when he was minded to quit love and pleasures. He says, that what he loved presented itself to him under a charming figure; he represents what passed in his heart in such moving terms, that there is no reading it without danger. One must pass slightly over the pictures of pleasure; she is always to be feared, even at the very time we are taking measures against her; and when we are fullest of the disasters she has occasioned, we are still to mistrust ourselves. The passion is apt to get ground by the examining of one's self; forgetfulness is the only security to be taken against love: you must call yourself seriously to account, and say, "What do I mean to do with the inclination that is seizing me? Are not such and such misfortunes sure to attend me, if I have the weakness to yield to it?"

"Borrow forces and succour from your enemy, and the very nature of love; if you would not flatter him, he will supply you with them. Strip him of all the charms that your fancy gives him; lend him nothing, give him no favour, and you will see he will have but little left. After this, think no more of him; take a firm resolution to fly from him, and depend upon it, we

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are as ſtrong as we reſolve to be. Diverſion and ſimple amuſements are neceſſary; but we muſt ſhun all pleaſures that affect the heart.

It is not always our faults that ruin us, but the manner of our conduct after we have committed them. An humble acknowledgment of our faults diſarms reſentment, and ſtops the violence of anger. Women that have had the misfortune to deviate from their duty, to break through decorum, to part with their virtue and modeſty, owe ſo much regard to cuſtom, and ought to have ſuch a ſenſe of their breach of chaſtity, as to appear with a mortified air; it is a ſort of ſatisfaction that the public expects from them; it is ſure to remember your faults whenever you appear to forget them. Repentance inſures a change of your conduct; prevent the malignity which is natural to mankind; put yourſelf in the place that their pride allots you, they would have you humbled; and when you have made yourſelf ſo to their hands, they will have no more to ſay to you: but ſhe that is proud after committing faults, calls them to mind and makes them immortal.

Let us now paſs, my daughter, to the ſocial duties. I thought I was in the firſt place to draw you out of the common education and the prejudices of childhood, and that it was neceſſary to fortify your reaſon, and give you ſome ſolid principles to ſupport you. I thought moſt of the diſorders of life were owing to falſe opinions; that falſe opinions produced looſe ſentiments; and that when the underſtanding is not enlightened, the heart is expoſed to paſſions: that there muſt be ſome truths fixed in the mind to preſerve us from error; and that one muſt have ſome ſentiments

ſentiments in the heart to keep out the paſſions. When you have once a knowledge of truth, and a love for juſtice, there is no danger of all the other virtues.

The firſt duty of civil life is to take care of others; ſuch as live only for themſelves fall into contempt, and are neglected by every body. If you are for requiring too much from others, they will refuſe you every thing, their friendſhip, their affections, and their ſervices. Civil life is a mutual intercourſe of good offices: the moſt valuable part of mankind go ſtill further: by promoting the happineſs of others, you inſure your own; it is the trueſt politics to think in this manner.

Nothing can be more odious than people that make every body ſee that they live only for themſelves. An extravagant ſelf-love is the ſource of great crimes; ſome degrees lower it occaſions vices; but let there be never ſo little a ſpice of it in a perſon, it impairs all the virtues and charms of ſociety.

It is impoſſible to make a friendſhip with perſons who have a predominant ſelf-love, and take care to ſhew it; and yet we can never ſtrip ourſelves of it entirely; as long as we are attached to life, we ſhall be attached to ourſelves.

But there is a qualified ſelf-love, that is not exerciſed at the expence of others.

We fancy we exalt ourſelves by depreſſing our equals: this makes us cenſorious and envious. Good-nature turns to more account than malignity. Do good when it is in your power; ſpeak well of all the world, and never judge with rigour. Such acts of goodneſs and generoſity frequently repeated will gain you at laſt a great and excellent reputation. All the world is en-

gaged to commend you, to extenuate your defects, and enhance your good qualities. You ſhould found your reputation upon your own virtues, and not upon the demerit of others; conſider that their good qualities take nothing at all from you, and that the diminution of your reputation can be imputed to no body but yourſelf.

One of the things that contributes moſt to make us unhappy is, that we depend too much upon the men; it is the ſource too of our injuſtice. We pick quarrels with them, not on account of what they owe us, or of what they have promiſed us, but on account of what we have hoped from them. We depend abſolutely upon our hopes, which occaſion us abundance of diſappointments.

Be not raſh in your judgments, and give no ear to calumnies: never give in to the firſt appearance of things, nor be in haſte to condemn any body. Remember that there are things probable which are not true, as there are things true which are not probable.

We ſhould, in our private judgments, imitate the equity of ſolemn judgments. Judges never decide without having examined, heard, and confronted the witneſſes with the parties concerned; but we, without any commiſſion, ſet up for umpires of reputation; and every proof is ſufficient, every authority appears good, when the buſineſs is to condemn. Prompted by our natural malignity, we fancy that we give ourſelves what we take away from others: hence ariſe animoſities and enmities; for every thing is ſure to be known.

Be equitable therefore in your judgments; the ſame juſtice that you do to others, they will return to you. Would you

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have them think and ſpeak well of you, never ſpeak ill of any body.

Civility, which is an imitation of charity, is another of the ſocial virtues: it puts you above others, when you have it in a more eminent degree; but it is practiſed and maintained at the expence of ſelf-love. Civility is always borrowing ſomething from yourſelf, and turning it to the advantage of others. It is one of the great bonds of ſociety, and the only quality that makes one ſafe and eaſy in the intercourſe of life.

We naturally love to govern; it is an unjuſt inclination. Whence have we our right to pretend to exalt ourſelves above others? There is but one juſt and allowable ſuperiority; it is that which virtue gives you: have more goodneſs and generoſity than others; be beforehand with them, more in ſervices than benefits; it is the way to raiſe yourſelf. A great diſintereſtedneſs makes you as independent, and raiſes you higher than, the ampleſt fortune: nothing ſinks us ſo much as a fondneſs for our own intereſt.

The qualities of the heart have the greateſt concern in the commerce of life: the underſtanding does not endear us to others, and you frequently ſee men very odious with great parts; they are for giving you a good opinion of themſelves; they are for getting an aſcendant over and depreſſing others.

Though humility has only been conſidered as a chriſtian virtue, it muſt be owned to be a ſocial virtue; and ſo neceſſary a one, that, without it, it is a very tickliſh matter to have to do with you. It is the conceit that you have of yourſelf which

makes you maintain your rights with ſo much arrogance, and intrench on thoſe of other people.

We muſt never be ſtrict in calling any body to account. Exact civility does not inſiſt on all that is due to you. Do not be afraid of being beforehand with your friends: if you have a mind to be a true friend, never inſiſt on any thing too ſtiffly; but that your behaviour may not be inconſiſtent, as it expreſſes your inward diſpoſition, make often ſerious reflections on your weakneſſes, and take yourſelf to pieces. This examination will make you entertain ſentiments of humility for yourſelf, and of indulgence with regard to others.

Be humble without being baſhful. Shame is a ſecret pride; and pride is an error with regard to one's own worth, and an injuſtice with regard to what one has a mind to appear to others.

Reputation is an advantage very deſirable; but it is a weakneſs to court it with too much ardor, and do nothing but with a view to it; we ought to content ourſelves with deſerving it. We ſhould not diſcourage ſenſibility for glory; it is the ſureſt help we have to virtue; but the buſineſs is to make choice of true glory.

Accuſtom yourſelf to ſee what is above you without either admiration or envy; and what is below you without contempt. Do not let the pomp of greatneſs impoſe on you; none but little ſouls fall down and worſhip grandeur; admiration is only due to virtue.

To uſe yourſelf to value men by their proper qualities, conſider

ſider the condition of a perſon loaded with honours, dignities, and riches; who ſeems to want nothing at all, but really wants every thing, by being deſtitute of true goods, of thoſe internal qualities, that are neceſſary to the enjoyment and uſe of them: he ſuffers as much as if his poverty was real, ſo long as he has the ſenſe of poverty, and is wiſhing for more. "There is nothing worſe," ſays one of the ancients, "than poverty in the midſt of riches, becauſe the evil lies in the mind." The man that is in this ſituation, feels all the evils of opinion, without enjoying the goods of fortune; he is blinded by error, and tormented by his paſſions: whilſt a reaſonable perſon, who has nothing at all, but ſubſtitutes wiſe and ſolid reflections to ſupply the place of riches and honours, enjoys a tranquillity which nothing can equal: the happineſs of the one, and the miſery of the other, come only from their different manner of thinking.

If you find yourſelf diſpoſed to reſentment and revenge, ſtrive to keep down that ſentiment; there is nothing ſo mean as to revenge one's ſelf. If you meet with ill-treatment from any body, you owe them only contempt; it is a debt eaſy to be paid. If they have offended you only in ſlight matters, you owe them indulgence; but there are certain ſeaſons in life when you muſt meet with injuries; ſeaſons when the friends for whom you have done moſt, fall foul upon and condemn you: in ſuch a caſe, after having done all you can to undeceive them, do not be obſtinate in diſputing with them. One ought to court the eſteem of one's friends; but when you find people that will only view you through their prejudices; when you have diſputes with ſuch hot and fiery imaginations as will admit

admit of nothing but what favours their injuſtice, you have nothing to do but retire, and ſet your heart at reſt. Do what you will, you will get nothing from them but diſcontent. When you thus ſuffer from their ill uſage and ſhame of recanting, comfort yourſelf in your innocence, and the aſſurance that you have not offended. Think that if your worth was not greater at the time they raiſed you, it is not at all leſs now they are for cruſhing you: you ſhould, without being more mortified at it, pity them, and not be exaſperated if poſſible, but ſay, "They ſee in a wrong light." Conſider that with good qualities one may at laſt get over reſentment and envy. Let the hopes you draw from virtue keep up your courage, and be your conſolation.

Do not think of revenging yourſelf any way but by uſing more moderation in your conduct, than thoſe that attack you have malice. None but ſublime ſouls are touched with the glory of pardoning injuries.

Set yourſelf to deſerve your own eſteem, the better to conſole yourſelf for the eſteem which others deny you. You can allow yourſelf but one ſort of vengeance; it is that of doing good to ſuch as have offended you: it is the moſt exquiſite revenge, and the only one that is allowable: you gratify your paſſion, and you intrench upon no virtue. Cæſar has ſet us an example of it; his lieutenant, Labienus, deſerted from him at a time that he ſtood in moſt need of him, and went over to Pompey, leaving great riches in Cæſar's camp. Cæſar ſent them after him, with a meſſage to tell him, "that was the manner of Cæſar's revenge."

It

It is prudent to make a good uſe of other people's faults, even when they do us miſchief; but very often they only begin the wrongs, and we finiſh them; they give us, indeed, a right againſt themſelves, but we make an ill uſe of it: we are for taking too much advantage of their faults. This is an injuſtice and a violence that makes the ſtanders-by againſt us. If we ſuffered with moderation, all the world would be for us; and the faults of thoſe that attack us would be doubled by our patience.

When you know that your friends have not treated you as they ought, take no notice of it; as ſoon as ever you ſhew that you perceive it, their malignity increaſes, and you give a looſe to their hatred: whereas, by diſſembling it, you flatter their ſelf-love; they enjoy the pleaſure of impoſing on you; they fancy themſelves your ſuperiors, as long as they are not diſcovered; they triumph in your miſtake, and feel another pleaſure in not ruining you quite. By not letting them ſee that you know them, you give them time to repent and come to themſelves; and there needs nothing but a ſeaſonable piece of ſervice, and a different manner of taking things, to make them more attached to you than ever.

Be inviolable in your word; but, to gain it an entire confidence, remember that you muſt be extremely ſcrupulous in keeping it. Shew your regard to truth even in things indifferent; and conſider that there is nothing ſo deſpicable as to deviate from it. It is a common ſaying, that lying ſhews that people deſpiſe God, and ſtand in fear of man; and that the man who ſpeaks truth and does good reſembles the Deity. We

ſhould

ſhould likewiſe avoid ſwearing; the bare word of an honeſt perſon ſhould have all the credit and authority of an oath.

Politeneſs is a deſire of pleaſing: nature gives it, education and the world improve it. Politeneſs is a ſupplement to virtue. They ſay it came into the world when that daughter of heaven abandoned it. In ruder times, when virtue bore a greater ſway, they knew leſs of politeneſs; it came in with voluptuouſneſs; it is the daughter of luxury and delicacy. It has been diſputed, whether it approaches neareſt to vice or virtue. Without pretending to decide the queſtion, or define politeneſs, may I be allowed to ſpeak my ſentiments of it? I take it to be one of the greateſt bonds of ſociety, as it contributes moſt to the peace of it; it is a preparation to charity, and an imitation too of humility. True politeneſs is modeſt; and as it aims to pleaſe, it knows that the way to carry its point, is, to ſhew that we do not prefer ourſelves to others, but give them the firſt rank in our eſteem.

Pride keeps us off from ſociety: our ſelf-love gives us a peculiar rank, which is always diſpoſed with us. Such a high eſteem of ourſelves as makes others feel it, is almoſt always puniſhed with an univerſal contempt. Politeneſs is the art of reconciling agreeably what we owe to others, and what one owes to one's ſelf; for theſe duties have their bounds, which, when they exceed, it is flattery with regard to others, and pride with regard to yourſelf; it is the moſt ſeducing quality in nature.

The moſt polite perſons have generally a good deal of ſweetneſs in their converſation, and engaging qualities: it is the girdle

dle of Venus; it ſets off, and gives graces and charms to all that wear it; and with it you cannot fail to pleaſe.

There are ſeveral degrees of politeneſs. You carry it to a higher point, in proportion to the delicacy of your way of thinking: it diſtinguiſhes itſelf in all your behaviour, in your converſation, and even in your ſilence.

Perfect politeneſs forbids us to diſplay our parts and talents with aſſurance; it even borders upon cruelty; to ſhew one's ſelf happy, when we have certain misfortunes before our eyes. Converſation in the world is enough to poliſh our outward behaviour; but there muſt be a good deal of delicacy to form a politeneſs of mind. A nice politeneſs, formed with art and taſte, will make the world excuſe you a great many failings, and improve your good qualities. Such as are defective in point of behaviour, have the greater need of ſolid qualities, and make ſlow advances in gaining a reputation. In a word, politeneſs coſts but little, and is of vaſt advantage.

Silence always becomes a young perſon; there is a modeſty and dignity in keeping it; you ſit in judgment upon others, and run no hazard yourſelf: but guard yourſelf againſt a proud and inſulting ſilence; it ſhould be the reſult of your prudence, and not the conſequence of your pride. But as there is no holding our peace always, it is fit for us to know that the principal rule for ſpeaking well is to think well.

When your notions are clear and diſtinct, your diſcourſe will be ſo too; let a proper decorum and modeſty run through them. In all your diſcourſes pay a regard to received cuſtoms and

prejudices; expreſſions declare the ſentiments of the heart, and the ſentiments form the behaviour.

Be particularly careful not to ſet up for a joker; it is an ill part to act, and, by making others laugh, we ſeldom make ourſelves eſteemed. Pay a great deal more attention to others than to yourſelf, and think how to ſet them out rather than to ſhine yourſelf: we ſhould learn how to liſten to other people's diſcourſe, and not betray an abſence of mind either by our eyes or our manner. Never dwell upon ſtories: if you chance to tell any, do it in a genteel and cloſe manner; let what you ſay be new, or at leaſt give a new turn. The world is full of people, that are dinning things into your ears, without ſaying any thing to entertain the mind. Whenever we ſpeak, we ſhould take care either to pleaſe or inſtruct; when you call for the attention of the company, you ſhould make them amends by the agreeableneſs of what you ſay: an indifferent diſcourſe cannot be too ſhort.

You may approve what you hear, but ſhould very ſeldom admire it: admiration is proper to blockheads. Never let your diſcourſe have an air of art and cunning; the greateſt prudence lies in ſpeaking little, and ſhewing more diffidence of one's ſelf than of other people. An upright conduct, and a reputation for probity, gain more confidence and eſteem, and, at the long-run, more advantages too in point of fortune, than any by-ways. Nothing makes you ſo worthy of the greateſt matters, and raiſes you ſo much above others, as an exact probity.

Uſe yourſelf to treat your ſervants with kindneſs and humanity.

nity. It is a saying of one of the ancients, "that we ought to consider them as unhappy friends." Remember that the vast difference between you and them is owing merely to chance; never make them uneasy in their state of life, or add weight to the trouble of it. There is nothing so poor and mean as to be haughty to any body that is in your service.

Never use any harsh language; it should never come out of the mouth of a delicate and polite person. Servitude being settled in opposition to the natural equality of mankind, it behoves us to soften it. What right have we to expect our servants should be without faults, when we are giving them instances every day of our own? Let us rather bear with them. When you shew yourself in all your humours and fits of passion (for we often lay ourselves open before our servants), how do you expose yourself to them? Can you have any right afterwards to reprimand them? A mean familiarity with them is, indeed, ever to be avoided; but you owe them assistance, advice, and bounties, suitable to their condition and wants.

One should keep up authority in one's family, but it should be a mild authority. We should not, indeed, always threaten without punishing, for fear of bringing our threats into contempt; but we should not call in authority till persuasion has failed. Remember that humanity and christianity put all the world on the same foot. The impetience and heat of youth, joined to the false notion they give you of yourself, make you look upon your servants as creatures of a different species; but how contrary are such sentiments to the modesty that you owe to yourself, and the humanity you owe to others.

Never reliſh or encourage the flattery of ſervants; and, to prevent the impreſſion which their fawning ſpeeches, frequently repeated, may make upon you, conſider that they are hirelings paid to ſerve your weakneſſes and pride.

If, by misfortune, daughter, you ſhould not think fit to follow my advice and precepts, though they be loſt upon you, they will ſtill be uſeful to myſelf, as laying me under new obligations. Theſe reflections are freſh engagements to me to exert myſelf in the way of virtue. I fortify my reaſon even againſt myſelf; for I am now under a neceſſity of following it, or elſe I expoſe myſelf to the ſhame of having known it, and yet been falſe to it.

There is nothing, my daughter, more mortifying than to write upon ſubjects that put me in mind of all my faults: by laying them open to you, I give up my right to reprimand you; I furniſh you with arms againſt myſelf. And I allow you freely to uſe them, if you ſee any vices in me inconſiſtent with the virtues that I recommend to you; for all advice and precepts want authority, when they are not ſupported by example.



LOVE

LOVE AND HONOUR,

A PASTORAL,

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

I.

I TOLD my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While fault'ring accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia may not prove sincere.

II.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep, that left my fold;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia, then, sincere?

How

III.

How, chang'd by fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind;
She heard, and ſhed a gen'rous tear;
And is not Flavia, then, ſincere?

IV.

How, if ſhe deign'd my love to bleſs,
My Flavia muſt not hope for dreſs;
This, too, ſhe heard, and ſmil'd to hear;
And Flavia ſure muſt be ſincere.

V.

Go, ſhear your flocks, ye jovial ſwains;
Go, reap the plenty of your plains:
Deſpoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love ſincere.

FABLES

FOR THE

FEMALE SEX,

BY

EDWARD MOORE.

FABLES

FOR THE

FEMALE SEX.

FABLE I.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, *fair excellence*, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.

Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And ſhew the paths, that lead aſtray
The wand'ring nymph from wiſdom's way.
I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions underſtood;
Your monument, if actions raiſe,
Shall I deface by idle praiſe?
I echo not the voice of fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatt'ry, if I told it you.
The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my ſtrain;
To theſe, deteſting praiſe, I write,
And vent, in charity, my ſpite;
With friendly hand I hold the glaſs
To all, promiſcuous as they paſs;
Should folly there her likeneſs view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantaſtic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-ſoothing page;
While ſatire, that offends the ear
Of vice and paſſion, pleaſes her.
Premiſing this, your anger ſpare,
And claim the fable, you, who dare.

The birds in place, by factions preſs'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs addreſs'd;
By ſpecious lies the ſtate was vex'd,
Their counſels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to ſtop ſeditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their ſuit. The eagle ſate,
Decider of the grand debate.
The pye, to truſt and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permiſſion to be heard.
Says he, prolixity of phraſe
You know I hate. This libel ſays,
" Some birds there are, who, prone to noiſe,
" Are hir'd to ſilence wiſdom's voice;
" And ſkill'd to chatter out the hour,
" Riſe by their emptineſs to pow'r."
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you'll readily agree;
Yet well this ſage aſſembly knows,
By parts to government I roſe;
My prudent counſels prop the ſtate;
Magpies were never known to prate.
The kite roſe up. His honeſt heart
In virtue's ſuff'rings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller ſaid true.
" Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
" Who knew no int'reſt but their own;

" Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
" Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling ſpar'd."
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the ſland'rer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be miſled,
Such things, he thought, were beſt unſaid.
The crow was vex'd. As yeſter-morn
He flew acroſs the new ſown corn,
A ſcreaming boy was ſet for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away:
Scandal had found him out in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The owl aroſe, with ſolemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the caſe.
That magpies prate, it may be true;
A kite may be voracious too;
Crows ſometimes deal in new ſown peaſe;
He libels not, who ſtrikes at theſe;
The ſlander's here—" But there are birds,
" Whoſe wiſdom lies in looks, not words;
" Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
" And always ſhoot beſide the mark."
He names not me; but, theſe are hints,
Which manifeſt at whom he ſquints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To queſtion if he meant an owl.
Ye wretches, hence! the eagle cries;
'Tis conſcience, conſcience, that applies;

The

The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm;
While guilt, and his aſſociate fear,
Are ſtartled at the paſſing air.



FA-

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

THE man, who ſeeks to win the fair,
(So cuſtom ſays) muſt truth forbear;
Muſt fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raiſe the goddeſs to the ſky;
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeneſs which ſhe cannot bear——
A rudeneſs?—Yes—I ſpeak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Cloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie;
And ſtill, to make you leſs my friend,
I ſtrive your errors to amend?
But ſhall the ſenſeleſs fop impart
The ſofteſt paſſion to your heart;
While he, who tells you honeſt truth,
And points to happineſs your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
Truſt me, my dear, with greater eaſe,
Your taſte for flatt'ry I could pleaſe;

And

And ſimilies in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, ſhould ſhine.
What, if I ſay your lips diſcloſe
The freſhneſs of the op'ning roſe?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreſhing ſhow'rs?
Yet certain as theſe flow'rs ſhall fade,
Time ev'ry beauty will invade.
The butterfly of various hue,
More than the flow'r reſembles you;
Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, buſy thing,
To pleaſure ever on the wing;
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth ſhould laſt?
'Tis virtue that muſt bind it faſt;
An eaſy carriage, wholly free
From ſour reſerve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unſkill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known,
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth that virtue can beſtow.
 Theſe are the charms which ne'er decay,
Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things elſe removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll

You'll frown, and aſk to what intent,
This blunt addreſs to you is ſent?
I'll ſpare the queſtion, and confeſs
I'd praiſe you, if I lov'd you leſs;
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beaſts met friendly on the plain,
A panther, of majeſtic port,
(The vaineſt female of the court)
With ſpotted ſkin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd ev'ry boſom with deſire;
Where'er ſhe mov'd, a ſervile croud
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Aſſemblies ev'ry week ſhe held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noiſe, and nonſenſe, and grimace,
And lies and ſcandal, fill'd the place.

Behold the gay, fantaſtic thing,
Encircled by the ſpacious ring;
Low bowing, with important look,
As firſt in rank, the monkey ſpoke.
"Gad take me, madam, but I ſwear,
"No angel ever look'd ſo fair——
"Forgive my rudeneſs, but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now,
"Thoſe limbs! that ſhape! and then thoſe eyes——
"O cloſe them, or the gazer dies!"

"Nay,

" Nay, gentle pug, for goodneſs, huſh,
" I vow, and ſwear, you make me bluſh;
" I ſhall be angry at this rate——
" 'Tis ſo like flatt'ry, which I hate."
The fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
To which the fair have moſt pretence;
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they ſtrive not to attain,
And play'd ſo cunningly his part,
That pug was rivall'd in his art.
The goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durſt not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning underſtood.
Half angry at the bold addreſs,
She frown'd; but yet ſhe muſt confeſs,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But ſtill his phraſe was ſomewhat rude.
The hog her neatneſs much admir'd;
The formal ass her ſwiftneſs fir'd;
While all to feed her folly ſtrove,
And by their praiſes ſhar'd her love.
The horſe, whoſe gen'rous heart diſdain'd
Applauſe, by ſervile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, ſilence broke,
And thus with indignation ſpoke.

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They juſtly raiſe contempt, or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his ſelfiſh ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendſhips to betray.
Diſmiſs the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wiſdom's rules.
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely ſhape,
To be the rival of an ape?
He ſaid; and ſnorting in diſdain,
Spurn'd at the croud, and ſought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

THE prudent nymph, whoſe cheeks diſcloſe
The lily, and the bluſhing roſe,
From public view her charms will ſcreen,
And rarely in the croud be ſeen;
This ſimple truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
" The faireſt fruits attract the flies."
One night, a glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, ſure there never was in nature
So elegant, ſo fine a creature;
All other inſects that I ſee,
The frugal ant, induſtrious bee,
Or ſilk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who ſervilely their lives employ
In buſineſs, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my ſcorn,
For grandeur only I was born;
Or ſure am ſprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and ſhine.

Thoſe lights, that ſparkle ſo on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the ſky,
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Becauſe they imitate my fire.
She ſpoke. Attentive on a ſpray,
A nightingale forbore his lay;
He ſaw the ſhining morſel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
Awhile he gaz'd with ſober look,
And thus the trembling prey beſpoke.
Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;
Leſs dazzling, long thou might'ſt have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain;
Pride, ſoon or late, degraded mourns,
And beauty wrecks, whom ſhe adorns.

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye ſay? Nay, then 'tis time—
Another year deſtroys your prime.
But ſtay—The ſettlement! "That's made."
Why then's my ſimple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable ſcan.
The ſhades were fled, the morning bluſh'd,
The winds were in their caverns huſh'd,
When Hymen, penſive and ſedate,
Held o'er the fields his muſing gait.
Behind him, through the greenwood ſhade,
Death's meagre form the god ſurvey'd;
Who quickly with gigantic ſtride,
Outwent his pace, and join'd his ſide.
The chat on various ſubjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began.
Relentleſs Death, whoſe iron ſway
Mortals reluctant muſt obey;
Still of thy pow'r ſhall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?

When

When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over ſtuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel ſhafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd.
Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miſer, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the ſtew,
Alone thy fell revenge purſue?
But muſt the gentle and the kind,
Thy fury, undiſtinguiſh'd, find?
The monarch calmly thus reply'd;
Weigh well the cauſe, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be juſtly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus ſends;
Hence care, and bitterneſs, and ſtrife,
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compaſſion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and baſe,
Who ſeek the wretched to releaſe;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indiſſoluble, but for me.

'Tis

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me your crouded altars ſmoke;
For mortals boldly dare the nooſe,
Secure that Death will ſet them looſe.



FA-

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

WHY, Celia, is your ſpreading waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your ſnowy boſom's ſwelling pride?
How ill that dreſs adorns your head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Thoſe clouds, that ſhade your blooming face,
A little water might diſplace
As nature ev'ry morn beſtows
The cryſtal dew to cleanſe the roſe.
Thoſe treſſes, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Deſtroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulneſs of dreſs?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceaſes,
No matter now how looſe your dreſs is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your ſiſter now may take the trade.

Alas!

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed averſion, ſtrife,
And all that ſours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatneſs guides it to the heart;
Let neatneſs then, and beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the ſcreen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer face may raiſe the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the ſame.
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your huſband's love;
Weigh well his humour. Was it dreſs,
That gave your beauty pow'r to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive deſire,
And time's ſwift wing ſhall fan the fire.
In garret high (as ſtories ſay)
A poet ſung his tuneful lay;
So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his verſe, you'd ſwear,
Apollo, and the Muſes there;
Thro' all the town his praiſes rung,
His ſonnets at the playhouſe ſung;

High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddeſs Want her pinions ſpread,
And with poetic fury fir'd
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble youth, of taſte and wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly things he writ,
And ſought him in his cobweb dome,
Diſcharged his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the ſtately board,
Who, but the poet, and my lord!
Each day deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His ſides were plump, his ſkin was ſleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muſe;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor ſonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With juſt contempt his patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool beſpoke.
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the ſun of favour ſhone?

Delighted

Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Eſteem was growing in my heart,
But idly thou reject'ſt the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone deſpiſe
The arts, that taught them firſt to riſe.



FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should ſanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience ſhewn;
To chooſe belongs to her alone.
 May horror ſeize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchaſe vile and baſe,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue ſickens; and the breaſt,
Where peace had built her downy neſt,
Becomes the troubled ſeat of care,
And pines with anguiſh and deſpair.
 A wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whoſe nightly plunders thin'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-ſpent life,
And cloy'd with theſts, would take a wife.
His purpoſe known, the ſavage race,
In num'rous crouds, attend the place;
For why? a mighty wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.

Her

Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance ſought;
But cold by age, or elſe too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as at early dawn,
He ſolitary croſs'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a ſportive lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beaſt,
Diſcharg'd an arrow at his breaſt.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimbleſt ſpeed the wolf o'ertook,
And courteous, thus the dam beſpoke.
Stay, faireſt, and ſuſpend your fear,
Truſt me, no enemy is near;
Theſe jaws, in ſlaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood,
And kinder buſineſs brings me now,
Vanquiſh'd at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
A wolf's addreſs——In her I live;
Love from her eye like lightning came,
And ſet my marrow all on flame;
Let your conſent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;

What

What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the ſhepherd's cur may ſleep,
While I ſecure his maſter's ſheep.
Diſcourſe like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breaſt inflam'd;
Now fearleſs by his ſide ſhe walk'd,
Of ſettlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The wolf agrees. Her boſom ſwells;
To miſs her happy fate ſhe tells.
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mama beſt knew,
What unexperienc'd girls ſhould do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal aſs the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant mother's ſide,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a ſiſter-lamb is ſerv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;

The

The craſhing bone he grinds for food,
And ſlakes his thirſt with ſtreaming blood.
Love, who the cruel mind deteſts,
And lodges but in gentle breaſts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment paſt,
The ſavage hunger'd for the feaſt;
But (as we find in human race,
A maſk conceals the villain's face)
Juſtice muſt authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durſt not eat.
As forth he walk'd, in queſt of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marſh he fought,
The ſnuffing dogs are ſet at fault.
His ſtomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws;
Food muſt be had——and lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudful lye.
Is this (diſſembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That, leagu'd with man's deſtroying race,
She ſets her huſband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noiſy hound,
To ſcent his footſteps on the ground?
Thou trait'reſs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!
So ſaying, on the lamb he flies,
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

FA-

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The liſping tone, the ſhape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudy'd look, the paſſion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.
With what ſuperior grace enchants
The face which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good humour ſit,
And eaſy gaiety and wit!
Tho' perfect beauty be not there,
The maſter lines, the finiſh'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the ſight;
For beauty, tho' we all approve,
Excites our wonder, more than love,
While the agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the wounds, we cannot cure.

Why

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, leſs fair?
If nature on your cheek beſtows
A bloom, that emulates the roſe,
Or from ſome heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And ſpoil by meretricious art?
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care ſhe ſtill rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When ſuch of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still preſs the foremoſt in the croud,
At ev'ry public ſhow are ſeen,
With look awry, and aukward mien,
The gaudy dreſs attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.
Nature may underdo her part,
But ſeldom wants the help of art;
Truſt her, ſhe is your ſureſt friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.
A gooſe, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling train.
With proud and elevated creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt.
Says ſhe, I laugh at human race,
Who ſay, geeſe hobble in their pace;

Look here!—the ſland'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is ſo erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were ſtript, I'd pawn my word,
A gooſe would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with fin'ry decks;
Were geeſe ſet off with half that ſhow,
Would men admire the peacock? No.
Thus vaunting, croſs the mead ſhe ſtalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks,
The ſun ſhot down his noon tide beams,
The ſwans were ſporting in the ſtreams;
Their ſnowy plumes, and ſtately pride
Provok'd her ſpleen. Why, there, ſhe cry'd
Again, what arrogance we ſee!
Thoſe creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters ſkim,
Becauſe we geeſe are known to ſwim;
Humility they ſoon ſhall learn,
And their own emptineſs diſcern.
So ſaying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the waves ſhe ſprings,
Her boſom ſwells, ſhe ſpreads her plumes,
And the ſwan's ſtately creſt aſſumes.
Contempt and mockery enſu'd,
And burſts of laughter ſhook the flood.

A ſwan,

A ſwan, ſuperior to the reſt,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool addreſs'd.
Conceited thing! elate with pride,
Thy affectation all deride;
Theſe airs thy aukwardneſs impart,
And ſhow thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadſt eſcap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt hobbling gooſe.
Learn hence, to ſtudy wiſdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools,
And ſtriving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.



FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

LOVE! thou divineſt good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know.
Our rebel hearts thy ſway diſown,
While tyrant luſt uſurps thy throne!
The bounteous god of nature made
The ſexes for each other's aid;
Their mutual talents to employ,
To leſſen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he aſſign'd
That ſoft'ning gentleneſs of mind,
That can with ſympathy impart
Its likeneſs to the rougheſt heart;
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His roſy fingers on her face
She'd laviſh ev'ry blooming grace;
And ſtamp'd (perfection to diſplay)
His mildeſt image on her clay.
Man, active, reſolute, and bold,
He faſhion'd in a diff'rent mould.

With

With uſeful arts his mind inform'd,
His breaſt with nobler paſſions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taſte, and ſenſe,
And courage for the fair's defence.
Her frame, reſiſtleſs to each wrong,
Demands protection from the ſtrong;
To man ſhe flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's ſov'reign and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wile, invade
The weakneſs, he was meant to aid;
While beauty, given to inſpire
Protecting love, and ſoft deſire,
Lights up a wild fire in the heart,
And to its own breaſt points the dart,
Becomes the ſpoiler's baſe pretence
To triumph over innocence?
The wolf, that tears the tim'rous ſheep,
Was never ſet the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted trav'lers guard;
But man, the wildeſt beaſt of prey,
Wears friendſhip's ſemblance to betray;
His ſtrength againſt the weak employs,
And where he ſhould protect, deſtroys.
Paſt twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the ſtudious lawyer ply'd;

The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earneſt of to morrow's lie;
Sudden the furious winds ariſe,
The jarring caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow ſound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Juſtice in a blaze of light
Reveal'd her radiant form to ſight.
The wretch with thrilling horror ſhook,
Looſe ev'ry joint, and pale his look;
Not having ſeen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He aſk'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence ſhe came?
Sternly the white-rob'd ſhade reply'd,
(A crimſon glow her viſage dy'd)
Can'ſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Juſtice grown ſo ſtrange a name?
Were not your courts for Juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there of old my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My ſacred temple to protect,
That thou and all thy venal tribe
Should ſpurn the goddeſs for a bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Juſtice has neither ears, nor eyes!
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainſt me the judge denounces war,

And

And rarely iſſues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.
She paus'd. Her breaſt with fury burn'd,
The trembling lawyer thus return'd.
I own the charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious globe, and ſee
If all mankind are not like me.
The gown-man ſkill'd in Romiſh lies,
By faith's falſe glaſs deludes our eyes,
O'er conſcience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to ſave his ſoul.
The doctor, with important face,
By ſly deſign, miſtakes the caſe,
Preſcribes, and ſpins out the diſeaſe,
To trick the patient of his fees.
The ſoldier, rough with many a ſcar,
And red with ſlaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's truſt betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'reſt turns the ſcales,
Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour Juſtice in my breaſt?
On one ſide only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?
Thou blind to ſenſe, and vile of mind,
Th' exaſperated ſhade rejoin'd,

If

If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others faults excuſe thy own?
For ſickly ſouls the prieſt was made,
Phyſicians for the body's aid,
The ſoldier guarded liberty,
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithleſs to their truſt,
They leave not thee the leſs unjuſt.
Henceforth your pleadings I diſclaim,
And bar the ſanction of my name;
Within your courts it ſhall be read,
That Juſtice from the law is fled.
She ſpoke; and hid in ſhades her face,
'Till Hardwick ſooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I ſaid, that Delia's fair, 'tis true;
But did I ſay, ſhe equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But inſtantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit leſſen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All muſt be blind, becauſe you ſee.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in ſweetneſs with the roſe?
Or where the lily's ſnowy white,
That throws ſuch beauties on the ſight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That theſe are neither ſweet, nor fair.
The chryſtal ſhines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;

And fops will ſay the di'mond dies
Before the luſtre of your eyes;
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither ſhine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
And ſweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield,
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows,
And ſweet, tho' ſweeter you, the roſe.
Shall envy then torment your breaſt,
If you are lovelier than the reſt?
For while I give to each her due,
By praiſing them, I flatter you,
And praiſing moſt, I ſtill declare
You faireſt, where the reſt are fair.
As at his board a farmer ſate,
Repleniſh'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite ſpaniel near him ſtood,
And with his maſter ſhar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers ſcour'd;
Till fated now, ſupine he lay,
And ſnor'd the riſing fumes away.
The hungry cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a ſervant's ſhare;

Her

Her modeſt worth the maſter knew,
And ſtrait the fat'ning morſel threw;
Enrag'd, the ſnarling cur awoke,
And thus, with ſpiteful envy, ſpoke.
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by ſervices their meat;
Me, zeal and induſtry inflame
To ſcour the fields and ſpring the game;
Or, plunged in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to ſave;
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy ſheep;
At home, his midnight hours ſecure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breaſt with kindneſs glows;
For this, his hand the food beſtows;
And ſhall thy indolence impart,
A warmer friendſhip to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper ſuch vile things as you?
I own (with meekneſs puſs reply'd)
Superior merit on your ſide;
Nor does my breaſt with envy ſwell,
To find it recompens'd ſo well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whoſe claws deſtroy the pilf'ring mouſe?
Who drives the vermin from the houſe?

Or, watchful for the lab'ring ſwain,
From lurking rats ſecure the grain?
From hence, if he rewards beſtow,
Why ſhould your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happineſs to ſee,
Since there's enough for you and me?
 Thy words are juſt, the farmer cry'd,
And ſpurn'd the ſnarler from his ſide.



FABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

THE nymph, who walks the public ſtreets,
And ſets her cap at all ſhe meets,
May catch the fool, who turns to ſtare,
But men of ſenſe avoid the ſnare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With ſilken line, my Lydia ſtood,
I ſmil'd to ſee the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the foreſt as we ſtray'd,
You ſaw the boy his lime twigs ſpread;
Gueſs'd you the reaſon of his fear,
Leſt, heedleſs, we approach'd to near?
For as behind the buſh we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the ſpray.
Needs there ſuch caution to delude
The ſcaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modeſtly conceals
Her beauties, while ſhe hides, reveals.

Give

Give but a glimpſe, and fancy draws,
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's firſt fig-leaf to brocade,
All dreſs was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the baſhful nymph conceals.
When Celia ſtruts in man's attire,
She ſhews too much to raiſe deſire,
But from the hoop's bewitching round
Her very ſhoe has pow'r to wound.
The roving eye, the boſom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons ſtrike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike,
While ſalmon play regardleſs by,
'Till art, like nature, forms the fly.
Beneath a peaſant's homely thatch,
A ſpider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with reſtleſs care,
She ſpun her web, and wove her ſnare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedleſs captive ſlain;
Or flutt'ring ſtruggled in the toils,
To burſt the chains, and ſhun her wiles.
A ſtraying bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with diſdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy ſlender threads no more;

A thought-

A thoughtleſs fly, or two at moſt,
Is all the conqueſt thou can'ſt boaſt;
For bees of ſenſe thy arts evade,
We ſee ſo plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, that diſplays
Her ſpreading foliage to the gaze,
That points her charms at all ſhe ſees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
Attracts not me. Where bluſhing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modeſt roſe,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant boſom lie;
Reluctant, ſhe my ardor meets,
And baſhful renders up her ſweets.
To wiſer heads attention lend,
And learn this leſſon from a friend.
She, who with modeſty retires,
Adds fewel to her lover's fires;
While ſuch incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own ſchemes undo.

TABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Tho' flatter'd by the public voice;
And peeviſh grow, and ſick to hear
His exclamations, O how fair!
I liſten not to wild delights,
And tranſports of expected nights;
What is to me your hoard of charms,
The whiteneſs of your neck and arms?
Needs there no acquiſition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes! paſs a fortnight, and you'll find,
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Senſe and good humour ever prove
The ſureſt cords to faſten love.
Yet, Phillis (ſimpleſt of your ſex),
You never think, but to perplex.
Coquetting it with ev'ry ape,
That ſtruts abroad in human ſhape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taſte,
But that it ſtings your lover's breaſt;

To-

To-morrow you reſign the ſway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant miſtreſs change for life,
To the ſubmiſſion of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, ſuſpend,
And learn inſtruction from a friend.
Reluctant hear the firſt addreſs,
Think often, ere you anſwer, yes;
But once reſolv'd, throw off diſguiſe,
And wear your wiſhes in your eyes.
With caution ev'ry look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear;
A lover's rip'ning hopes confound;
Or give the gen'rous breaſt a wound.
Contemn the girliſh arts to teaze,
Nor uſe your pow'r, unleſs to pleaſe;
For fools alone with rigour ſway,
When, ſoon or late, they muſt obey.
The king of brutes, in life's decline,
Reſolv'd dominion to reſign;
The beaſts were ſummon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the croud
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper monkey, proud and vain,
Step'd forth, and thus addreſs'd the train.
Why cringe, my friends, with ſlaviſh awe,
Before this pageant king of ſtraw?

Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r?
The counſels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wiſe;
Subjection let us caſt away,
And live the monarchs of to-day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to ſpurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn,
So ſhall he right from wrong diſcern,
And mercy from oppreſſion learn,
At others woes be taught to melt,
And loathe the ills himſelf has felt.
He ſpoke; his boſom ſwell'd with pride;
The youthful lion thus reply'd.
What madneſs prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending ſtroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compaſſion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breaſt to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their ſchools,
From women thou haſt drawn thy rules;
To them return, in ſuch a cauſe,
From only ſuch expect applauſe;
The partial ſex I don't condemn,
For liking thoſe, who copy them.
Would'ſt thou the gen'rous lion bind,
By kindneſs bribe him to be kind;

Good

Good offices their likeneſs get,
And payment leſſens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good from others he receives;
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'reſt, ſcorn for ſcorn.



FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why ſo averſe, ſo coy to man?
Did nature, laviſh of her care,
From her beſt pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cauſe,
Should mock her gifts and ſpurn her laws?
And miſer-like, with-hold that ſtore,
Which, by imparting, bleſſes more?
Beauty's a gift, by heav'n aſſign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And tho' by waſting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to ruſt, or time to ſteal?
The ſummer of your youth to rove,
A ſtranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter haſtens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,

Dow'rleſs to court ſome peaſant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms?
No gratitude to warm his breaſt,
For blooming beauty, once poſſeſs'd;
How will you curſe that ſtubborn pride,
Which drove your bark acroſs the tide,
And ſailing before folly's wind,
Left ſenſe and happineſs behind?
Corinna, left theſe whims prevail,
To ſuch as you, I write my tale.
A colt, for blood and mettled ſpeed,
The choiceſt of the running breed,
Of youthful ſtrength and beauty vain,
Refus'd ſubjection to the rein;
In vain the groom's officious ſkill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;
In vain the maſter's forming care
Reſtrain'd with threats, or ſooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and ſcorning man,
Wild o'er the ſpacious plains he ran.
Wheree'er luxuriant nature ſpread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling ſtreams, ſoft-gliding, paſs,
To cool and freſhen up the graſs,
Diſdaining bounds, he crop'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the ſpoil he made.
In plenty thus the ſummer paſs'd,
Revolving winter came at laſt;

The trees no more a ſhelter yield;
The verdure withers from the field;
Perpetual ſnows inveſt the ground,
In icy chains the ſtreams are bound;
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unſhelter'd ſides aſſail.
As round he caſt his rueful eyes,
He ſaw the thatch-roof'd cottage riſe;
The proſpect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A ſtable, erſt his ſcorn and hate,
Was now become his wiſh'd retreat;
His paſſion cool, his pride forgot,
A farmer's welcome yard he ſought.
The maſter ſaw his woeful plight,
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,
And friendly to the ſtable led,
And ſaw him litter'd, dreſs'd, and fed.
In ſlothful eaſe, all night he lay;
The ſervants roſe at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road
His back muſt bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he ſtruggles, or complains,
Inceſſant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the ſoil;
While ſcanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Sub-

Subdu'd by toil, with anguiſh rent,
His ſelf-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he, ſighing, ſaid,
By arrogance and folly led;
Had but my reſtive youth been brought
To learn the leſſon nature taught,
Then had I, like my ſires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courſer bore;
While man beſtow'd rewards and praiſe,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now laſting ſervitude's my lot,
My birth contemn'd, my ſpeed forgot,
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.



FABLE XIII.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

TO know the miſtreſs' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her ſtays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miſs comes in with boiſt'rous ſhout,
And drops no court'ſey, going out,
Depend upon't, mama is one,
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirſt aſſuage,
She feels enthuſiaſtic rage,
And burns with ardor to inherit
The gifts and workings of the ſpirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are ſweet to ſuch a wife.
At home, ſuperior wit ſhe vaunts,
And twits her huſband with his wants;
Her ragged offſpring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground.

Im-

Impatient ever of controul,
And knows no order but of ſoul;
With books her littter'd floor is ſpread
Of nameleſs authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate ſpace.
Abroad, at viſitings, her tongue
Is never ſtill, and always wrong;
All meaning ſhe defines away,
And ſtands, with truth and ſenſe, at bay.
If e'er ſhe meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the houſewife's uſeful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there;
She ſtarts at ſuch miſtakes in nature,
And cries, lord help us!—what a creature!
Meliſſa, if the moral ſtrike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.
An owl, puff'd up with ſelf-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuſcripts he treaſur'd up,
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's ſhop;
At paſtry-cooks was known to ply,
And ſtrip, for ſcience, every pye.
For modern poetry and wit
He had read all that Blackmore writ.
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treaſures were his own.

To all his authors had acceſs,
And ſometimes would correct the preſs.
In logic he acquir'd ſuch knowledge,
You'd ſwear him fellow of a college.
Alike to ev'ry art and ſcience,
His daring genius bid defiance;
And ſwallow'd wiſdom, with that haſte,
That cits do cuſtard at a feaſt.
Within the ſhelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he muſing ſtood,
Hard by, upon a leafy ſpray,
A nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he ſtarts, with anger ſtung,
And ſcreeching interrupts the ſong.
Pert, buſy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations ſoar.
What is the muſic of thy voice,
But jarring diſſonance and noiſe?
Be wiſe. True harmony thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious ſtudy gain'd.
Go, read the authors, Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes.
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning, Henley writ,
And if thou needs muſt ſing, ſing then,
And emulate the ways of men:

So

So ſhalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.
Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,
Aſk all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyſelf, thy talents ſcan,
Science was only meant for man.
No ſenſeleſs authors me moleſt,
I mind the duties of my neſt;
With careful wing protect my young,
And chear their ev'nings with a ſong;
Make ſhort the weary trav'ler's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.
Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applauſe;
While nurs'd in pedantry and ſloth,
An owl is ſcorn'd alike by both.



FABLE XIV.

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

IT was, as learn'd traditions ſay,
Upon an April's blithſome day,
When pleaſure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the ſpring,
And chear'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Inſtructing little hearts to beat;
A ſparrow, frolick, gay, and young,
Of bold addreſs, and flippant tongue,
Juſt left his lady of a night,
Like him, to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conqueſt vain,
Flew off to ſeek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a ſaucy eaſe, bow'd round,
For ev'ry ſhe his boſom burns,
And this, and that he woes by turns;
And here a ſigh, and there a bill,
And here——thoſe eyes! ſo form'd to kill!
And now with ready tongue, he ſtrings
Unmeaning, ſoft, reſiſtleſs things;

With

With vows, and demme's ſkill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this ſhort eſſay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, truſt me, ſays our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous ſex much better;
But theſe he held as ſpecious arts,
To ſhew his own ſuperior parts,
The form of decency to ſhield,
And give a juſt pretence to yield.
Thus finiſhing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careleſs impudence drew near,
And whiſper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the maſon's ſign,
The conſcious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, 'Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning—
Go, prate to thoſe that may endure ye—
To me this rudeneſs!——I'll aſſure ye!'——
Then off ſhe glided, like a ſwallow,
As ſaying——you gueſs where to follow.
To ſuch as know the party ſet,
'Tis needleſs to declare they met;
The parſon's barn, as authors mention,
Confeſs'd the fair had apprehenſion.
Her honour there ſecure from ſtain,
She held all farther trifling vain;

No

No more affected to be coy,
But ruſh'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hiſt, love! the male companion cry'd,
Retire awhile, I fear we're ſpy'd;
Nor was the caution vain; he ſaw
A turtle, ruſtling in the ſtraw,
While o'er her callow brood ſhe hung,
And fondly thus addreſs'd her young.
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpleſs pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle ſire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord aſſumes an eagle's ſpeed,
And like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry ſkies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudeſt wind;
From danger tears the vital ſpoil,
And with affection ſweetens toil.
Ah ceaſe, too vent'rous! ceaſe to dare,
In thine, our dearer ſafety ſpare;
From him, ye cruel falcons ſtray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I ſurvive to ſee the day,
That tears me from myſelf away;
That cancels all that heav'n could give,
The life, by which alone, I live;

Alas,

Alas, how more than loſt were I,
Who, in the thought, already die!
Ye pow'rs, whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, ſay,
Why mourning comes, by bliſs convey'd,
And ev'n the ſweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear, for what our ſouls poſſeſs,
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bleſs;
Yet friendſhip forms the bliſs above,
And life! what art thou, without love?
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt ſomething moving in his heart,
But quickly, with diſdain ſuppreſs'd
The virtue, riſing in his breaſt;
And firſt he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, ſmil'd and bow'd,
Madam, you muſt not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I came thro' pure good nature!
(Upon my ſoul a charming creature)
Are theſe the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloiſter'd, moaping life?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,
Is a ſweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is meaſur'd to thy want of ſkill;

That

That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other—
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.
But, think ye,—tell me, without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment,
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time, by circling bliss, we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.
Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be bless'd,
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
Of blessings, too, I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation,
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing;

Why,

Why, child, ſuppoſe the joys I mention,
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cauſe ſufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curſe of marriage;
That fly decoy, with vary'd ſnares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to huſband, and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecaſting,
To make misfortune firm and laſting;
The ſin, by heav'n's peculiar ſentence,
Unpardon'd, through a life's repentance.
It is the double ſnake, that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads;
That leads the carcaſs ſtill aſtray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills, that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!
Give me frank nature's wild demeſne,
And boundleſs tract of air ſerene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to ſport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliſs is worth beſtowing,
Delights, ſtill vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddeſs of the hills, are thine.
What ſay you now, you pretty pink you?
Have I, for once, ſpoke reaſon, think you?

You take me now for no romancer——
Come, never ſtudy for an anſwer;
Away, caſt ev'ry care behind you,
And fly where joy alone ſhall find you.
Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A queſtion more, or ſo——and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with ſenſe exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do thoſe of your world never wive it?
"No, no."—How then?—"Why dare I tell
"What does the buſineſs full as well."
Do you ne'er love?—"An hour at leiſure."
Have you no friendſhips?——"Yes, for pleaſure."
No care for little ones?—"We get 'em,
"The reſt the mothers mind—and let 'em."
Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling dove,
Quite loſt to life, as loſt to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how juſt!
And come misfortune ſurely muſt;
In the dread ſeaſon of diſmay,
In that your hour of trial, ſay,
Who then ſhall prop your ſinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?
Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all tranſient cheer,
And blaſts the melancholy year;

For

For times at no perſuaſion ſtay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly led,
That ſoul of pertneſs, whither fled?
All ſhrunk within thy lonely neſt,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unbleſs'd;
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall ſeek thy cold, unſocial ſide;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her conſtant heart.

Freedom, reſtrain'd by reaſon's force,
Is as the ſun's unvarying courſe,
Benignly active, ſweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's ſacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools;
Foreboding cares, and ſtorms, and ſtrife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subſiſts, thro' univerſal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock, of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in ſpace, primæval clay
A yet unfaſhion'd embryo lay,
The ſource of endleſs good above
Shot down his ſpark of kindling love;

Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion firſt exulting came,
Each atom ſought its ſep'rate claſs,
Thro' many a fair enamour'd maſs;
Love caſt the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the ſky
Firſt train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The ſun diſplay'd his orb to ſight,
And burn'd with hymeneal light.
Hence nature's virgin womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burthen heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her firſt-born heir,
And ſcal'd the breathing ſteep of air;
Then infant ſtems, of various uſe,
Imbib'd her ſoft, maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom diſclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breaſt repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endleſs form and hue;
Then pour'd her leſſer offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd their parent ground.
Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, ſubliming, and refin'd,
Aſpir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind,
Caught in the fond celeſtial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown deſire;

And

And now with kind effuſion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardours glow'd;
Beheld the ſympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own reſemblance there;
On all with circling radiance ſhone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There claſp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled ev'ry joy of life.
Here ever bleſſing, ever bleſs'd,
Reſides this beauty of the breaſt.
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliſs abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring, by which the world is bound;
Here bids his ſeat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.
The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in ſweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart and ſpirit, live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like Echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in muſic twenty fold.
Their union firm, and undecay'd,
Nor time can ſhake, nor pow'r invade;
But as the ſtem and ſcion ſtand,
Ingrafted by a ſkilful hand,
They check the tempeſt's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and ſtrengthen into age.

A thou-

A thouſand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone;
Endearing looks, and chaſte deſire,
Fan and ſupport the mutual fire;
Whoſe flame, perpetual, as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial ſanction ends,
Like Nile, it opens and deſcends;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celeſtial head.
The fire, firſt ſpringing from above,
Becomes the ſource of life and love;
And gives his filial heir to flow,
In fondneſs down on ſons below;
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extremeſt verge they glide;
While kindred ſtreams, on either hand,
Branch forth in bleſſings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no liſping babe ſhall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinſman on thy road rejoice,
No ſiſter greet thy ent'ring voice,
With partial eyes no parents ſee,
And bleſs their years, reſtor'd in thee.
In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind,
The partner of thy ſcorn'd embrace,
Shall play the wanton in thy face;

Each

Each ſpark unplume thy little pride,
All friendſhip fly thy faithleſs ſide;
Thy name ſhall like thy carcaſs rot,
In ſickneſs ſpurn'd, in death forgot.
All giving pow'r! great ſource of life!
O hear the parent! hear the wife!
That life, thou lendeſt from above,
Tho' little, makes it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To thoſe, from whom my days I drew,
To theſe, in whom thoſe days renew;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth, as blood ally'd;
To friends with ſteely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind.
But chief, the lord of my deſire,
My life, my ſelf, my ſoul, my ſire;
Friends, children, all that wiſh can claim,
Chaſte paſſion claſp, and rapture name;
O ſpare him, ſpare him, gracious pow'r!
O give him to my lateſt hour!
Let me my length of life employ,
To give my ſole enjoyment joy;
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight;
And ev'ry needleſs bleſſing ſpare,
Wherein my darling wants a ſhare.

When

When he with graceful action wooes,
And ſweetly bills, and fondly cooes,
Ah! deck me to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own.
And in my circling wings careſs'd,
Give all the lover to my breaſt.
Then in our chaſte, connubial bed,
My boſom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes, with bliſsful ſlumbers cloſe,
And watch, with me, my lord's repoſe;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.
And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond whate'er my ſex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And ſpare me for my huſband's ſake;
Let one unruffled calm delight
The loving, and belov'd unite;
One pure deſire our boſoms warm,
One will direct, one wiſh inform;
Thro' life, one mutual aid ſuſtain,
In death, one peaceful grave contain.
While, ſwelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endleſs ſtream,
The well-known wings a ſound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart:
Quick dropp'd the muſic of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy ſhe ſprung.

As

As ſwift her ent'ring conſort flew,
And plum'd and kindled at the view;
 Their wings, their ſouls embracing, meet,
Their hearts with anſw'ring meaſure beat;
Half loſt in ſacred ſweets, and bleſs'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er expreſs'd.
 Strait to her humble roof ſhe led
The partner of her ſpotleſs bed;
 Her young, a flutt'ring pair, ariſe,
Their welcome ſparkling in their eyes;
Tranſported, to their ſire they bound,
And hang with ſpeechleſs action round.
In pleaſure wrapt, the parents ſtand,
And ſee their little wings expand;
The ſire, his life ſuſtaining prize
To each expecting bill applies;
There fondly pours the wheaten ſpoil,
With tranſport giv'n, tho' won with toil;
While all collected at the ſight
And ſilent thro' ſupreme delight,
The fair high heav'n of bliſs beguiles,
And on her lord and infants ſmiles.
 The ſparrow, whoſe attention hung
Upon the dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little ſlights diſarm'd,
And from himſelf, by virtue, charm'd;
When now he ſaw, what only ſeem'd,
A fact, ſo late a fable deem'd,

His ſoul to envy he reſign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind;
In ſecret wiſh'd a turtle too,
And ſighing to himſelf withdrew.



FABLE XV.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'TIS ſaid of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy ſex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales,
That ſweep Sabæa's ſpicy vales,
Nor all the healing ſweets reſtore,
That breathe along Arabia's ſhore.
The trav'ler, if he chance to ſtray,
May turn uncenſur'd to his way;
Polluted ſtreams again are pure,
And deepeſt wounds admit a cure;
But woman! no redemption knows;
The wounds of honour never cloſe!
Tho' diſtant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor ſkill'd on life's tempeſtuous tide;
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courſe decreed,
In vain ſhe ſeeks the friendly ſhore,
Her ſwifter folly flies before;

The circling ports againſt her cloſe,
And ſhut the wand'rer from repoſe;
'Till by conflicting waves oppreſt,
Her found'ring pinnace ſinks to reſt.
Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a ſingle error?——None.
Tho' wóman is avow'd of old,
No daughter of celeſtial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame,
The ſtrength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for ſacred ſtories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming ſphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and riſe renew'd.
The ſtars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waining face,
All-beauteous, from her late diſgrace;
And ſuns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent riſe, with new-born light.
In vain may death and time ſubdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds ſome vital ſpark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart;

'Tis

'Tis hence, reviving warmth is ſeen,
To cloath a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each inſect tries his wing,
And lifts freſh pinions on the ſpring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed ſtem and tendril ſhoot,
Exhaling incenſe to the ſkies,
Again to periſh, and to riſe,
And muſt weak woman then diſown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightneſs ſhine,
And ne'er like ev'ning ſuns decline?
Reſolv'd and firm alone?——————Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes,
But ſhould the ſpark of veſtal fire,
In ſome unguarded hour expire;
Or ſhould the nightly thief invade
Heſperia's chaſte and ſacred ſhade;
Of all the blooming ſpoils poſſeſs'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to reſt;
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin ſplendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With ſpring's ſucceeding bloſſom?—No,
Pity may mourn, but not reſtore,
And woman falls——to riſe no more.

Within

Within this ſublunary ſphere,
A country lies——no matter where;
The clime may readily be found,
By all who tread poetic ground.
A ſtream, call'd life, acroſs it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there the hills of virtue riſe.

Upon a mountain's airy ſtand,
Whoſe ſummit look'd to either land,
An antient pair their dwelling choſe,
As well for proſpect as repoſe;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine,
Confeſs'd the honours of their line;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care;
For heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave ſigns of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chaſtity the name ſhe bore.

As now the maid in ſtature grew,
(A flow'r juſt op'ning to the view)
Oft' thro' her native lawns ſhe ſtray'd,
And wreſtling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffuſive ſweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as ſhe breath'd;

The

The morn her radiant bluſh aſſum'd,
The ſpring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dreſs the world in white.
But when her riſing form was ſeen,
To reach the criſis of fifteen;
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious ſtep their darling led;
By turns they ſnatch'd her to their breaſt,
And thus the fears of age expreſs'd.
O joyful cauſe of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey, all muſt go,
Whoſe doubted period none can know;
Whoſe due direction who can find,
Where reaſon's mute, and ſenſe is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders theſe,
Thro' ſuch a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wiſe,
And learn, what love and years adviſe.
Far to the right thy proſpect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills aſcend;
Lo, there the arduous path's in view,
Which virtue and her ſons purſue;
With toil o'er leſs'ning earth they riſe,
And gain, and gain upon the ſkies.

Narrow's

Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleaſure ſmoothly ſpread;
But rough, and difficult, and ſteep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature thoſe lands diſpenſe,
A food indelicate to ſenſe,
Of taſte unpleaſant; yet from thoſe
Pure health, with chearful vigour flows;
And ſtrength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.
Hence, as they ſcale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining ſtill they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then ſpreads the ſtrait, the doubtful clears,
And ſmooth the rugged path appears;
For cuſtom turns fatigue to eaſe,
And, taught by virtue, pain can pleaſe.
At length, the toilſome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celeſtial ſhore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound.
Thro' darkneſs, leading up to light,
Senſe backward ſhrinks, and ſhuns the ſight;
For there the tranſitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's groſs, incumb'ring maſs,
Man's late aſſociates, cannot paſs;

But ſinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring ſoul at large;
Lightly ſhe wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, O thither wing thy ſpeed,
Tho' pleaſure charm, or pain impede;
To ſuch th' all-bounteous pow'r has giv'n,
For preſent earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loſs, unmeaſur'd gain,
And endleſs bliſs, for tranſient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy ſight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious eaſe deſcends;
There ſweet to ſenſe, and fair to ſhow,
New-planted Edens ſeem to blow;
Trees, that delicious poiſon bear,
For death is vegetable there.
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each ſinew ſlack'ning at the taſte;
The ſoul to paſſion yields her throne,
And ſees with organs not her own;
While, like the ſlumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the ſhadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes,
The ſcenes of fairy-land ariſe;
The puppet-world's amuſing ſhow,
Dipt in the gayly-colour'd bow;

Scepters, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants, and of kings;
That tempt along the baneful plain,
The idly wiſe, and lightly vain;
'Till verging on the gulphy ſhore,
Sudden they ſink, and riſe no more.
But lift to what thy fates declare;
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy ſliding foot ſhould ſtray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, loſt maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs ſhall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, ſcorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning ſteps ſhall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy preſence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent ſound,
Like guardian-angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely caſt,
Forward our young advent'rer paſs'd.
Forth from her ſacred eye-lids ſent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went;
While honour, hand-maid late aſſign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-ſtruck, the much admiring croud
Before the virgin viſion bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever new delight,
And caught freſh virtue at the ſight;

For

For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame.
If matter, ſure the moſt refin'd,
High-wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er ſhe paſſes, thouſands bend,
And thouſands, where ſhe moves, attend;
Her ways obſervant eyes confeſs,
Her ſteps purſuing praiſes bleſs;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithſome day,
The jovial birth of roſy May,
When genial warmth, no more ſuppreſs'd,
Now melts the froſt in ev'ry breaſt;
The cheek with ſecret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chaſteſt eyes;
The ſun with healthier viſage glows,
Aſide his clouded kerchief throws;
And dances up th' æthereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain;
While nature, as from bonds ſet free,
Springs out, and gives a looſe to glee.
And now for momentary reſt,
The nymph her travell'd ſtep repreſs'd;
Juſt turn'd to view the ſtage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height ſhe gain'd.

Outſtretch'd before her wide ſurvey;
The realms of ſweet perdition lay;
And pity touch'd her ſoul with woe,
To ſee a world ſo loſt below;
When ſtrait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath;
That bore commiſſion'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her ſympathy of ſenſe;
No ſounds of diſcord, that diſcloſe
A people ſunk and loſt in woes;
But as of preſent good poſſeſs'd,
The very triumph of the bleſs'd.
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens ſung:

Hither, faireſt, hither haſte,
Brighteſt beauty, come and taſte
What the pow'rs of bliſs unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taſte what ecſtacies they give,
Dying raptures taſte, and live.
In thy lap, diſdaining meaſure,
Nature empties all her treaſure;
Soft deſires, that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights, that riſe to anguiſh;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
Liſt not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride;

Snarlers,

Snarlers, to whoſe feeble ſenſe
April ſunſhine is offence;
Age and envy will adviſe
Ev'n againſt the joy they prize.
Come, in pleaſure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirſtings of thy ſoul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment paſt the painting;
Faireſt, doſt thou yet delay?
Brighteſt beauty, come away.
So ſung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the falſe Auſonian ſhore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulyſſes on the main;
That ſo our fair-one might withſtand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The ſong her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters ſtood in view;
Curioſity, with preying eyes,
And hands of buſy, bold empriſe;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet.
By ſearch untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty ſhe ſtill aſpir'd;
Taſteleſs of ev'ry good poſſeſs'd,
And but in expectation bleſs'd.
With her, aſſociate, Pleaſure came,
Gay Pleaſure, frolic-loving dame;

Her

Her mien, all ſwimming in delight,
Her beauties, half reveal'd to ſight;
Looſe flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kiſſing winds around.
As erſt Meduſa's looks were known
To turn beholders into ſtone;
A dire reverſion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleaſure melt.
Her glance with ſweet perſuaſion charm'd;
Unnerv'd the ſtrong, the ſteel'd diſarm'd;
No ſafety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While diſtant, more than half betray'd.
With ſmiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her ſide, and ſeiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd ſweets inſtill'd,
Her frame with new pulſations thrill'd;
While half conſenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying;
Amidſt a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wiſhes, ſmiling tears,
Still down, and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the ſtruggling, yielding fair.
As when ſome ſtately veſſel bound
To bleſt Arabia's diſtant ground,
Borne from her courſes haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites;

Con-

Conceal'd around whole treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock, and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns with sail and oar
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till sound'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant maid.
Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n, restor'd;
Till then with weeping honour wait
The servant of her better fate;
With honour left upon the shore,
Her friend, and handmaid, now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failings cast the veil,
Remembering you yourselves are frail.

And now from all-enquiring light,
Faſt fled the conſcious ſhades of night;
The damſel from a ſhort repoſe,
Confounded at her plight, aroſe.
As when, with ſlumb'rous weight oppreſs'd,
Some wealthy miſer ſinks to reſt,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And ſteal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus ſtreams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And ſtands all wrapt amidſt his ſtore;
But wakens, naked, and deſpoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd:
So far'd the nymph, her treaſure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to ſtone;
Within, without, obſcure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all deſtroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, inſidious coaſt!
Are theſe the bleſſings thou can'ſt boaſt?
Theſe, Virtue! theſe the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, ſhe cry'd!
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the ſky;
Contempt diſcharg'd a living dart,
A ſide-long viper to her heart;

Re-

Reproach breath'd poiſons o'er her face,
And ſoil'd and blaſted ev'ry grace;
Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While thoſe in crimes the deepeſt dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her ſide;
And ev'ry lewd inſulting dame
Upon her folly roſe to fame.
What ſhould ſhe do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deſerted ſhore?
So truſting, back the mourner flew;
As faſt the train of fiends purſue.
Again the farther ſhore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But Echo gathers in the wind,
And ſhows her inſtant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong ſpeed ſhe tends,
Where late ſhe left an hoſt of friends;
Alas! thoſe ſhrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly;
Or backward drive her on the coaſt,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour loſt.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain;
No truce by hoſtile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendſhip driv'n;

The nymph ſunk proſtrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling ſky,
Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,
All radiant ſate, as in a ſhrine,
Virtue, firſt effluence divine;
Far, far above the ſcenes of woe,
That ſhut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddeſs, eſſence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom ſhould mortality ſurvey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty muſt expire,
The world diſſolve in living fire;
The gems of heav'n, and ſolar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To riſe a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form ſhe threw;
Which three ſad ſiſters of the ſhade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.
Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her ſtation high,
Beheld, abandon'd to deſpair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whoſe awful ſound
Appall'd the guilty world around,

Bid

Bid the tumultuous winds be ſtill,
To numbers bow'd each lift'ning hill;
Uncurl'd the ſurging of the main,
And ſmooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n ſhe ſtrung,
And thus the tuneful goddeſs ſung:

" Lovely penitent, ariſe,
" Come, and claim thy kindred ſkies;
" Come, thy ſiſter angels ſay,
" Thou haſt wept thy ſtains away.
" Let experience now decide
" 'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
" In the ſmooth, enchanted ground,
" Say, unfold the treaſures found.
" Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
" Sands, that tript the flitting ſtreams;
" Down, that anchors on the air;
" Clouds, that paint their changes there.
" Seas, that ſmoothly dimpling lie,
" While the ſtorm impends on high;
" Shewing in an obvious glaſs,
" Joys, that in poſſeſſion paſs;
" Tranſient, fickle, light and gay,
" Flatt'ring only to betray;
" What, alas, can life contain?
" Life! like all its circles——vain.
" Will the ſtork, intending reſt,
" On the billow build her neſt?

" Will the bee demand his ſtore
" From the bleak and bladeleſs ſhore?
" Man alone, intent to ſtray,
" Ever turns from wiſdom's way;
" Lays up wealth in foreign land,
" Sows the ſea, and plows the ſand.
" Soon this elemental maſs,
" Soon th' imcumb'ring world ſhall paſs;
" Form be wrapt in waſting fire,
" Time be ſpent, and life expire.
" Then, ye boaſted works of men,
" Where is your aſylum then?
" Sons of pleaſure, ſons of care,
" Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
" Gone, like traces on the deep,
" Like a ſceptre graſp'd in ſleep;
" Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
" Melting ſnows, and gliding ſhades.
" Paſs the world, and what's behind?
" Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
" From an univerſe deprav'd,
" From the wreck of nature ſav'd.
" Like the life-ſupporting grain,
" Fruit of patience, and of pain,
" On the ſwain's autumnal day,
" Winnow'd from the chaff away.
" Little trembler, fear no more,
" Thou haſt plenteous crops in ſtore;

" Seed,

" Seed, by genial ſorrow ſown,
" More than all thy ſcorners own.
" What, tho' hoſtile earth deſpiſe?
" Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
" Heav'n thy friendleſs ſteps ſhall guide,
" Chear thy hours and guard thy ſide.
" When the fatal trump ſhall ſound,
" When th' immortals pour around,
" Heav'n ſhall thy return atteſt,
" Hail'd by myriads of the bleſs'd.
" Little native of the ſkies,
" Lovely penitent, ariſe;
" Calm thy boſom, clear thy brow,
" Virtue is thy ſiſter now.
" More delightful are my woes,
" Than the rapture pleaſure knows;
" Richer far the weeds I bring,
" Than the robes that grace a king.
" On my wars, of ſhorteſt date,
" Crowns of endleſs triumph wait;
" On my cares, a period bleſs'd;
" On my toils eternal reſt.
" Come, with virtue at thy ſide,
" Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
" Till we gain our native ſhore,
" Siſter, come, and turn no more."

FABLE XVI.

LOVE AND VANITY.

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom;
Up with the ſun, from ſhort repoſe,
Gay health and luſty labour roſe;
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And ſhepherds whiſtled o'er the dale;
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from buſtle, ſtate, and ſtrife,
Forth from his thatch'd roof cottage ſtray'd,
And ſtroll'd along the dewy glade.
A nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye.
He mark'd the geſture of the fair,
Her ſelf-ſufficient grace and air;
Her ſteps that mincing meant to pleaſe,
Her ſtudy'd negligence and eaſe;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettineſs and paint;
Approaching ſpoke, and bow'd obſervant;
The lady, ſlightly,—Sir, your ſervant.

Such

Such beauty in ſo rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But Love has ſmall acquaintance there.
Yes, ſir, reply'd the flatt'ring dame,
This form confeſſes whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I ſway
The utmoſt iſland of the ſea;
Within my court all honour centers;
I raiſe the meaneſt ſoul that enters;
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for poſts and places.
As Vanity appoints a pleaſure,
The world receives its weight and meaſure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life,
Joys, cares, plagues, paſſions, peace, and ſtrife.
Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I ſtep in, where nature fails,
And ev'ry breach of ſenſe repairing,
Am bounteous ſtill, where heav'n is ſparing.
But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs;
Their various habits, and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles and perfections;
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning;

From

From ſix to ſixty, ſick or ſound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boaſt dominion quite ſo wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love and meekneſs ſway'd?
All other empire I reſign;
But be the ſphere of beauty mine:
For in the downy lawn of reſt,
That opens on a woman's breaſt,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuſe to live, and chuſe to reign.
Far-ſighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army ſtrong;
And chaſtity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And lowlineſs, to whoſe mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And modeſty, with downcaſt eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With ſweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore;
In unaffected conduct free,
All ſmiling ſiſters, three times three;
And roſy peace, the cherub bleſs'd,
That nightly ſings us all to reſt.

Hence

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the firſt ſtep of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has ſkirted ev'ry ſhade with white;
Has ſtood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart, and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.
Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the e'ence of a man;
Tempers his maſs, his genius fires,
And, as a better ſoul, inſpires.
The rude ſhe ſoftens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
Calls ſloth from his ſupine repoſe,
Within the coward's boſom glows;
Of pride unplumes the lofty creſt,
Bids baſhful merit ſtand confeſs'd;
And like coarſe metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle ſcience ſhe imparts,
All manners ſmooths, informs all hearts;
From her ſweet influence are felt
Paſſions that pleaſe, and thoughts that melt;
To ſtormy rage ſhe bids controul,
And ſinks ſerenely on the ſoul;

Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
 Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantaſtic chain,
She fills the ſphere by heav'n aſſign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.
 He ſpoke. The nymph impatient ſtood,
And laughing, thus her ſpeech renew'd:
 And pray, ſir, may I be ſo bold
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a caviſ,
What new Utopia do you travel?——
Upon my word, theſe high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.
Why, what unfaſhion'd ſtuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tip-toe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll ſhoot your next opinions ſurer.
 O ſuch a pretty nack at painting!
And all for ſoftning, and for ſainting!
Gueſs now, who can, a ſingle feature,
Thro' the whole piece, of female nature!
Then mark! my looſer hand may fix
The lines, too coarſe for Love to hit.
 'Tis ſaid, that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reaſon, rule, nor rudder guiding,

In

Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Tractleſs, and ſhifting as the wind,
A ſea whoſe fathom none can find;
A moon, ſtill changing, and revolving,
A riddle, paſt all human ſolving;
A bliſs, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A——ſomething, that no man can tell.
Now learn a ſecret from a friend,
But keep your counſel, and attend.
Though in their tempers thought ſo diſtant;
Nor with their ſex, nor ſelves conſiſtent,
'Tis but the difference of a name.
And ev'ry woman is the ſame.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And thro' unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and ſtorms;
Though in a thouſand ſuits array'd,
Is of one-ſubject-matter made;
So, ſir, a woman's conſtitution,
The world's enigma, finds ſolution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the ſubject eſſence ſtill.
With the firſt ſpark of female ſenſe
The ſpeck of being I commence;
Within the womb make freſh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;

Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand;
And give a taſte of all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noiſe.
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I ſend the flutt'ring ſoul abroad.
Prais'd for her ſhape, her face, her mien,
The little goddeſs, and the queen,
Takes at her infant-ſhrine oblation,
And drinks ſweet draughts of adulation.
Now, blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dreſs becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I ſwell the hoop's enchanted round;
Shrink in the waiſt's deſcending ſize,
Heav'd in the ſnowy boſom riſe;
High on the floating lappet ſail,
Or curl'd in treſſes, kiſs the gale.
Then to her glaſs I lead the fair,
And ſhew the lovely idol there;
Where, ſtruck as by divine emotion,
She bows with moſt ſincere devotion;
And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In ſecret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, maſquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crouds, what paſſion!
And churches, ſometimes—if the faſhion;

For

For woman's ſenſe of right and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And ſwims, the ſtraw of ev'ry ſtream.
Her ſoul intrinſic worth rejects,
Accompliſh'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wiſeſt acquiſition;
And ev'n from pity and diſdain,
She'll cull ſome reaſon to be vain.
Thus, ſir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature;
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very baſe of ſhame
Erect my monument of fame.
Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godſhip has not dreamt.
Thoſe ſhining virtues which you muſter,
Whence think you they derive their luſtre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Truſt me, from titled dames to ſpinners,
'Tis I make ſaints, whoe'er makes ſinners;
'Tis I inſtruct them to withdraw,
And hold preſumptuous man in awe;
For female worth as I inſpire,
In juſt degrees, ſtill mounts the higher;

And virtue, ſo extremely nice,
Demands long toil, and mighty price;
Like Sampſon's pillars, fix'd elate,
I beat the ſex's tott'ring ſtate;
Sap theſe, and in a moment's ſpace,
Down ſinks the fabric to its baſe.
 Alike from titles, and from toys,
I ſpring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miſs,
The ſole artificer of bliſs.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the ſand of ev'ry ſhore:
To them uniting Indians ſail;
Sabæa breathes her fartheſt gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig ſenſe and virtue from the mine;
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention:
 Nor bliſs alone my pow'rs beſtow,
They hold the ſov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the ſtoic's boaſted art,
I ſoothe the heavings of the heart;
To pain give ſplendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.
 Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign;
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taſte, talents, tempers, ſtate, and ſtation;

Whate'er

Whate'er a woman ſays, I ſay;
Whate'er a woman ſpends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags;
Flutter, in finery, and rags;
With light coquets thro' folly range,
And with the prude diſdain to change.
And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply——!
But ſoft; and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude;
Their utmoſt mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthеſt ſtep they travel.
When ev'ry pleaſure's run a-ground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph conceiving diſcontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance;
And vapours ſhed in pious moiſture,
Diſmiſs her to a church, or cloyſter;
Then on I lead her, with devotion,
Conſpicuous in her dreſs and motion;
Inſpire the heav'nly breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r;
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her lateſt hour;
The couch of decent pain I ſpread,
In form recline her languid head;

Her

Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I ſet, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to ſight;
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
And laſt, preſenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To ſcenes of painted bliſs I waft her,
And form the heav'n ſhe hopes hereafter.
In truth, rejoin'd love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road;
And ſtrange, in all the toilſome way,
No houſe of kind refreſhment lay;
No nymph, whoſe virtues might have tempted,
To hold her from her ſex exempted.
For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by ſuch permiſſion,
Will hold herſelf the one ſelected,
And ſo my ſyſtem ſtands protected.
O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in ſtory!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd;
Then ſweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;

Hyp-

Hypſipyle, who ſav'd her ſire;
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne paſſed unnoted;
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter;
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr;
Alceſte's voluntary ſteel,
And Cath'rine, ſmiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction,
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some ſhe evades or diſavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient thing, call'd fables!
And thus the goddeſs turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flaſh'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conqueſt of ſo fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view,
A goddeſs, whom our grandames knew;
Of aſpect grave, and ſober gait,
Majeſtic, awful, and ſedate;
As heav'n's autumnal eve ſerene,
When not a cloud o'ercaſts the ſcene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their ſtrife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were ſtated,
In form and manner as related;
The caſe was ſhort. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the goddeſs, anſwering mild,
Firſt ſhook her gracious head, and ſmil'd.
Alas! how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I ſhar'd the fickle ſex with you;
But from their preſence long precluded,
Or held as one whoſe form intruded;
Full fifty annual ſuns can tell,
Prudence has bid the ſex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, ſtill biaſs'd in opinion,
And arrogant of ſole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the caſe compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gait and air;
Who ne'er had croſs'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor ſeen the world beyond a wake;
With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conqueſt ſmil'd.

If Vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be ſoon decided;
Behold yon wench, a fit occaſion
To try your force of gay perſuaſion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put thoſe boaſted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Tranſcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite conteſt o'er,
And ne'er will boaſt my empire more.
At once, ſo ſaid, and ſo conſented;
And well our goddeſs ſeem'd contented;
Nor pauſing, made a moment's ſtand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.
Mean while the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occaſion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erſt had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bowſtring twang'd, the arrow fled;
And, to her ſecret ſoul addreſs'd,
Transfix'd the whiteneſs of her breaſt.
But here the dame, whoſe guardian care,
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thouſand beauties ruſh to ſight;

A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd ſtands the love-ſick maid,
Suſpended o'er the darling ſhade;
Here only fixes to admire,
And centers every fond deſire.



LOVE AND HONOUR.

HARK! may heav'n defend thee!
Hark! the drum commands!
Honour, I attend thee;
Love, I kiſs thy hands.
May guardian angels watch thee,
And conqueſt on thee wait!
One kiſs, and then I give thee up—
Alas! Poor Kate!

Vide TOBACCO-BOX.

LOVE

LOVE AND HOPE,

AN

ECLOGUE.

BY

LORD LYTTELTON.

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that ſhepherds ſing,
Like thoſe that warbling hail the genial ſpring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artleſs reeds;
From Love alone their melody proceeds.
From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild ſweetneſs of his Dorick ſtrains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inſpiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and ſoften ev'ry heart:

Me

Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My ruſtick pipe in pleaſing concert join.
Damon no longer ſought the ſilent ſhade,
No more in unfrequented paths he ſtray'd,
But call'd the ſwains to hear his jocund ſong,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.
" Bleſt be the hour, he ſaid, that happy hour,
" When firſt I own'd my Delia's gentle pow'r;
" Then gloomy diſcontent and pining care
" Forſook my breaſt, and left ſoft wiſhes there;
" Soft wiſhes there they left, and gay deſires,
" Delightful languors, and tranſporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a ſhade,
" Theſe eyes firſt gaz'd upon the charming maid:
" There ſhe appear'd, on that auſpicious day,
" When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heav'ns! with what grace ſhe mov'd!
" Who could have ſeen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I ſtrove not to reſiſt to ſweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name;
" Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their ſavage liberty.
" And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of joy?
" Can no reverſe thy flatt'ring bliſs deſtroy?
" Has treacherous Love no torment yet in ſtore?
" Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal pow'r?
" Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
" Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break?

" Why

" Why were the deſert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accent of thy ſad deſpair?
" From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
" Delia, who now compaſſionates my woes,
" Who bids me hope; and in that charming word
" Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
" Begin, my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
" A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
" A kiſs, obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
" Giv'n with forc'd anger, and diſguis'd content.
" No laureat wreaths I aſk, to bind my brows,
" Such as the Muſe on lofty bards beſtows:
" Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bow'r?
" Light gales have chas'd the late impending ſhow'r;
" Th' emerging ſun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
" The birds renew their ſongs on ev'ry ſpray!
" Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to crown:
" All nature ſmiles,—Will only Delia frown?
" Hark! how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
" While ev'ry flow'r of ev'ry ſweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
" The ſhelter'd herds on flow'ry couches ſleep:
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
" If with my fond deſires my love comply;

" From Della's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
" And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
" Ah! how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
" Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
" From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
" In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could I add beſide
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide;
" If all the gems in eaſtern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glitt'ring pride ſhould ſhine,
" But, if thy mind no gifts have pow'r to move,
" Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove;
" The tuneful Nine, who never ſue in vain,
" Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their fav'rite ſwain.
" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood;
" For him each green-hair'd ſifter of the wood;
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His muſic calls to dance the night away:
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to rove;
" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her ſhepherd's name;
" Shade all my faults from her enquiring ſight,
" And ſhew my merits in the faireſt light:

" My

" My pipe your kind aſſiſtance ſhall repay,
" And ev'ry friend ſhall claim a diff'rent lay.
" But, ſee! in yonder glade the heav'nly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air.
" Ah! thither let me fly with eager feet:
" Adieu! my pipe—I go my love meet!
" O! may I find her as we parted laſt!
" And may each future hour be like the paſt!
" So ſhall the whiteſt lamb theſe paſtures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."



LOVE AND JEALOUSY,

AN

ECLOGUE.

BY THE SAME.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliſs ſincere;
Wealth is diſturb'd by care, and pow'r by fear;
Of all the paſſions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the ſweeteſt joys we find;
Yet e'en thoſe joys dire Jealouſy moleſts,
And blackens each fair image in our breaſts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the ſharpneſs of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy miſtreſs juſt,
And wiſely take thy happineſs on truſt,

Begin,

Begin, my Muſe, and Damon's woes rehearſe,
In wildeſt numbers and diſorder'd verſe.
On a romantick mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at eaſe around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppreſt;
Diſtruſt and anger lab'ring in his breaſt—
The vale beneath a pleaſing proſpect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through theſe a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of riſing wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage ſtands,
A caſtle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glitt'ring ſpires is crown'd,
And diſtant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the ſcene, awhile the ſwain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But ſoon the ſtings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging ſmart:
His flow'ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore;
Then cried, "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
"Like theſe neglected roſes, droop and fade!
"May angry heav'n deform each guilty grace,
"That triumphs now in that deluding face!
"Thoſe alter'd looks may ev'ry ſhepherd fly,
"And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worſe than I!
"Say, thou inconſtant, what has Damon done,
"To loſe the heart his tedious pains had won?

"Tell

" Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
" Againſt whoſe pow'r no ties have ſtrength to bind?
" Has he, like me, with long obedience ſtrove
" To conquer your diſdain, and merit love?
" Has he with tranſport ev'ry ſmile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word?
" Ah, no! the conqueſt was obtain'd with eaſe;
" He pleas'd you, by not ſtudying to pleaſe:
" His careleſs indolence your pride alarm'd;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he leſs had charm'd.
" Oh! pain to think! another ſhall poſſeſs
" Thoſe balmy lips, which I was wont to preſs!
" Another on her panting breaſt ſhall lie,
" And catch ſweet madneſs from her ſwimming eye!—
" I ſaw their friendly flocks together feed;
" I ſaw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
" Would my cloſ'd eye had ſunk in endleſs night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful ſight!
" Where'er they paſs'd, be blaſted ev'ry flow'r;
" And hungry wolves their helpleſs flocks devour!—
" Ah! wretched ſwain, could no examples move
" Thy heedleſs heart to ſhun the rage of love?
" Haſt thou not heard how poor Menalcas died
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain;
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain;
" Around his tomb their tears the Muſes paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentleſs maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace!
" Theſe torments in the quiet grave would ceaſe;

" There

" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repoſe would find,
" And reſt, as if my Delia ſtill were kind.
" No! let me live, her falſehood to upbraid;
" Some god, perhaps, my juſt revenge will aid.—
" Alas! what aid, fond ſwain, would'ſt thou receive?
" Could thy heart bear to ſee its Delia grieve?
" Protect her, heav'n! and let her never know
" The ſlighteſt part of hapleſs Damon's woe!
" I aſk no vengeance the from pow'rs above;
" All I implore is never more to love.
" Let me this fondneſs from my boſom tear;
" Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
" Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaſt;
" Wearied, at length, I ſeek thy downy reſt:
" No turbulence of paſſion ſhall deſtroy
" My future eaſe with flatt'ring hopes of joy.
" Hear, mighty Pan, and all ye Sylvans, hear,
" What, by your guardian deities, I ſwear:
" No more my eyes ſhall view her fatal charms;
" No more I'll court the trait'reſs to my arms;
" Not all her arts my ſteady ſoul ſhall move;
" And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love!"
Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow;
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſte he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

THE

THE

LADY'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT;

OR,

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

DEAR DAUGHTER,

I FIND, that even our moſt pleaſing thoughts will be unquiet; they will be in motion; and the mind can have no reſt whilſt it is poſſeſſed by a darling paſſion. You are at preſent the chief object of my care, as well as of my kindneſs; which ſometimes throweth me into viſions, of your being happy in the world, that are better ſuited to my partial wiſhes than to my reaſonable hopes for you. At other times, when my fears prevail, I ſhrink as if I was ſtruck, at the proſpect of danger to which a young woman muſt be expoſed. By how

much the more lively, ſo much the more liable you are to be hurt; as the fineſt plants are the ſooneſt nipped by the froſt. Whilſt you are playing full of innocence, the ſpiteful world will bite, except you are guarded by your caution. Want of care, therefore, my dear child, is never to be excuſed; ſince, as to this world, it hath the ſame effect as want of virtue. Such an early ſprouting wit requireth ſo much the more to be ſheltered by ſome rules, like ſomething ſtrewed on tender flowers to preſerve them from being blaſted. You muſt take it well to be pruned by ſo kind a hand as that of a father. There may be ſome bitterneſs in mere obedience: the natural love of liberty may help to make the commands of a parent harder to go down. Some inward reſiſtance there will be, where power, and not choice, maketh us move: but when a father layeth aſide his authority, and perſuadeth only by his kindneſs, you will never anſwer it to good-nature, if it hath not weight with you.

A great part of what is ſaid in the following diſcourſe may be above the preſent growth of your underſtanding; but that becoming every day taller, will, in a little time, reach up to it, ſo as to make it eaſy to you. I am willing to begin with you before your mind is quite formed, that being the time in which it is moſt capable of receiving a colour that will laſt when it is mixed with it. Few things are well learnt but by early precepts: thoſe well infuſed make them natural; and we are never ſure of retaining what is valuable, till, by a continued habit, we have made it a piece of us.

Whether my ſkill can draw the picture of a fine woman may be

be a queſtion: but it can be none, that I have drawn that of a kind father. If you will take an exact copy, I will ſo far preſume upon my workmanſhip, as to undertake you ſhall not make an ill figure. Give me ſo much credit as to try, and I am ſure that neither your wiſhes nor mine ſhall be diſappointed by it.

RELIGION.

THE firſt thing to be conſidered is religion. It muſt be the chief object of your thoughts; ſince it would be a vain thing to direct your behaviour in the world, and forget that which you are to have towards him who made it.

In a ſtrict ſenſe, it is the only thing neceſſary: you muſt take it into your mind, and from thence throw it into your heart, where you are to embrace it ſo cloſe, as never to loſe the poſſeſſion of it. But then it is neceſſary to diſtinguiſh between the reality and the pretence.

Religion doth not conſiſt in believing the legend of the nurſery, where children with their milk are fed with the tales of witches, hobgoblins, prophecies, miracles. We ſuck in ſo greedily theſe early miſtakes, that our riper underſtanding hath much ado to cleanſe our minds from this kind of traſh: the ſtories are ſo entertaining, that we do not only believe them, but relate them; which makes the diſcovery of the truth ſomewhat grievous, when it makes us loſe ſuch a field of impertinence, where we might have diverted ourſelves; beſides the throwing ſome ſhame upon us for having ever received them. This is making the world a jeſt, and imputing to God Almighty, that the province he aſſigneth to the devil, is to play at blindman's-buff,

buff, and ſhew tricks to mankind; and is ſo far from being religion, that it is not ſenſe; and hath right only to be called that kind of devotion of which ignorance is the undoubted mother, without competition or diſpute. Theſe miſtakes are, therefore, to be left off with your hanging-ſleeves; and you ought to be as much out of countenance to be found with them about you, as to be ſeen playing with babies at an age when other things are expected from you.

The next thing to be obſerved to you is, that religion doth as little conſiſt in loud anſwers and devout convulſions at church, or praying in an extraordinary manner. Some ladies are ſo extreme ſtirring at church, that one would ſwear the worm in their conſcience made them ſo unquiet; others will have ſuch a divided face, between a devout gogle and an inviting glance, that the unnatural mixture maketh even the beſt looks to be at that time ridiculous. Theſe affected appearances are ever ſuſpected, like very ſtrong perfumes, which are generally thought no very good ſymptoms in thoſe that make uſe of them. Let your earneſtneſs, therefore, be reſerved for your cloſet, where you may have God Almighty to yourſelf; in public, be ſtill and calm, neither undecently careleſs, nor affected in the other extreme.

It is not true devotion to put on an angry zeal againſt thoſe who may be of a differing perſuaſion. Partiality to ourſelves makes us often miſtake it for a duty, to fall hard upon others in that caſe; and being puſhed on by ſelf-conceit, we ſtrike without mercy, believing that the wounds we give are meritorious, and that we are fighting God Almighty's quarrel; when the truth

truth is, we are only ſetting out ourſelves: our devotion, too, often breaking out into that ſhape, which moſt agreeth with our particular temper. The choleric grow into a hardened ſeverity againſt all who diſſent from them; ſnatch at all the texts of ſcripture that ſuit with their complexion; and becauſe God's wrath was ſometimes kindled, they conclude, that anger is a divine virtue; and are ſo far from imagining their ill-natured zeal requireth an apology, that they value themſelves upon it, and triumph in it. Others, whoſe nature is more credulous than ordinary, admit no bounds or meaſure to it; they grow as proud of extending their faith, as princes are of enlarging their dominions; not conſidering that our faith, like our ſtomach, is capable of being over-charged; and that, as the laſt is deſtroyed by taking in more than it can digeſt, ſo our reaſon may be extinguiſhed by oppreſſing it with the weight of too many ſtrange things; eſpecially if we are forbidden to chew what we are commanded to ſwallow. The melancholy and the ſullen are apt to place a great part of their religion in dejected or ill-humoured looks, putting on an unſociable face, and declaiming againſt the innocent entertainments of life, with as much ſharpneſs as they could beſtow upon the greateſt crimes. This, generally, is only a vizard; there is ſeldom any thing real in it. No other thing is the better for being ſour; and it would be hard that religion ſhould be ſo, which is the beſt of things. In the mean time, it may be ſaid with truth, that this ſurly kind of devotion hath, perhaps, done little leſs hurt in the world, by frighting, than the moſt ſcandalous examples have done by infecting it.

Having

Having told you, in theſe few inſtances, to which many more might be added, what is not true religion; it is time to deſcribe to you what is ſo. The ordinary definitions of it are no more like it than the common ſign poſts are like the princes they would repreſent. The unſkilful daubers in all ages have generally laid on ſuch ill colours, and drawn ſuch harſh lines, that the beauty of it is not eaſily to be diſcerned: they have put in all the forbidding features that can be thought of; and, in the firſt place, have made it an irreconcilable enemy to nature, when, in reality, they are not only friends, but twins, born together at the ſame time; and it is doing violence to them both to go about to have them ſeparated. Nothing is ſo kind and ſo inviting as true and unſophiſticated religion; inſtead of impoſing unneceſſary burdens upon our nature, it eaſeth us of the greater weight of our paſſions and miſtakes: inſtead of ſubduing us with rigour, it redeemeth us from the ſlavery we are in to ourſelves, who are the moſt ſevere maſters, whilſt we are under the uſurpation of our appetites let looſe and not reſtrained.

Religion is a cheerful thing; ſo far from being always at cuffs with good humour, that it is inſeparably united to it. Nothing unpleaſant belongs to it, though the ſpiritual cooks have done their unſkilful part to give an ill reliſh to it. A wiſe epicure would be religious for the ſake of pleaſure; good ſenſe is the foundation of both; and he is a bungler who aimeth at true luxury but where they are joined.

Religion is exalted reaſon, refined and ſifted from the groſſer parts of it: it dwelleth in the upper region of the mind, and there

there are feweſt clouds or miſts to darken or offend it; it is both the foundation and the crown of all virtues; it is morality improved and raiſed to its height, by being carried nearer heaven, the only place where perfection refideth. It cleanſeth the underſtanding, and bruſheth off the earth that hangeth about our ſouls. It doth not want the hopes and the terrors which are made uſe of to ſupport it; neither ought it to deſcend to the borrowing any argument out of itſelf, ſince there we may find every thing that ſhould invite us. If we were to be hired to religion, it is able to outbid the corrupted world, with all it can offer to us; being ſo much the richer of the two, in every thing where reaſon is admitted to be a judge of the value.

Since this is ſo, it is worth your pains to make religion your choice, and not make uſe of it only as a refuge. There are ladies who, finding by the too viſible decay of their good looks that they can ſhine no more by that light, put on the varniſh of an affected devotion, to keep up ſome kind of figure in the world. They take ſanctuary in the church, when they are purſued by growing contempt, which will not be ſtopped, but followeth them to the altar. Such late penitence is only a diſguiſe for the tormenting grief of being no more handſome. That is the killing thought which draweth the ſighs and tears, that appear outwardly to be applied to a better end.

There are many who have an aguiſh devotion, hot and cold fits, long intermiſſions, and violent raptures. This unevenneſs is by all means to be avoided. Let your method be a ſteady courſe of good life, that may run like a ſmooth ſtream, and be a perpetual ſpring to furniſh to the continued exerciſe of virtue.

Your

Your devotion may be earneſt, but it muſt be unconſtrained, and, like other duties, you muſt make it your pleaſure too, or elſe it will have very little efficacy. By this rule you may beſt judge of your own heart. Whilſt thoſe duties are joys, it is an evidence of their being ſincere; but when they are a penance, it is a ſign that your nature maketh ſome reſiſtance; and whilſt that laſteth, you can never be entirely ſecure of yourſelf.

If you are often unquiet, and too nearly touched by the croſs accidents of life, your devotion is not of the right ſtandard, there is too much alloy in it. That which is right and unmixed taketh away the ſting of every thing that would trouble you: it is like a healing balm, that extinguiſheth the ſharpneſs of the blood; ſo this ſofteneth and diſſolveth the anguiſh of the mind. A devout mind hath the privilege of being free from paſſions, as ſome climates are from all venomous kind of creatures. It will raiſe you above the little vexations to which others, for want of it, will be expoſed; and bring you to a temper, not of ſtupid indifference, but of ſuch a wiſe reſignation, that you may live in the world, ſo as it may hang about you like a looſe garment, and not tied too cloſe to you.

Take heed of running into that common error of applying God's judgments upon particular occaſions. Our weights and meaſures are not competent to make the diſtribution either of his mercy or his juſtice: he hath thrown a veil over theſe things, which makes it not only an impertinence, but a kind of ſacrilege, for us to give ſentence in them without his commiſſion.

As to your particular faith, keep to the religion that is grown up with you, both as it is the beſt in itſelf, and that the reaſon of

ſtaying in it upon that ground is ſomewhat ſtronger for your ſex than it will, perhaps, be allowed to be for ours; in reſpect that the voluminous inquiries into the truth, by reading, are leſs expected from you. The beſt of books will be direction enough to you not to change; and whilſt you are fixed and ſufficiently confirmed in your own mind, you will do beſt to keep vain doubts and ſcruples at ſuch a diſtance that they may give you no diſquiet.

Let me recommend you to a method of being rightly informed, which can never fail: it is in ſhort this; get underſtanding, and practiſe virtue. And if you are ſo bleſſed as to have thoſe for your ſhare, it is not ſurer that there is a God, than it is, that by him all neceſſary truths will be revealed to you.

HUSBAND.

THAT which challengeth the next place in your thoughts is how to live with a husband. And though that is so large a word, that few rules can be fixed to it which are unchangeable, the methods being as various as the several tempers of men to which they must be suited; yet I cannot omit some general observations, which, with the help of your own, may the better direct you in the part of your life upon which your happiness most dependeth.

It is one of the disadvantages belonging to your sex, that young women are seldom permitted to make their own choice; their friends care and experience are thought safer guides to them than their own fancies; and their modesty often forbiddeth them to refuse when their parents recommend, though their inward consent may not entirely go along with it. In this case, there remaineth nothing for them to do, but to endeavour to make that easy which falleth to their lot; and, by a wise use of every thing they may dislike in a husband, turn that by degrees to be very supportable, which, if neglected, might in time beget an aversion.

You must first lay it down for a foundation in general, that there is inequality in the sexes; and that for the better œconomy of the world, the men, who were to be the lawgivers, had the

larger ſhare of reaſon beſtowed upon them; by which means your ſex is the better prepared for the compliance that is neceſſary for the better performance of thoſe duties which ſeem to be moſt properly aſſigned to it. This looks a little uncourtly at the firſt appearance; but, upon examination, it will be found, that nature is ſo far from being unjuſt to you, that ſhe is partial on your ſide. She hath made you ſuch large amends by other advantages, for the ſeeming injuſtice of the firſt diſtribution, that the right of complaining is come over to our ſex. You have it in your power not only to free yourſelves, but to ſubdue your maſters, and, without violence, throw both their natural and legal authority at your feet. We are made of differing tempers, that our defects may the better be mutually ſupplied; your ſex wanteth our reaſon for your conduct, and our ſtrength for your protection; ours wanteth your gentleneſs to ſoften and to entertain us. The firſt part of our life is a good deal ſubjected to you in the nurſery, where you reign without competition, and by that means have the advantage of giving the firſt impreſſions. Afterwards you have ſtronger influences, which, well managed, have more force in your behalf than all our privileges and juriſdictions can pretend to have againſt you. You have more ſtrength in your looks than we have in our laws, and more power by your tears than we have by our arguments.

It is true, that the laws of marriage run in a harſher ſtyle towards your ſex. Obey is an ungenteel word, and leſs eaſy to be digeſted, by making ſuch an unkind diſtinction in the words of the contract, and ſo very unſuitable to the exceſs of good manners, which generally goes before it. Beſides, the univerſality

ſality of the rule ſeemeth to be a grievance; and it appeareth reaſonable that there might be an exemption for extraordinary women from ordinary rules, to take away the juſt expectation that lyeth againſt the falſe meaſure of general equality.

It may be alleged by the council retained by your ſex, that as there is, in all other laws, an appeal from the letter to the equity, in caſes that require it; it is as reaſonable that ſome court of a larger juriſdiction might be erected, where ſome wives might reſort and plead ſpecially. And in ſuch inſtances, where nature is ſo kind as to raiſe them above the level of their own ſex, they might have relief, and obtain a mitigation, in their own particular, of a ſentence which was given generally againſt womankind. The cauſes of ſeparation are now ſo very coarſe, that few are confident enough to buy their liberty at the price of having their modeſty ſo expoſed. And for diſparity of minds, which, above all other things requireth a remedy, the laws have made no proviſion; ſo little refined are numbers of men by whom they are compiled. This, and a great deal more, might be ſaid, to give a colour to the complaint.

But the anſwer to it in ſhort is, that the inſtitution of marriage is too ſacred to admit a liberty of objecting to it; that the ſuppoſition of yours being the weaker ſex, having, without all doubt, a good foundation, maketh it reaſonable to ſubject it to the maſculine dominion; that no rule can be ſo perfect as not to admit ſome exception; but the law preſumeth there would be ſo few found in this caſe, who would have a ſufficient right to ſuch a privilege, that it is ſafer ſome injuſtice ſhould be connived at in a very few inſtances, than to break into an eſtabliſh-

ment,

ment, upon which the order of human ſociety doth ſo much depend.

You are, therefore, to make your beſt of what is ſettled by law and cuſtom, and not vainly imagine that it will be changed for your ſake. But, that you may not be diſcouraged, as if you lay under the weight of an incurable grievance, you are to know, that by a wiſe and dexterous conduct, it will be in your power to relieve yourſelf from any thing that looketh like a diſadvantage in it. For your better direction, I will give a hint of the moſt ordinary cauſes of diſſatisfaction between man and wife, that you may be able, by ſuch a warning, to live ſo upon your guard, that when you ſhall be married, you may know how to cure your huſband's miſtakes, and to prevent your own.

Firſt, then, you are to conſider you live in a time which hath rendered ſome kind of frailties ſo habitual, that they lay claim to large grains of allowance. The world in this is ſomewhat unequal, and our ſex ſeemeth to play the tyrant in diſtinguiſhing partially for ourſelves, by making that in the utmoſt degree criminal in the women, which in a man paſſeth under a much gentler cenſure. The root and the excuſe of this injuſtice is the preſervation of families from any mixture which may bring a blemiſh to them: and whilſt the point of honour continues to be ſo placed, it ſeems unavoidable to give your ſex the greater ſhare of the penalty. But if in this it lyeth under any diſadvantage: you are more than recompenſed, by having the honour of families in your keeping. The conſideration ſo great a truſt muſt give you maketh full amends; and this power the world hath lodged in you can hardly fail to reſtrain the ſeverity of an ill

ill husband, and to improve the kindness and esteem of a good one. This being so, remember, that next to the danger of committing the fault yourself, the greatest is that of seeing it in your husband. Do not seem to look or hear that way; if he is a man of sense he will reclaim himself; the folly of it is of itself sufficient to cure him: if he is not so, he will be provoked, but not reformed. To expostulate in these cases looketh like declaring war, and preparing reprisals; which, to a thinking husband, would be a dangerous reflection. Besides, it is so coarse a reason, which will be assigned for a lady's too great warmth upon such an occasion, that modesty no less than prudence ought to restrain her; since such an undecent complaint makes a wife much more ridiculous than the injury that provoketh her to it. But it is yet worse and more unskilful to blaze it in the world, expecting it should rise up in arms to take her part; whereas she will find it can have no other effect than that she will be served up in all companies as the reigning jest at that time; and will continue to be the common entertainment, till she is rescued by some newer folly that cometh upon the stage, and driveth her away from it. The impertinence of such methods is so plain, that it doth not deserve the pains of being laid open. Be assured, that in these cases your discretion and silence will be the most prevailing reproof; an affected ignorance, which is seldom a virtue, is a great one here; and when your husband seeth how unwilling you are to be uneasy, there is no stronger argument to persuade him not to be unjust to you. Besides, it will naturally make him more yielding in other things; and whether it be to cover or redeem his offence, you

may

may have the good effects of it whilſt it laſteth, and all that while have the moſt reaſonable ground that can be of preſuming ſuch a behaviour will at laſt entirely convert him. There is nothing ſo glorious to a wife as a victory ſo gained; a man, ſo reclaimed, is for ever after ſubjected to her virtue; and her bearing for a time is more than rewarded by a triumph that will continue as long as her life.

The next thing I will ſuppoſe is, that your huſband may love wine more than is convenient. It will be granted, that though there are vices of a deeper die, there are none that have greater deformity than this, when it is not reſtrained: but, with all this, the ſame cuſtom, which is the more to be lamented for its being ſo general, ſhould make it leſs uneaſy to every one in particular who is to ſuffer by the effects of it: ſo that, in the firſt place, it will be no new thing if you ſhould have a drunkard for your huſband; and there is, by too frequent examples, evidence enough, that ſuch a thing may happen, and yet a wife may live too without being miſerable. Self-love dictateth aggravating words to every thing we feel; ruin and miſery are the terms we apply to whatever we do not like; forgetting the mixture allotted to us by the condition of human life, by which it is not intended we ſhould be quite exempt from trouble. It is fair if we can eſcape ſuch a degree of it as would oppreſs us, and enjoy ſo much of the pleaſant part as may leſſen the ill taſte of ſuch things as are unwelcome to us. Every thing hath two ſides, and, for our own eaſe, we ought to direct our thoughts to that which may be leaſt liable to exception. To fall upon the worſt ſide of a drunkard giveth ſo unpleaſant a proſpect, that it is not poſ-

poſſible to dwell upon it. Let us paſs then to the more favourable part, as far as a wife is concerned in it.

I am tempted to ſay, (if the irregularity of the expreſſion could in ſtrictneſs be juſtified), that a wife is to thank God her huſband hath faults. Mark the ſeeming paradox, my dear, for your own inſtruction, it being intended no further. A huſband without faults is a dangerous obſerver; he hath an eye ſo piercing, and ſeeth every thing ſo plain, that it is expoſed to his full cenſure; and though I will not doubt but that your virtue will diſappoint the ſharpeſt inquiries, yet few women can bear the having all they ſay or do repreſented in the clear glaſs of an underſtanding without faults. Nothing ſofteneth the arrogance of our nature like a mixture of ſome frailties. It is by them we are beſt told, that we muſt not ſtrike too hard upon others, becauſe we ourſelves do ſo often deſerve blows: they pull our rage by the ſleeve, and whiſper gentleneſs to us in our cenſures, even when they are rightly applied. The faults and paſſions of huſbands bring them down to you, and make them content to live upon leſs unequal terms than faultleſs men will be willing to ſtoop to; ſo haughty is mankind, till humbled by common weakneſſes and defects, which, in our corrupted ſtate, contribute more towards the reconciling us to one another than all the precepts of the philoſophers and divines. So that where the errors of our nature make amends for the diſadvantages of yours, it is more your part to make uſe of the benefit than to quarrel at the fault.

Thus, in caſe a drunken huſband ſhould fall to your ſhare, if you will be wiſe and patient, his wine ſhall be of your ſide; it

will throw a veil over your miſtakes, and will ſet out and improve every thing you do that he is pleaſed with. Others will like him leſs, and, by that means, he may perhaps like you the more. When, after having dined too well, he is received at home without a ſtorm, or ſo much as a reproaching look, the wine will naturally work out all in kindneſs, which a wife muſt encourage, let it be wrapped up in never ſo much impertinence. On the other ſide, it will boil up into rage, if the miſtaken wife ſhould treat him roughly, like a certain thing called a kind ſhrew, than which the world, with all its plenty, cannot ſhow a more ſenſeleſs, ill bred, forbidding creature. Conſider, that where the man will give ſuch frequent intermiſſions of the uſe of his reaſon, the wife inſenſibly getteth a right of governing in the vacancy, and that raiſeth her character and credit in the family to a higher pitch than perhaps could be done under a ſober huſband, who never putteth himſelf into an incapacity of holding the reins. If theſe are not entire conſolations, at leaſt they are remedies to ſome degree. They cannot make drunkenneſs a virtue, nor a huſband given to it a felicity; but you will do yourſelf no ill office in the endeavouring, by theſe means, to make the beſt of ſuch a lot, in caſe it ſhould happen to be your's; and, by the help of a wiſe obſervation, to make that very ſupportable, which would otherwiſe be a load that would oppreſs you.

The next caſe I will put is, that your huſband may be choleric or ill-humoured. To this it may be ſaid, that paſſionate men generally make amends at the foot of the account. Such a man, if he is angry one day without any ſenſe, will, the next day, be as kind without any reaſon: ſo that, by marking how the

the wheels of ſuch a man's head are uſed to move, you may eaſily bring over all his paſſions to your party. Inſtead of being ſtruck down by his thunder, you ſhall direct it where and upon whom you ſhall think it beſt applied. Thus are the ſtrongeſt poiſons turned to the beſt remedies; but then there muſt be art in it, and a ſkilful hand, elſe the leaſt bungling maketh it mortal. There is a great deal of nice care requiſite to deal with a man of this complexion. Choler proceedeth from pride, and maketh a man ſo partial to himſelf, that he ſwelleth againſt contradiction; and thinketh he is leſſened if he is oppoſed. You muſt, in this caſe, take heed of increaſing the ſtorm by an unwary word, or kindling the fire whilſt the wind is in a corner which may blow it in your face; you are dexterouſly to yield every thing till he beginneth to cool, and then, by ſlow degrees, you may riſe and gain upon him: your gentleneſs well-timed will, like a charm, diſpel his anger ill placed; a kind ſmile will reclaim, when a ſhrill pettiſh anſwer would provoke him; rather than fail upon ſuch occaſions, when other remedies are too weak, a little flattery may be admitted, which, by being neceſſary, will ceaſe to be criminal.

If ill-humour and ſullenneſs, and not open and ſudden heat, is his diſeaſe, there is a way of treating that too, ſo as to make it a grievance to be endured. In order to it, you are firſt to know, that, naturally, good ſenſe hath a mixture of ſurly in it; and there being ſo much folly in the world, and for the moſt part ſo triumphant, it giveth frequent temptations to raiſe the ſpleen of men who think right. Therefore, that which may generally be called ill-humour, is not always a fault; it becometh

one, when either it is wrong applied, or that it is continued too long when it is not ſo: for this reaſon, you muſt not too haſtily fix an ill name upon that which may perhaps not deſerve it; and though the caſe ſhould be, that your huſband might too ſourly reſent any thing he diſliketh, it may ſo happen, that more blame ſhall belong to your miſtake than to his ill-humour. If a huſband behaveth himſelf ſometimes with an indifference that a wife may think offenſive, ſhe is in the wrong to put the worſt ſenſe upon it, if by any means it will admit a better. Some wives will call it ill humour, if their huſbands change their ſtyle from that which they uſed whilſt they made their addreſſes to them: others will allow no intermiſſion or abatement in the expreſſions of kindneſs to them; not enough diſtinguiſhing times, and forgetting, that it is impoſſible for men to keep themſelves up all their lives to the height of ſome extravagant moments. A man may at ſome times be leſs careful in little things, without any cold or diſobliging reaſon for it; as a wife may be too expecting in ſmaller matters, without drawing upon herſelf the inference of being unkind. And if your huſband ſhould be really ſullen, and have ſuch frequent fits as might take away the excuſe of it, it concerneth you to have an eye prepared to diſcern the firſt appearances of cloudy weather, and to watch when the fit goeth off, which ſeldom laſteth long, if it is let alone. But, whilſt the mind is ſore, every thing galleth it, and that maketh it neceſſary to let the black humour begin to ſpend itſelf before you come and venture to undertake it.

If, in the lottery of the world, you ſhould draw a covetous huſband, I confeſs it will not make you proud of your good luck;

ſuck; yet even ſuch a one may be endured too, though there are few paſſions more untractable than that of avarice. You muſt firſt take care that your definition of avarice may not be a miſtake. You are to examine every circumſtance of your huſband's fortune, and weigh the reaſon of every thing you expect from him, before you have right to pronounce that ſentence. The complaint is now ſo general againſt all huſbands, that it giveth great ſuſpicion of its being often ill-grounded; it is impoſſible they ſhould all deſerve that cenſure, and therefore it is certain that it is many times miſapplied. He that ſpareth in every thing is an inexcuſable niggard; he that ſpareth in nothing is as inexcuſable a madman. The mean is, to ſpare in what is leaſt neceſſary; to lay out more liberally in what is moſt required in our ſeveral circumſtances. Yet this will not always ſatisfy. There are wives who are impatient of the rules of œconomy, and are apt to call their huſband's kindneſs in queſtion, if any other meaſure is put to their expence than of their own fancy. Be ſure to avoid this dangerous error, ſuch a partiality to yourſelf, which is ſo offenſive to an underſtanding man, that he will very ill bear a wife's giving herſelf ſuch an injurious preference to all the family, and whatever belongeth to it.

But, to admit the worſt, and that your huſband is really a cloſe-handed wretch; you muſt in this, as in other caſes, endeavour to make it leſs afflicting to you. And, firſt, you muſt obſerve ſeaſonable hours of ſpeaking. When you offer any thing in oppoſition to this reigning humour, a third hand, and a wiſe friend, may often prevail more than you will be allowed to do in your own cauſe. Sometimes you are dexterouſly to go

along

along with him in things, where you ſee that the niggardly part of his mind is moſt predominant, by which you will have the better opportunity of perſuading him in things where he may be more indifferent. Our paſſions are very unequal, and are apt to be raiſed or leſſened according as they work upon different objects; they are, too, to be ſtopped or reſtrained in thoſe things where our mind is more particularly engaged. In other matters they are more tractable, and will ſometimes give reaſon a hearing, and admit a fair diſpute. More than that, there are few men, even in this inſtance of avarice, ſo entirely abandoned to it, that at ſome hours, and upon ſome occaſions, will not forget their natures, and for that time turn prodigal. The ſame man who will grudge himſelf what is neceſſary, let his pride be raiſed, and he ſhall be profuſe; at another time his anger ſhall have the ſame effect; a fit of vanity, ambition, and ſometimes of kindneſs, ſhall open and enlarge his narrow mind; a doſe of wine will work upon this tough humour, and, for the time, diſſolve it. Your buſineſs muſt be, if this caſe happeneth, to watch theſe critical moments, and not let one of them ſlip without making your advantage of it; and a wife may be ſaid to want ſkill, if, by this means, ſhe is not able to ſecure herſelf, in a good meaſure, againſt the inconveniences this ſcurvy quality in a huſband might bring upon her, except he ſhould be ſuch an incurable monſter, as, I hope, will never fall to your ſhare.

The laſt ſuppoſition I will make is, that your huſband ſhould be weak, and incompetent to make uſe of the privileges that belong to him. It will be yielded, that ſuch a one leaveth room

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for a great many objections. But God Almighty ſeldom ſendeth a grievance without a remedy, or, at leaſt, ſuch a mitigation, as taketh away a great part of the ſting and the ſmart of it. To make ſuch a misfortune leſs heavy, you are firſt to bring to your obſervation, that a wife very often maketh a better figure for her huſband's making no great one; and there ſeemeth to be little reaſon, why the ſame lady that chooſeth a waiting-woman with worſe looks, may not be content with a huſband with leſs wit; the argument being equal from the advantage of the compariſon. If you will be more aſhamed, in ſome caſes, of ſuch a huſband, you will be leſs afraid than you would, perhaps, be of a wiſe one. His unſeaſonable weakneſs may, no doubt, ſometimes grieve you; but then ſet againſt this, that it giveth you the dominion, if you will make the right uſe of it. It is next to his being dead; in which caſe the wife hath right to adminiſter: therefore, be ſure, if you have ſuch an idiot, that none, except yourſelf, may have the benefit of the forfeiture; ſuch a fool is a dangerous beaſt, if others have the keeping of him; and you muſt be very undexterous, if, when your huſband ſhall reſolve to be an aſs, you do not take care he may be your aſs. But you muſt go ſkilfully about it; and, above all things, take heed of diſtinguiſhing in public what kind of huſband he is; your inward thoughts muſt not hinder the outward payment of the conſideration that is due to him: your ſlighting him in company, beſides that it would, to a diſcerning by-ſtander, give too great encouragement for the making nearer applications to you, is in itſelf ſuch an undecent way of aſſuming, that it may provoke the tame creature to break looſe, and to ſhow his dominion

for

for his credit, which he was content to forget for his eaſe. In ſhort, the ſureſt and the moſt approved method will be, to do like a wiſe miniſter to an eaſy prince; firſt give him the orders you afterwards receive from him.

With all this, that which you are to pray for, is a wiſe huſband; one that, by knowing how to be a maſter, for that very reaſon will not let you feel the weight of it; one whoſe authority is ſo ſoftened by his kindneſs, that giveth you eaſe without abridging your liberty; one that will return ſo much tenderneſs for your juſt eſteem of him, that you will never want power, though you will ſeldom care to uſe it. Such a huſband is as much above all the other kinds of them, as a rational ſubjection to a prince, great in himſelf, is to be preferred before the diſquiet and uneaſineſs of unlimited liberty.

Before I leave this head, I muſt add a little concerning your behaviour to your huſband's friends, which requireth the moſt refined part of your underſtanding to acquit yourſelf well of it. You are to ſtudy how to live with them with more care than you are to apply to any other part of your life; eſpecially at firſt, that you may not ſtumble at the firſt ſetting out. The family into which you are grafted will generally be apt to expect, that, like a ſtranger in a foreign country, you ſhould conform to their methods, and not bring in a new model by your own authority. The friends, in ſuch a caſe, are tempted to riſe up in arms as againſt an unlawful invaſion; ſo that you are, with the utmoſt caution, to avoid the leaſt appearances of any thing of this kind. And that you may, with leſs difficulty, afterwards give your directions, be ſure at firſt to receive them from

from your husband's friends. Gain them to you by early applying to them, and they will be so satisfied, that, as nothing is more thankful than pride when it is complied with, they will strive which of them shall most recommend you; and when they have helped you to take root in your husband's good opinion, you will have less dependance upon theirs, though you must not neglect any reasonable means of preserving it. You are to consider, that a man governed by his friends is very easily inflamed by them; and that one who is not so, will yet, for his own sake, expect to have them considered. It is easily improved to a point of honour in a husband not to have his relations neglected; and nothing is more dangerous than to raise an objection, which is grounded upon pride: it is the most stubborn and lasting passion we are subject to; and where it is the first cause of the war, it is very hard to make a secure peace. Your caution in this is of the last importance to you.

And that you may the better succeed in it, carry a strict eye upon the impertinence of your servants; take heed that their ill-humour may not engage you to take exceptions, or their too much assuming in small matters, raise consequences which may bring you under great disadvantage. Remember, that in the case of a royal bride, those about her are generally so far suspected to bring in a foreign interest, that, in most countries, they are insensibly reduced to a very small number, and those of so low a figure, that it does not admit the being jealous of them. In little, and in the proportion, this may be the case of every new married woman; and therefore, it may be more advisable

for you to gain the ſervants you find in a family, than to tie yourſelf too faſt to thoſe you carry into it.

You are not to overlook theſe ſmall reflections, becauſe they may appear low and inconſiderable; for it may be ſaid, that as the greateſt ſtreams are made up of the ſmall drops at the head of the ſprings from whence they are derived, ſo the greater circumſtances of your life will be, in ſome degree, directed by theſe ſeeming trifles; which, having the advantage of being the firſt acts of it, have a greater effect than ſingly in their own nature they could pretend to.

I will conclude this article with my advice, that you would, as much as nature will give you leave, endeavour to forget the great indulgence you have found at home. After ſuch a gentle diſcipline as you have been under, every thing you diſlike will ſeem the harſher to you. The tenderneſs we have had for you, my dear, is of another nature, peculiar to kind parents, and differing from that which you will meet with firſt in any family into which you ſhall be tranſplanted; and yet they may be very kind too, and afford no juſtifiable reaſon to you to complain. You muſt not be frighted with the firſt appearances of a differing ſcene; for when you are uſed to it, you may like the houſe you go to better than that you left; and your huſband's kindneſs will have ſo much advantage of ours, that we ſhall yield up all competition; and as well as we love you, be very well contented to ſurrender to ſuch a rival.

HOUSE,

HOUSE, FAMILY, AND CHILDREN.

YOU muſt lay before you, my dear, that there are degrees of care to recommend yourſelf to the world in the ſeveral parts of your life. In many things, though the doing them well may raiſe your credit and eſteem, yet the omiſſion of them would draw no immediate reproach upon you: in others, where your duty is more particularly applied, the neglect of them is amongſt thoſe faults which are not forgiven, and will bring you under a cenſure, which will be much a heavier thing than the trouble you would avoid. Of this kind is the government of your houſe, family, and children; which, ſince it is the province allotted to your ſex, and that the diſcharging it well will, for that reaſon, be expected from you; if you either deſert it out of lazineſs, or manage it ill for want of ſkill, inſtead of a help you will be an incumbrance to the family where you are placed.

I muſt tell you, that no reſpect is laſting but that which is produced by our being in ſome degree uſeful to thoſe that pay it. Where that faileth, the homage and the reverence go along with it, and fly to others, where ſomething may be expected in exchange for them. And, upon this principle, the reſpects even

of the children and the ſervants will not ſtay with one that doth not think them worth their care; and the old houſe-keeper ſhall make a better figure in the family than the lady with all her fine clothes, if ſhe wilfully relinquiſhes her title to the government. Therefore, take heed of carrying your good breeding to ſuch a height as to be good for nothing, and to be proud of it. Some think it hath a great air to be above troubling their thoughts with ſuch ordinary things as their houſe and family; others dare not admit cares, for fear they ſhould haſten wrinkles: miſtaken pride maketh ſome think they muſt keep themſelves up, and not deſcend to theſe duties, which do not ſeem enough refined for great ladies to be employed in; forgetting all this while, that it is more than the greateſt princes can do, at once to preſerve reſpect and to neglect their buſineſs. No age ever erected altars to inſignificant gods: they had all ſome quality applied to them, to draw worſhip from mankind: this maketh it the more unreaſonable for a lady to expect to be conſidered, and at the ſame time reſolve not to deſerve it. Good looks alone will not do; they are not ſuch a laſting tenure as to be relied upon; and if they ſhould ſtay longer than they uſually do, it will by no means be ſafe to depend upon them: for when time hath abated the violence of the firſt liking, and that the nap is a little worn off, though ſtill a good degree of kindneſs may remain, men recover their ſight, which before might be dazzled, and allow themſelves to object as well as to admire.

In ſuch a caſe, when a huſband ſeeth an empty airy thing ſail up and down the houſe to no kind of purpoſe, and look as if ſhe

ſhe came thither only to make a viſit: when he findeth, that after her emptineſs hath been extreme buſy about ſome very ſenſeleſs thing, ſhe eats her breakfaſt half an hour before dinner, to be at greater liberty to afflict the company with her diſcourſe; then calleth for her coach, that ſhe may trouble her acquaintance, who are already cloyed with her; and having ſome proper dialogues ready to diſplay her fooliſh eloquence at the top of the ſtairs, ſhe ſetteth out like a ſhip out of the harbour, laden with trifles, and cometh back with them; at her return ſhe repeateth to her faithful waiting-woman the triumphs of that day's impertinence; then wrapped up in flattery and clean linen, goeth to bed ſo ſatisfied, that it throweth her into pleaſant dreams of her own felicity: ſuch a one is ſeldom ſerious but with her tailor; her children and family may now and then have a random thought, but ſhe never taketh aim but at ſomething very impertinent: I ſay, when a huſband, whoſe province is without doors, and to whom the œconomy of the houſe would be in ſome degree indecent, findeth no order nor quiet in his family, meeteth with complaints of all kinds ſpringing from this root; the miſtaken lady, who thinketh to make amends for all this, by having a well choſen petticoat, will at laſt be convinced of her error, and with grief be forced to undergo the penalties that belong to thoſe who are wilfully inſignificant. When this ſcurvy hour cometh upon her, ſhe firſt groweth angry; then when the time of it is paſt, would perhaps grow wiſer, not remembering that we can no more have wiſdom than grace whenever we think fit to call for it. There are times and periods fixed for both; and when they are too long neglected,

fected, the puniſhment is, that they are irrecoverable, and nothing remaineth but an uſeleſs grief for the folly of having thrown them out of our power. You are to think what a mean figure a woman maketh, when ſhe is ſo degraded by her own fault; whereas there is nothing in thoſe duties which are expected from you that can be a leſſening to you, except your want of conduct makes it ſo. You may love your children, without living in the nurſery; and you may have a competent and diſcreet care of them without letting it break out upon the company, or expoſing yourſelf by turning your diſcourſe that way, which is a kind of laying children to the pariſh; and it can hardly be done any where, that thoſe who bear it will be ſo forgiving as not to think they are overcharged with them. A woman's tenderneſs to her children is one of the leaſt deceitful evidences of her virtue; but yet the way of expreſſing it muſt be ſubject to the rules of good breeding: and though a woman of quality ought not to be leſs kind to them than mothers of the meaneſt rank are to theirs, yet ſhe may diſtinguiſh herſelf in the manner, and avoid the coarſe methods which in women of a lower ſize might be more excuſable. You muſt begin early to make them love you, that they may obey you. This mixture is no where more neceſſary than in children. And I muſt tell you, that you are not to expect returns of kindneſs from yours, if ever you have any, without grains of allowance; and yet it is not ſo much a defect in their good-nature, as a ſhortneſs of thought in them. Their firſt inſufficiency maketh them lean ſo entirely upon their parents for what is neceſſary, that the habit of it maketh them continue the ſame expectations for what is

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unreaſonable; and as often as they are denied, ſo often they think they are injured; and whilſt their deſires are ſtrong, and their reaſons yet in the cradle, their anger looketh no farther than the thing they long for, and cannot have; and to be diſpleaſed for their own good is a maxim they are very ſlow to underſtand: ſo that you may conclude, the firſt thoughts of your children will have no ſmall mixture of mutiny; which being ſo natural, you muſt not be angry, except you would increaſe it. You muſt deny them as ſeldom as you can; and when there is no avoiding it, you muſt do it gently: you muſt flatter away their ill humour, and take the next opportunity of pleaſing them in ſome other thing, before they either aſk or look for it: this will ſtrengthen your authority, by making it ſoft to them; and confirm their obedience, by making it their intereſt. You are to have as ſtrict a guard upon yourſelf amongſt your children, as if you were amongſt your enemies. They are apt to make wrong inferences, to take encouragement from half words, and miſapply what you may ſay or do, ſo as either to leſſen their duty, or to extend their liberty farther than is convenient. Let them be more in awe of your kindneſs than of your power. And, above all, take heed of ſupporting a favourite child in its impertinence, which will give right to the reſt of claiming the ſame privilege. If you have a divided number, leave the boys to the father's more peculiar care, that you may with the greater juſtice pretend to a more immediate juriſdiction over thoſe of your own ſex. You are to live ſo with them, that they may never chuſe to avoid you except when they have offended, and then let them tremble that they may diſtinguiſh; but their pe-

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nance muſt not continue ſo long as to grow too ſour upon their ſtomachs, that it may not harden inſtead of correcting them: the kind and ſevere part muſt have their ſeveral turns ſeaſonably applied; but your indulgence is to have the broader mixture, that love, rather than fear, may be the root of their obedience.

Your ſervants are, in the next place, to be conſidered; and you muſt remember not to fall into the miſtake of thinking, that, becauſe they receive wages, and are ſo much inferior to you, therefore they are below your care to know how to manage them. It would be as good reaſon for a maſter workman to deſpiſe the wheels of his engines, becauſe they are made of wood. Theſe are the wheels of your family; and let your directions be never ſo faultleſs, yet if theſe engines ſtop, or move wrong, the whole order of your houſe is either at a ſtand or diſcompoſed. Beſides, the inequality which is between you muſt not make you forget that nature maketh no ſuch diſtinction; but that ſervants may be looked upon as humble friends; and that returns of kindneſs and good uſage are as much due to ſuch of them as deſerve it, as their ſervice is due to us when we require it. A fooliſh haughtineſs in the ſtyle of ſpeaking, or in the manner of commanding them, is, in itſelf, very undecent; beſides, that it begetteth an averſion in them, of which the leaſt ill effect to be expected is, that they will be ſlow and careleſs in all that is enjoined them: and you will find it true by your experience, that you will be ſo much the more obeyed as you are leſs imperious. Be not too haſty in giving your orders, nor too angry when they are not altogether obſerved; much leſs are you to be loud, and too much diſturbed: an evenneſs in diſtinguiſh-

guiſhing when they do well or ill, is that which will make your family move by a rule and without noiſe, and will the better ſet out your ſkill in conducting it with eaſe and ſilence, that it may be like a well-diſciplined army, which knoweth how to anticipate the orders that are fit to be given them. You are never to neglect the duty of the preſent hour to do another thing, which, though it may be better in itſelf, is not to be unſeaſonably preferred. Allot well-choſen hours for the inſpection of your family, which may be ſo diſtinguiſhed from the reſt of your time, that the neceſſary cares may come in their proper place, without any influence upon your good-humour, or interruption to other things. By theſe methods you will put yourſelf in poſſeſſion of being valued by your ſervants, and then their obedience will naturally follow.

I muſt not forget one of the greateſt articles belonging to a family, which is the expence. It muſt not be ſuch as, by failing either in the time or meaſure of it, may rather draw cenſure than gain applauſe. If it was well examined, there is more money given to be laughed at than for any one thing in the world, though the purchaſers do not think ſo. A well-ſtated rule is like the line, when that is once paſſed we are under another pole; ſo the firſt ſtraying from a rule is a ſtep towards making that, which was before a virtue, to change its nature, and to grow either into a vice, or at leaſt an impertinence. The art of laying out money wiſely is not attained to without a great deal of thought; and it is yet more difficult in the caſe of a wife, who is accountable to her huſband for her miſtakes in it. It is not only his money, his credit too is at ſtake, if what lieth un-

der the wife's care is managed either with undecent thrift or too loose profusion. You are therefore to keep the mean between these two extremes; and it being hardly possible to hold the balance exactly even, let it rather incline towards the liberal side, as more suitable to your quality, and less subject to reproach. Of the two, a little money misspent is sooner recovered, than the credit which is lost by having it unhandsomely saved: and a wise husband will less forgive a shameful piece of parsimony, than a little extravagance, if it be not too often repeated. His mind in this must be your chief direction; and his temper, when once known, will, in great measure, justify your part in the management, if he is pleased with it.

In your clothes avoid being too much gaudy; do not value yourself upon an embroidered gown; and remember that a reasonable word, or an obliging look, will gain you more respect than all your fine trappings. This is not said to restrain you from a decent compliance with the world, provided you take the wiser, and not the foolisher, part of your sex for your pattern. Some distinctions are to be allowed, whilst they are well suited to your quality and fortune; and, in the distribution of the expence, it seemeth to me, that a full attendance, and well-chosen ornaments for your house, will make you a better figure than too much glittering in what you wear, which may with more ease be imitated by those that are below you. Yet this must not tempt you to starve every thing but your own apartment; or, in order to more abundance there, give just cause to the least servant you have to complain of the want of what is necessary. Above all, fix it in your thoughts, as an unchangeable maxim, that

that nothing is truly fine but what is fit; and that juſt ſo much as is proper for your circumſtances of their ſeveral kinds is much finer than all you can add to it. When you once break through theſe bounds, you launch into a wide ſea of extravagance. Every thing will become neceſſary, becauſe you have a mind to it; and you have a mind to it, not becauſe it is fit for you, but becauſe ſome body elſe hath it. This lady's logic ſetteth reaſon upon its head, by carrying the rule from things to perſons, and appealing from what is right to every fool that is in the wrong. The word *neceſſary* is miſerably applied; it diſordereth families, and overturneth governments, by being ſo abuſed. Remember, that children and fools want every thing, becauſe they want wit to diſtinguiſh; and therefore there is no ſtronger evidence of a crazy underſtanding than the making too large a catalogue of things neceſſary, when, in truth, there are ſo very few things that have a right to be placed in it. Try every thing firſt in your judgment, before you allow it a place in your deſire; elſe your huſband may think it as neceſſary for him to deny, as it is for you to have, whatever is unreaſonable; and if you ſhall too often give him that advantage, the habit of refuſing may, perhaps, reach to things that are not unfit for you.

There are unthinking ladies, who do not enough conſider how little their own figure agreeth with the fine things they are ſo proud of. Others, when they have them, will hardly allow them to be viſible; they cannot be ſeen without light, and that is many times ſo ſaucy and ſo prying, that, like a too forward gallant, it is to be forbid the chamber. Some, when you are uſhered into their dark ruelle, it is with ſuch ſolemnity, that a

man would ſwear there was ſomething in it, till the unſkilful lady breaketh ſilence, and beginneth a chat, which diſcovereth it as a puppet-play with magnificent ſcenes. Many eſteem things rather as they are hard to be gotten, than that they are worth getting: this looketh as if they had an intereſt to purſue that maxim, becauſe a great part of their own value dependeth upon it. Truth in theſe caſes would be often unmannerly, and might derogate from the prerogative great ladies would aſſume to themſelves, of being diſtinct creatures from thoſe of their ſex which are inferior, and of leſs difficult acceſs.

In other things, too, your condition muſt give the rule to you, and therefore it is not a wife's part to aim at more than a bounded liberality; the farther extent of that quality (otherwiſe to be commended) belongeth to the huſband, who hath better means for it. Generoſity wrong placed becometh a vice: it is no more a virtue when it groweth into an inconvenience: virtues muſt be enlarged or reſtrained according to differing circumſtances. A princely mind will undo a private family; therefore things muſt be ſuited, or elſe they will not deſerve to be commended, let them in themſelves be never ſo valuable; and the expectations of the world are beſt anſwered, when we acquit ourſelves in that manner which ſeemeth to be preſcribed to our ſeveral conditions, without uſurping upon thoſe duties which do not ſo particularly belong to us.

I will cloſe the conſideration of this article of expence with this ſhort word: do not fetter yourſelf with ſuch a reſtraint in it as may make you remarkable; but remember, that virtue is the greateſt ornament, and good ſenſe the beſt equipage.

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BEHAVIOUR AND CONVERSATION.

IT is time now to lead you out of your houſe into the world. A dangerous ſtep; where your virtue alone will not ſecure you, except it is attended with a great deal of prudence. You muſt have both for your guard, and not ſtir without them. The enemy is abroad, and you are ſure to be taken if you are found ſtraggling. Your behaviour is therefore to incline ſtrongly towards the reſerved part; your character is to be immoveably fixed upon that bottom, not excluding a mixture of greater freedom, as far as it may be innocent and well-timed. The extravagancies of the age have made caution more neceſſary; and, by the ſame reaſon that the too great licenſe of ill men hath, by conſequence, in many things reſtrained the lawful liberty of thoſe who did not abuſe it, the unjuſtifiable freedoms of ſome of your ſex have involved the reſt in the penalty of being reduced. And though this cannot ſo alter the nature of things, as to make that criminal which in itſelf is indifferent; yet if it maketh it dangerous, that alone is ſufficient to juſtify the reſtraint. A cloſe behaviour is the fitteſt to receive virtue for its conſtant gueſt, becauſe there, and there only, it can be ſecure. Proper reſerves are the outworks, and muſt

muſt never be deſerted by thoſe who intend to keep the place; they keep off the poſſibilities not only of being taken, but of being attempted; and if a woman ſeeth danger, though at never ſo remote a diſtance, ſhe is for that time to ſhorten her line of liberty. She who will allow herſelf to go to the utmoſt extent of every thing that is lawful, is ſo very near of going farther, that thoſe who lie at watch will begin to count upon her.

Mankind, from the double temptation of vanity and deſire, is apt to turn every thing a woman doth to the hopeful ſide; and there are few who dare make an impudent application till they diſcern ſomething which they are willing to take for an encouragement. It is ſafer therefore to prevent ſuch forwardneſs, than to go about to cure it. It gathereth ſtrength by the firſt allowances, and claimeth a right from having been at any time ſuffered with impunity. Therefore, nothing is with more care to be avoided than ſuch a kind of civility as may be miſtaken for invitation: and it will not be enough for you to keep yourſelf free from any criminal engagements; for if you do that which either raiſeth hopes, or createth diſcourſe, there is a ſpot thrown upon your good name; and thoſe kind of ſtains are the harder to be taken out, being dropped upon you by the man's vanity as well as by the woman's malice.

Moſt men are in one ſenſe Platonic lovers, though they are not willing to own that character. They are ſo far philoſophers, as to allow that the greateſt part of pleaſure lieth in the mind; and, in purſuance of that maxim, there are few who do not place the felicity more in the opinion of the world of their being proſperous lovers than in the bleſſing itſelf, how much ſoever

ſoever they appear to value it. This being ſo, you muſt be very cautious not to gratify theſe camelions at the price of bringing a cloud upon your reputation, which may be deeply wounded, though your conſcience is unconcerned.

Yor own ſex, too, will not fail to help the leaſt appearance that giveth a handle to be ill-turned. The beſt of them will not be diſpleaſed to improve their own value, by laying others under a diſadvantage, when there is a fair occaſion given for it. It diſtinguiſheth them ſtill the more; their own credit is more exalted; and, like a picture ſet off with ſhades, ſhineth more, when a lady, either leſs innocent, or leſs diſcreet, is ſet near, to make them appear ſo much the brighter. If theſe lend their breath to blaſt ſuch as are ſo unwary as to give them this advantage, you may be ſure there will be a ſtronger gale from thoſe who, beſides malice or emulation, have an intereſt too to ſtrike hard upon a virtuous woman. It ſeemeth to them, that their load of infamy is leſſened by throwing part of it upon others: ſo that they will not only improve when it lieth in their way, but take pains to find out the leaſt miſtake an innocent woman committeth, in revenge of the injury ſhe doth in leading a life which is a reproach to them. With theſe you muſt be extreme wary, and neither provoke them to be angry, nor invite them to be intimate.

To the men you are to have a behaviour which may ſecure you, without offending them. No ill-bred affected ſhyneſs, nor a roughneſs unſuitable to your ſex, and unneceſſary to your virtue; but a way of living that may prevent all coarſe raillaries of unmannerly freedoms; looks that forbid without rude-

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neſs, and oblige without invitation, or leaving room for the ſaucy inferences men's vanity ſuggeſteth to them upon the leaſt encouragements. This is ſo very nice, that it muſt engage you to have a perpetual watch upon your eyes; and to remember, that one careleſs glance giveth more advantage than a hundred words not enough conſidered; the language of the eyes being very much the moſt ſignifieant, and the moſt obſerved.

Your civility, which is always to be preſerved, muſt not be carried to a compliance, which may betray you into irrecoverable miſtakes. This French ambiguous word *complaiſance* hath led your ſex into more blame than all other things put together. It carried them by degrees into a certain thing called a good kind of woman, an eaſy, idle creature, that doth neither good nor ill but by chance; hath no choice, but leaveth that to the company ſhe keepeth. Time, which by degrees addeth to the ſignification of words, hath made her, according to the modern ſtyle, little better than one who thinketh it a rudeneſs to deny, when civilly required, either her ſervice in perſon, or her friendly aſſiſtance, to thoſe who would have a meeting, or want a confidant. She is a certain thing always at hand, an eaſy companion, who hath ever great compaſſion for diſtreſſed lovers: ſhe cenſureth nothing but rigour; and is never without a plaiſter for a wounded reputation, in which chiefly lieth her ſkill in chirurgery; ſhe ſeldom hath the propriety of any particular gallant, but liveth upon brokage, and waiteth for the ſcraps her friends are content to leave her.

There is another character not quite ſo criminal, yet not leſs ridiculous; which is that of a good humoured woman, one who think-

thinketh ſhe muſt always be in a laugh, or a broad ſmile, becauſe good-humour is an obliging quality: thinketh it leſs ill manners to talk impertinently than to be ſilent in company. When ſuch a prating engine rideth admiral, and carrieth the lanthorn in a circle of fools, a cheerful coxcomb coming in for a recruit, the chattering of monkeys is a better noiſe than ſuch a concert of ſenſeleſs merriment. If ſhe is applauded in it, ſhe is ſo encouraged, that, like a ballad-ſinger, who, if commended, breaketh his lungs, ſhe letteth herſelf looſe, and overfloweth upon the company. She conceiveth that mirth is to have no intermiſſion, and therefore ſhe will carry it about with her, though it be to a funeral; and if a man ſhould put a familiar queſtion, ſhe doth not know very well how to be angry, for then ſhe would be no more that pretty thing called a good-humoured woman. This neceſſity of appearing at all times to be ſo infinitely pleaſed is a grievous miſtake; ſince in a handſome woman that invitation is unneceſſary, and in one who is not ſo ridiculous. It is not intended by this, that you ſhould forſwear laughing; but remember, that fools, being always painted in that poſture, it may fright thoſe who are wiſe from doing it too frequently, and going too near a copy which is ſo little inviting; and much more from doing it loud, which is an unnatural ſound, and looketh ſo much like another ſex, that few things are more offenſive. That boiſterous kind of jollity is as contrary to wit and good manners as it is to modeſty and virtue. Beſides, it is a coarſe kind of quality, that throweth a woman into a lower form, and degradeth her from the rank of thoſe who are more refined. Some ladies ſpeak loud, and make a noiſe to be the

more minded, which looketh as if they beat their drums for volunteers; and if by misfortune none come in to them, they may, not without reason, be a good deal out of countenance.

There is one thing yet more to be avoided, which is the example of those who intend nothing farther than the vanity of conquest, and think themselves secure of not having their honour tainted by it. Some are apt to believe their virtue is too obscure, and not enough known, except it is exposed to a broader light, and set out to its best advantage, by some public trials. These are dangerous experiments, and generally fail; being built upon so weak a foundation as that of a too great confidence in ourselves. It is as safe to play with fire as to dally with gallantry. Love is a passion that hath friends in the garrison; and, for that reason, must, by a woman, be kept at such a distance, that she may not be within the danger of doing the most usual thing in the world, which is conspiring against herself; else the humble gallant, who is only admitted as a trophy, very often becometh the conqueror; he putteth on the style of victory, and, from an admirer, groweth into a master; for so he may be called from the moment he is in possession. The first resolutions of stopping a good opinion and esteem grow weaker by degrees against the charms of courtship skilfully applied. A lady is apt to think a man speaketh so much reason whilst he is commending her, that she hath much ado to believe him in the wrong when he is making love to her; and when, besides the natural inducements your sex hath to be merciful, she is bribed by well-chosen flattery, the poor creature is in danger of being caught like a bird listening to the whistle

whiſtle of one that hath a ſnare for it. Conqueſt is ſo tempting a thing, that it often maketh women miſtake men's ſubmiſſion; which, with all their fair appearance, have generally leſs reſpect than art in them. You are to remember, that men who ſay extreme fine things, many times ſay them moſt for their own ſakes; any that the vain gallant is often as well pleaſed with his own compliments, as he could be with the kindeſt anſwer. Where there is not that oſtentation, you are to ſuſpect there is deſign. And as ſtrong perfumes are ſeldom uſed, but where they are neceſſary to ſmother an unwelcome ſcent, ſo exceſſive good words leave room to believe they are ſtrewed to cover ſomething which is to gain admittance under a diſguiſe. You muſt therefore be upon your guard; and conſider, that, of the two, reſpect is more dangerous than anger. It puts even the beſt underſtandings out of their place for the time, till their ſecond thoughts reſtore them; it ſtealeth upon us inſenſibly, throweth down our defences, and maketh it too late to reſiſt, after we have given it that advantage. Whereas railing goeth away in a ſound; it hath ſo much noiſe in it, that, by giving warning, it beſpeaketh caution. Reſpect is a ſlow and a ſure poiſon, and, like poiſon, ſwelleth us within ourſelves: where it prevaileth too much, it groweth to be a kind of apoplexy in the mind, turneth it quite round, and, after it hath once ſeized the underſtanding, becometh mortal to it. For theſe reaſons, the ſafeſt way is to treat it like a ſly enemy, and to be perpetually upon the watch againſt it.

I will add one advice to conclude this head, which is, that you will let every ſeven years make ſome alteration in you towards the graver ſide, and not be like the girls of fifty, who

reſolve to be always young, whatever time with his iron teeth hath determined to the contrary. Unnatural things carry a deformity in them never to be diſguiſed; the livelineſs of youth in a riper age looketh like a new patch upon an old gown: ſo that a gay matron, a cheerful old fool, may be reaſonably put into the liſt of the tamer kind of monſters. There is a certain creature called a grave hobby-horſe, a kind of a ſhe-numps, that pretendeth to be pulled to a play, and muſt needs go to Bartholomew fair to look after the young folks, whom ſhe only ſeemeth to make her care; in reality, ſhe taketh them for her excuſe Such an old butterfly is of all creatures the moſt ridiculous, and the ſooneſt found out. It is good to be early in your caution, to avoid any thing that cometh within diſtance of ſuch deſpicable patterns; and not like ſome ladies, who defer their converſion till they have been ſo long in poſſeſſion of being laughed at, that the world doth not know how to change their ſtyle, even when they are reclaimed from that which gave the firſt occaſion for it.

The advantages of being reſerved are too many to be ſet down; I will only ſay, that it is a guard to a good woman, and a diſguiſe to an ill one. It is of ſo much uſe to both, that thoſe ought to uſe it as an artifice who refuſe to practiſe it as a virtue.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIPS.

I MUST, in a particular manner, recommend to you a ſtrict care in the choice of your friendſhips. Perhaps the beſt are not without their objections: but, however, be ſure that yours may not ſtray from the rules which the wiſer part of the world hath ſet to them. The leagues offenſive and defenſive ſeldom hold in politics, and much leſs in friendſhips. The violent intimacies, when once broken, of which they ſcarce ever fail, make ſuch a noiſe; the bag of ſecrets untied, they fly about like birds let looſe from a cage, and become the entertainment of the town. Beſides, theſe great dearneſſes by degrees grow injurious to the reſt of your acquaintance, and throw them off from you. There is ſuch an offenſive diſtinction when the dear friend cometh into the room, that it is flinging ſtones at the company, who are not apt to forgive it.

Do not lay out your friendſhip too laviſhly at firſt, ſince it will, like other things, be ſo much the ſooner ſpent; neither let it be of too ſudden a growth; for as the plants which ſhoot up too faſt are not of that continuance as thoſe which take more time for it, ſo too ſwift a progreſs in pouring out your kindneſs, is a certain ſign that, by the courſe of nature, it will not be long-

long-lived. You will be reſponſible to the world, if you pitch upon ſuch friends as at the time are under the weight of any criminal objection. In that caſe you will bring yourſelf under the diſadvantages of their character, and muſt bear your part of it. Chooſing implieth approving; and if you fix upon a lady for your friend, againſt whom the world ſhall have given judgment, it is not ſo well-natured as to believe you are altogether averſe to her way of living, ſince it doth not diſcourage you from admittting her into your kindneſs: and reſemblance of inclinations being thought none of the leaſt inducements to friendſhip, you will be looked upon, at leaſt, as a wellwiſher, if not a partner, with her in her faults. If you can forgive them in another, it may be preſumed, you will not be leſs gentle to yourſelf; and, therefore, you muſt not take it ill if you are reckoned a *croupiere*, and condemned to pay an equal ſhare with ſuch a friend of the reputation ſhe hath loſt.

If it happeneth that your friend ſhould fall from the ſtate of innocence, after your kindneſs was engaged to her, you may be ſlow in your belief in the beginning of the diſcovery; but as ſoon as you are convinced by a rational evidence, you muſt, without breaking too roughly, make a fair and a quick retreat from ſuch a miſtaken acquaintance; elſe, by moving too ſlowly from one that is ſo tainted, the contagion may reach you ſo far as to give you part of the ſcandal, though not of the guilt. This matter is ſo nice, that as you muſt not be too haſty to join in the cenſure upon your friend, when ſhe is accuſed, ſo you are not, on the other ſide, to defend her with too much warmth; for, if ſhe ſhould happen to deſerve the report of common fame,

fame, beſides the vexation that belongeth to ſuch a miſtake, you will draw an ill appearance upon yourſelf; and it will be thought you pleaded for her not without ſome conſideration of yourſelf. The anger, which muſt be put on to vindicate the reputation of an injured friend, may incline the company to ſuſpect you would not be ſo zealous, if there was not a poſſibility that the caſe might be your own. For this reaſon, you are not to carry your dearneſs ſo far as abſolutely to loſe your ſight where your friend is concerned: becauſe malice is too quick-ſighted, it doth not follow that friendſhip muſt be blind: there is to be a mean between theſe two extremes, elſe your exceſs of good-nature may betray you into a very ridiculous figure, and, by degrees, you may be preferred to ſuch offices as you will not be proud of. Your ignorance may leſſen the guilt, but will improve the jeſt upon you, who ſhall be kindly ſolicitous to procure a meeting, and innocently contribute to the ills you would avoid; whilſt the contriving lovers, when they are alone, ſhall make you the ſubject of their mirth; and, perhaps (with reſpect to the goddeſs of love be it ſpoken), it is not the worſt part of their entertainment; at leaſt it is the moſt laſting, to laugh at the believing friend who was ſo eaſily deluded.

Let the good ſenſe of your friends be a chief ingredient in your choice of them; elſe, let your reputation be never ſo clear, it may be clouded by their impertinence. It is like our houſes being in the power of a drunken or a careleſs neighbour; only ſo much worſe, as that there will be no inſurance here to make you amends, as there is in the caſe of fire.

To conclude this paragraph: if formality is to be allowed in

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any inſtance, it is to be put on to reſiſt the invaſion of ſuch forward women as ſhall preſs themſelves into your friendſhip; where, if admitted, they will either be a ſnare or an incumbrance.



CEN-

CENSURE.

I WILL come next to the conſideration, how you are to manage your cenſure; in which both care and ſkill will be a good deal required. To diſtinguiſh is not only natural, but neceſſary; and the effect of it is, that we cannot avoid giving judgment in our minds, either to abſolve or to condemn, as the caſe requireth. The difficulty is, to know when and where it is fit to proclaim the ſentence. An averſion to what is criminal, a contempt of what is ridiculous, are the inſeparable companions of underſtanding and virtue; but the letting them go farther than our thoughts hath ſo much danger in it, that though it is neither poſſible nor fit to ſuppreſs them entirely, yet it is neceſſary they ſhould be kept under very great reſtraints. An unlimited liberty of this kind is little leſs than ſending an herald, and proclaiming war to the world, which is an angry beaſt when ſo provoked. The conteſt will be unequal, though you are never ſo much in the right; and if you begin againſt ſuch an adverſary, it will tear you in pieces, with this juſtification, that it is done in its own defence. You muſt therefore take heed of laughing, except in company that is very ſure. It is throwing ſnowballs againſt bullets; and it

is the diſadvantage of a woman, that the malice of the world will help the brutality of thoſe who will throw a ſlovenly untruth upon her. You are for this reaſon to ſuppreſs your impatience for fools; who, beſides that they are too ſtrong a party to be unneceſſarily provoked, are of all others the moſt dangerous in this caſe. A blockhead in his rage will return a dull jeſt that will lie heavy, though there is not a grain of wit in it. Others will do it with more art; and you muſt not think yourſelf ſecure, becauſe your reputation may, perhaps, be out of the reach of ill-will; for if it findeth that part guarded, it will ſeek one which is more expoſed. It flieth, like a corrupt humour in the body, to the weakeſt part. If you have a tender ſide, the world will be ſure to find it, and to put the worſt colour upon all you ſay or do; give an aggravation to every thing that may leſſen you; and a ſpiteful turn to every thing that may recommend you. Anger layeth open thoſe defects which friendſhip would not ſee, and civility might be willing to forget. Malice needeth no ſuch invitation to encourage it; neither are any pains more ſuperfluous than thoſe we take to be ill ſpoken of. If envy, which never dieth, and ſeldom ſleepeth, is content ſometimes to be in a ſlumber, it is very unſkilful to make a noiſe to awake it.

Beſides, your wit will be miſapplied if it is wholly directed to diſcern the faults of others, when it is ſo neceſſary to be often uſed to mend and prevent your own. The ſending our thoughts too much abroad hath the ſame effect, as when a family never ſtayeth at home; neglect and diſorder naturally follow; as it muſt do within ourſelves, if we do not frequently turn our eyes in-

inwards, to ſee what is amiſs with us; where it is a ſign we have an unwelcome proſpect, when we do not care to look upon it, but rather ſeek our conſolations in the faults of thoſe we converſe with.

Avoid being the firſt in fixing a hard cenſure; let it be confirmed by the general voice, before you give into it: neither are you then to give ſentence like a magiſtrate, or as if you had a ſpecial authority to beſtow a good or ill name at your diſcretion. Do not dwell too long upon a weak ſide, touch and go away; take pleaſure to ſtay longer where you can commend; like bees, that fix only upon thoſe herbs out of which they may extract the juice of which their honey is compoſed. A virtue ſtuck with briſtles is too rough for this age; it muſt be adorned with ſome flowers, or elſe it will be unwillingly entertained: ſo that even where it may be fit to ſtrike, do it like a lady, gently; and aſſure yourſelf, that where you care to do it, you will wound others more, and hurt yourſelf leſs, by ſoft ſtrokes, than by being harſh or violent.

The triumph of wit is to make your good-nature ſubdue your cenſure; to be quick in ſeeing faults, and ſlow in expoſing them. You are to conſider, that the inviſible thing called a good name is made up of the breath of numbers that ſpeak well of you; ſo that if by a diſobliging word you ſilence the meaneſt, the gale will be leſs ſtrong which is to bear up your eſteem. And though nothing is ſo vain as the eager purſuit of empty applauſe, yet to be well thought of, and to be kindly uſed, by the world, is like a glory about a woman's head; it is a perfume ſhe carrieth about with her, and leaveth wher-

ever ſhe goeth; it is a charm againſt ill-will. Malice may empty her quiver, but cannot wound; the dirt will not ſtick; the jeſts will not take; without the conſent of the world a ſcandal doth not go deep; it is only a ſlight ſtroke upon the injured party, and returneth with the greater force upon thoſe that gave it.



VANITY AND AFFECTATION.

I MUST with more than ordinary earneſtneſs give you caution againſt vanity, it being the fault to which your ſex ſeemeth to be the moſt inclined; and ſince affectation, for the moſt part, attendeth it, I do not know how to divide them. I will not call them twins, becauſe, more properly, vanity is the mother, and affectation is the darling daughter; vanity is the ſin, and affectation is the puniſhment; the firſt may be called the root of ſelf-love, the other the fruit. Vanity is never at its full growth till it ſpreadeth into affectation, and then it is complete.

Not to dwell any longer upon the definition of them, I will paſs to the means and motives to avoid them. In order to it, you are to conſider that the world challengeth the right of diſtributing eſteem and applauſe; ſo that where any aſſume, by their ſingle authority, to be their own carvers, it groweth angry, and never faileth to ſeek revenge. And if we may meaſure a fault by the greatneſs of the penalty, there are few of a higher ſize than vanity; as there is ſcarce a puniſhment which can be heavier than that of being laughed at.

Vanity maketh a woman tainted with it ſo top-full of herſelf, that

that ſhe ſpilleth it upon the company. And, becauſe her own thoughts are entirely employed in ſelf-contemplation, ſhe endeavoureth, by a cruel miſtake, to confine her acquaintance to the ſame narrow circle of that which only concerneth her ladyſhip; forgetting that ſhe is not of half that importance to the world that ſhe is to herſelf: ſo miſtaken is ſhe in her value, by being her own appraiſer, ſhe will fetch ſuch a compaſs in diſcourſe, to bring in her beloved ſelf, and rather than fail, her fine petticoat, that there can hardly be a better ſcene than ſuch a trial of ridiculous ingenuity. It is a pleaſure to ſee her angle for commendations, and riſe ſo diſſatisfied with the ill-bred company, if they will not bite. To obſerve her throwing her eyes about to fetch in priſoners, and go about cruizing like a privateer, and ſo out of countenance, if ſhe returns without booty, is no ill piece of comedy. She is ſo eager to draw reſpect, that ſhe always miſſeth it; yet thinketh it ſo much her due, that when ſhe falleth, ſhe groweth waſpiſh, not conſidering that it is impoſſible to commit a rape upon the will; that it muſt be fairly gained, and will not be taken by ſtorm; and that, in this caſe, the tax ever riſeth higheſt by a benevolence. If the world, inſtead of admiring her imaginary excellencies, taketh the liberty to laugh at them, ſhe appealeth from it to herſelf, for whom ſhe giveth ſentence, and proclaimeth it in all companies. On the other ſide, if encouraged by a civil word, ſhe is ſo obliging, that ſhe will give thanks for being laughed at in good language. She taketh a compliment for a demonſtration, and ſetteth it up as an evidence, even againſt her looking-glaſs. But the good lady being all this while in a moſt profound ignorance

rance of herſelf, forgetteth that men would not let her talk upon them, and throw ſo many ſenſeleſs words at their heads, if they did not intend to put her perſon to fine and ranſom for her impertinence. Good words of any other lady are ſo many ſtones thrown at her, ſhe can by no means bear them; they make her ſo uneaſy, that ſhe cannot keep her ſeat, but up ſhe riſeth, and goeth home half burſt with anger and ſtrait lacing. If, by great chance, ſhe ſaith any thing that hath ſenſe in it, ſhe expecteth ſuch an exceſſive rate of commendations, that, to her thinking, the company ever riſeth in her debt. She looketh upon rules as made for the common people, and not for perſons of her rank; and this opinion ſometimes tempteth her to extend her prerogative to the diſpenſing with the commandments. If by great fortune ſhe happeneth in ſpite of her vanity to be honeſt, ſhe is ſo troubleſome with it, that, as far as in her lieth, ſhe maketh a ſcurvy thing of it. Her bragging of her virtue looketh as if it coſt her ſo much pains to get the better of herſelf, that the inferences are very ridiculous. Her good humour is generally applied to the laughing at good ſenſe. It would do one good to ſee how heartily ſhe deſpiſeth any thing that is fit for her to do. The greateſt part of her fancy is laid out in chooſing her gown, as her diſcretion is chiefly employed in not paying for it. She is faithful to the faſhion, to which not only her opinion, but her ſenſes, are wholly reſigned: ſo obſequious ſhe is to it, that ſhe would be ready to be reconciled even to virtue, with all its faults, if ſhe had her dancing-maſter's word that it was practiſed at court.

To a woman ſo compoſed, when affectation cometh in to improve

prove her character, it is then raiſed to the higheſt perfection. She firſt ſetteth up for a fine thing, and for that reaſon will diſtinguiſh herſelf, right or wrong, in every thing ſhe doth. She would have it thought, that ſhe is made of ſo much the finer clay, and ſo much more ſifted than ordinary, that ſhe hath no common earth about her. To this end ſhe muſt neither move nor ſpeak like other women, becauſe it would be vulgar; and therefore muſt have a language of her own, ſince ordinary Engliſh is too coarſe for her. The looking glaſs, in the morning, dictateth to her all the motions of the day; which, by how much the more ſtudied, are ſo much the more miſtaken. She cometh into a room as if her limbs were ſet on with ill-made ſcrews, which maketh the company fear the pretty thing ſhould leave ſome of its artificial perſon upon the floor. She doth not like herſelf as God Almighty made her, but will have ſome of her own workmanſhip; which is ſo far from making her a better thing than a woman, that it turneth her into a worſe creature than a monkey. She falleth out with nature, againſt which ſhe maketh war without admitting a truce; thoſe moments excepted in which her gallant may reconcile her to it. When ſhe hath a mind to be ſoft and languiſhing, there is ſomething ſo unnatural in that affected eaſineſs, that her frowns could not be by many degrees ſo forbidding. When ſhe would appear unreaſonably humble; one may ſee ſhe is ſo exceſſively proud, that there is no enduring it. There is ſuch an impertinent ſmile, ſuch a ſatisfied ſimper, when ſhe faintly diſowneth ſome fulſome commendation a man happeneth to beſtow upon her againſt his conſcience, that her thanks for it are more viſible under ſuch a thin diſguiſe, than they

they could be if ſhe ſhould print them. If a handſomer woman taketh any liberty of dreſſing out of the ordinary rules, the miſtaken lady followeth, without diſtinguiſhing the unequal pattern, and maketh herſelf uglier by an example miſplaced; either forgetting the privilege of good looks in another, or preſuming, without ſufficient reaſon, upon her own. Her diſcourſe is a ſenſeleſs chime of empty words; a heap of compliments ſo equally applied to differing perſons, that they are neither valued nor believed. Her eyes keep pace with her tongue, and, are therefore, always in motion. One may diſcern that they generally incline to the compaſſionate ſide; and that, notwithſtanding her pretence to virtue, ſhe is gentle to diſtreſſed lovers, and ladies that are merciful. She will repeat the tender part of a play ſo feelingly, that the company may gueſs, without injuſtice, ſhe was not altogether a diſintereſted ſpectator. She thinketh that paint and ſin are concealed by railing at them. Upon the latter ſhe is leſs hard; and being divided between the two oppoſite prides of her beauty and her virtue, ſhe is often tempted to give broad hints, that ſomebody is dying for her; and of the two, ſhe is leſs unwilling to let the world think ſhe may be ſometimes profaned, than that ſhe is never worſhipped.

Very great beauty may, perhaps, ſo dazzle for a time, that men may not ſo clearly ſee the deformity of theſe affectations: but when the brightneſs goeth off, and that the lover's eyes are by that means ſet at liberty to ſee things as they are, he will naturally return to his ſenſes, and recover the miſtake into which the lady's good looks had at firſt engaged him; and, being once undeceived, ceaſeth to worſhip that as a goddeſs,

which he ſeeth is only an artificial ſhrine, moved by wheels and ſprings to delude him. Such women pleaſe only like the firſt opening of a ſcene, that hath nothing to recommend it but that of being new. They may be compared to flies, that have pretty ſhining wings for two or three hot months, but the firſt cold weather maketh an end of them; ſo the latter ſeaſon of theſe fluttering creatures is diſmal: from their neareſt friends they receive a very faint reſpect; from the reſt of the world the utmoſt degree of contempt.

Let this picture ſupply the place of any other rules which might be given to prevent your reſemblance to it. The deformity of it, well conſidered, is inſtruction enough; from the ſame reaſon, that the ſight of a drunkard is a better ſermon againſt that vice, than the beſt that was ever preached upon that ſubject.



PRIDE.

PRIDE.

AFTER having ſaid this againſt vanity, I do not intend to apply the ſame cenſure to pride, well placed, and rightly defined. It is an ambiguous word; one kind of it is as much a virtue as the other is a vice: but we are naturally ſo apt to chooſe the worſt, that it is become dangerous to commend the beſt ſide of it.

A woman is not to be proud of her fine gown: nor, when ſhe hath leſs wit than her neighbours, to comfort herſelf that ſhe hath more lace. Some ladies put ſo much weight upon ornaments, that if one could ſee into their hearts, it would be found, that even the thought of death is made leſs heavy to them by the contemplation of their being laid out in ſtate, and honourably attended to the grave. One may come a good deal ſhort of ſuch an extreme, and yet ſtill be ſufficiently impertinent, by ſetting a wrong value upon things which ought to be uſed with more indifference. A lady muſt not appear ſolicitous to ingroſs reſpect to herſelf, but be content with a reaſonable diſtribution; and allow it to others, that ſhe may have it returned to her. She is not to be troubleſomely nice, nor diſtinguiſh herſelf by being too delicate, as if ordinary things were too coarſe for her:

this is an unmannerly and offenſive pride; and where it is practiſed, deſerveth to be mortified, of which it ſeldom faileth. She is not to lean too much upon her quality, much leſs to deſpiſe thoſe who are below it. Some make quality an idol, and then their reaſon muſt fall down and worſhip it. They would have the world think that no amends can ever be made for the want of a great title, or an ancient coat of arms: they imagine that with theſe advantages they ſtand upon the higher ground, which maketh them look down upon merit and virtue as things inferior to them. This miſtake is not only ſenſeleſs, but criminal too, in putting a greater price upon that, which is a piece of good luck, than upon things which are valuable in themſelves. Laughing is not enough for ſuch a folly; it muſt be ſeverely whipped, as it juſtly deſerves. It will be confeſſed there are frequent temptations given by pert upſtarts to be angry, and by that to have our judgments corrupted in theſe caſes: but they are to be reſiſted; and the utmoſt that is to be allowed is, when thoſe of a new edition will forget themſelves, ſo as either to brag of their weak ſide, or to endeavour to hide their meanneſs by their inſolence, to cure them by a little ſeaſonable raillery, a little ſharpneſs well placed, without dwelling too long upon it.

Theſe, and many other kinds of pride, are to be avoided.

That which is to be recommended to you, is an emulation to raiſe yourſelf to a character by which you may be diſtinguiſhed; an eagerneſs for precedence in virtue, and all ſuch other things as may gain you a greater ſhare of the good opinion of the world. Eſteem to virtue is like a cheriſhing air to plants and flowers, which maketh them blow and proſper; and for that reaſon

reaſon it may be allowed to be, in ſome degree, the cauſe, as well as the reward of it. That pride which leadeth to a good end cannot be a vice, ſince it is the beginning of virtue; and to be pleaſed with juſt applauſe is ſo far from a fault, that it would be an ill ſymptom in a woman who ſhould not place the greateſt part of her ſatisfaction in it. Humility, is no doubt, a great virtue; but it ceaſeth to be ſo when it is afraid to ſcorn an ill thing. Againſt vice and folly it is becoming your ſex to be haughty; but you muſt not carry the contempt of things to arrogance towards perſons; and it muſt be done with fitting diſtinctions, elſe it may be inconvenient, by being unſeaſonable. A pride that raiſeth a little anger to be outdone in any thing that is good, will have ſo good an effect, that it is very hard to allow it to be a fault.

It is no eaſy matter to carry even between theſe differing kinds ſo deſcribed; but remember, that it is ſafer for a woman to be thought too proud than too familiar.

DIVERSION.

THE laſt thing I ſhall recommend to you, is a wiſe and a ſafe method of uſing diverſions. To be too eager in the purſuit of pleaſure whilſt you are young is dangerous; to catch it in riper years is graſping a ſhadow; it will not be held; beſides, that by being leſs natural, it groweth to be indecent. Diverſions are the moſt properly applied to eaſe and relieve thoſe who are oppreſſed by being too much employed: thoſe that are idle have no need of them; and yet they, above all others, give themſelves up to them. To unbend our thoughts, when they are too much ſtretched by our cares, is not more natural than it is neceſſary: but to turn our whole life into a holiday, is not only ridiculous, but deſtroyeth pleaſure inſtead of promoting it. The mind, like the body, is tired by being always in one poſture; too ſerious breaketh, and too diverting looſeneth it; it is variety that giveth the reliſh: ſo that diverſions too frequently repeated grow firſt to be indifferent, and at laſt tedious. Whilſt they are well choſen, and well timed, they are never to be blamed; but when they are uſed to an exceſs, though very innocent at firſt, they often grow to be criminal, and never fail to be impertinent.

Some ladies are beſpoken for merry meetings, as Beſſus was for

for duels. They are engaged in a circle of idleneſs, where they turn round for the whole year, without the interruption of a ſerious hour: they know all the players names, and are intimately acquainted with all the booths in Bartholomew fair. No ſoldier is more obedient to the ſound of his captain's trumpet than they are to that which ſummoneth them to a puppet-play, or a monſter. The ſpring, that bringeth out flies and fools, maketh them inhabitants in Hyde Park: in the winter they are an incumbrance to the playhouſe, and the ballaſt of the drawing-room. The ſtreets all this while are ſo weary of theſe daily faces, that men's eyes are overlaid with them. The ſight is glutted with fine things, as the ſtomach with ſweet ones; and when a fair lady will give too much of herſelf to the world, ſhe groweth luſcious, and oppreſſes inſtead of pleaſing. Theſe jolly ladies do ſo continually ſeek diverſion, that in a little time they grow into a jeſt; yet are unwilling to remember, that if they were ſeldomer ſeen they would not be ſo often laughed at: beſides, they make themſelves cheap, than which there cannot be an unkinder word beſtowed upon your ſex.

To play ſometimes to entertain company, or to divert yourſelf, is not to be diſallowed; but to do it ſo often as to be called a gameſter, is to be avoided next to the things that are moſt criminal. It hath conſequences of ſeveral kinds not to be endured; it will engage you into a habit of idleneſs and ill hours; draw you into ill-mixed company; make you neglect your civilities abroad, and your buſineſs at home; and impoſe into your acquaintance ſuch as will do you no credit.

To deep play there will be yet greater objections. It will give

give occaſion to the world to aſk ſpiteful queſtions: how you dare venture to loſe, and what means you have to pay ſuch great ſums? If you pay exactly, it will be inquired from whence the money cometh? If you owe, and eſpecially to a man, you muſt be ſo very civil to him for his forbearance, that it layeth a ground of having it farther improved, if the gentleman is ſo diſpoſed, who will be thought no unfair creditor, if, where the eſtate faileth, he ſeizeth upon the perſon. Beſides, if a lady could ſee her own face upon an ill game, at a deep ſtake, ſhe would certainly forſwear any thing that could put her looks under ſuch a diſadvantage.

To dance ſometimes will not be imputed to you as a fault; but remember, that the end of your learning it was, that you might the better know how to move gracefully: it is only an advantage ſo far. When it goeth beyond it, one may call it excelling in a miſtake, which is no very great commendation. It is better for a woman never to dance, becauſe ſhe hath no ſkill in it, than to do it too often, becauſe ſhe doth it well. The eaſieſt as well as the ſafeſt method of doing it is in private companies, among particular friends, and then carelefsly, like a diverſion, rather than with ſolemnity, as if it was a buſineſs, or had any thing in it to deſerve a month's preparation by ſerious conference with a dancing-maſter.

Much more might be ſaid to all theſe heads, and many more might be added to them. But I muſt reſtrain my thoughts, which are full of my dear child, and would overflow into a volume, which would not be fit for a New Year's Gift. I will conclude with my warmeſt wiſhes for all that is good to you.

That

That you may live, ſo as to be an ornament to your family, and a pattern to your ſex: that you may be bleſſed with a huſband that may value, and with children that may inherit, your virtue: that you may ſhine in the world by a true light, and ſilence envy by deſerving to be eſteemed: that wit and virtue may both conſpire to make you a great figure! When they are ſeparated, the firſt is ſo empty, and the other ſo faint, that they ſcarce have right to be commended. May they therefore meet and never part; let them be your guardian angels, and be ſure never to ſtray out of the diſtance of their joint protection. May you ſo raiſe your character, that you may help to make the next age a better thing, and leave poſterity in your debt, for the advantage it ſhall receive by your example.

Let me conjure you, my deareſt, to comply with this kind ambition of a father, whoſe thoughts are ſo engaged in your behalf, that he reckoneth your happineſs to be the greateſt part of his own.



LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S Lament.

O how can I be still and sad,
And how can I lament,
When every thing that meets my view
Does me to grief torment.

London, Pubd. [illegible] by W. Dickinson, New Old Bond Street.

LADY ANN BOTHWELL'S LAMENTATION.

BALOW,* my babe, and go to ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe;
If thouſt be ſilent, I'ls be glad,
Thy maining makes my heart full ſad.
Balow, my boy, thy meither's joy,
Thy father breides me great annoy.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

Whan he began to court my luve,
And with his ſugred wordes to muve,
His fayning fals and flatt'ring cheire
To me that time did not appeire:

* Balow (a Scotch nurſery term), huſh, lullaby, &c.

But now, I ſee, moſt cruell hee
Cares neither for my babe nor mee.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

Ly ſtill, my darling, ſleipe a-while,
And when thou wakeſt, ſweitly ſmile:
But ſmile not, as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neir
Thy father's heart and face to beir.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

I cannae chuſe, but ever will
Be luving to thy father ſtill:
Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde,
My luve with him maun ſtill abyde:
In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
Mine hart can neire depart him frae.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

But doe not, doe not, prettie mine,
To faynings fals thine hart incline;
Be loyal to thy luver true,
And nevir change hir for a new:

If

If gude or faire, of her have care,
For women's bannings wond'rous ſair.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

Bairne, ſin thy cruel father's gane,
Thy winſome ſmiles maun eaſe my paine:
My babe and I'll together live;
He'll comfort me whan cares do grieve:
My babe and I right ſaft will ly,
And quite forgeit man's cruelty.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falſeſt youth,
That evir kiſt a woman's mouth!
I wiſh all maides be warn'd by me
Nevir to truſt man's curteſy;
For if we doe bot chance to bow,
They'le uſe us than they care not how.
Balow, my babe, ly ſtill, and ſleipe,
It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weipe.



REFLECTIONS

ON THE SEVEN DAYS OF THE WEEK,

BY MRS. TALBOT.

ON SUNDAY.

"O LORD, thou haſt ſearched me out, and "known me: thou knoweſt my down-ſitting and mine up-riſ-"ing: thou art about my path, and about my bed, and ſpieſt "out all my ways."

How true, how aſtoniſhing, is this thought! Almighty God, my Maker, is ever preſent with me. He is infinite in being, and

and therefore muſt be every where. He is infinite in knowledge, and therefore every thing muſt be known to him. No creature is too inconſiderable for his notice, who is the maker of all, and "careth for all alike." The friends, the relations, and acquaintance, whom I ſee and converſe with every day, know not half ſo much of my conduct as he does, nor are half ſo attentive to it. How hourly careful ſhould I be, then, to approve myſelf to him! Among my relations and friends, there are ſome, whom I regard more than the reſt, either out of greater affection for their goodneſs and kindneſs; or out of reverence for their greater wiſdom and dignity; or out of intereſt, as being capable of doing me more good or hurt. All theſe motives of the higheſt regard are joined in him. His excellence is more than thought can conceive: whatever is beautiful, or good, or amiable in the world, flows from him as its ſource. In him is all greatneſs and majeſty, all wiſdom and knowledge: every thing that is glorious, awful, venerable. My hourly dependance is upon him, and all my expectations, through an eternity to come. From him I have received my life, my being, every power and faculty of ſoul and body. Every innocent delight I enjoy, is his gift: in every danger, he is my preſent help. No power but his could guide me ſafely through the intricate mazes of life. Hitherto his providence has carefully watched over me, and his right hand has held me up: and through all my future life, he, who is truth itſelf, has promiſed never to fail me nor forſake me, if, on my part, I will but ſerve him faithfully, as in my baptiſmal vow I have promiſed to do. That bleſſed covenant I am going to renew, by partak-

taking of the holy ſacrament. Had not our bleſſed Saviour died to redeem mankind, we muſt all have appeared before an all-ſeeing God, of infinite juſtice and holineſs, without ſecurity of being conſidered otherwiſe than as objects of diſpleaſure. But we know, that he looks upon us now, as objects of the tenderest mercy. He invites us to "pour out our hearts before him," at all times: "To call upon him in the time of trouble." "To look unto him, and be ſaved." O my ſoul, in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he ſhall direct thy paths.

Let me then aſk myſelf, as in his ſight, what is the general turn of my temper, and diſpoſition of my mind? My moſt trifling words and actions are obſerved by him: and every thought is naked to his eye. Could I ſuppoſe the king, or any the greateſt perſon I have any knowledge of, were within reach of obſerving my common daily behaviour, though unſeen by me, ſhould I not be very particularly careful to preſerve it, in every reſpect, decent, and becoming? Should I allow myſelf in any little froward humours? Should I not be aſhamed to appear peeviſh and ill natured? Should I uſe ſo much as one harſh or unhandſome expreſſion even to my equal, or my meaneſt inferior, even were I ever ſo much provoked? Much leſs ſhould I behave irreverently to my parents or ſuperiors. This awful being, in whom I live, and move, and from whom no obſcurity can hide me, by whom the very hairs of my head are all numbered, he knows the obligations of every relation in life. He ſees in their full light the reciprocal duties of parents and children, of huſbands and wives, of neighbours, and fellow-ſervants. He knows the aggravated guilt of every offence

againſt theſe ties of ſociety, however we may be diſpoſed to treat them as trifles: and every piece of ſtubbornneſs and pride, of ill humour and paſſion, of anger and reſentment, of ſullenneſs and perverſeneſs, expoſes us to his juſt indignation.



MONDAY.

"BLESSED are they that do hunger and thirſt "after righteouſneſs."—Our Lord and Saviour has pronounced this bleſſedneſs, and through his grace, I hope to partake of it. Hunger and thirſt naturally prompt us to ſeek, without delay, the means of ſatisfying them. What then is the food of the mind? Wholeſome inſtruction and religious meditation. If then I ſincerely do hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſs, I ſhall be frequently feeding my mind with pious books and thoughts. I ſhall make the returns of theſe meals as regular as I can, and ſeldom ſhall I find any neceſſity ſtrong enough to make me miſs them a whole day together.—But then it ought to be remembered too, that even theſe, the beſt hours of my life, ought never to encroach upon the duties and employments of my ſtation, whatever they may be. Am I in a ſuperior ſtation of life? My duty then probably takes in a large compaſs: and I am accountable to my maker for all thoſe talents entruſted with me by him, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures. I muſt not think of living to myſelf alone, or devoting that time to imitate the employment of angels, which was given me for the ſervice of men. Religion muſt be my chief end, and my beſt delight:

it muſt regulate all I think, or do; but whatever my ſtation is, I muſt fulfil all its duties. Have I leiſure and genius? I muſt give a due portion of my time to the elegant improvements of life: to the ſtudy of thoſe ſciences that are an ornament to human nature: to ſuch things as may make me amiable, and engaging to all whom I converſe with, that by any means I may win them over to religion and goodneſs. For if I am always ſhut up in my cloſet, and ſpend my time in nothing but exerciſes of devotion, I ſhall be looked upon as moroſe and hypocritical, and be diſregarded as uſeleſs in the world. When this life is ended, we have a whole eternity before us to ſpend in thoſe nobleſt employments, and higheſt delights. But man, in this low ſtate of mortality, pays the moſt acceptable obedience to God, by ſerving his fellow-creatures.

Perhaps all theſe conſiderations are wide from my caſe. So far from having leiſure upon my hands, I have ſcarce a moment free from the neceſſary engagements of buſineſs and bodily labour. While I am working hard for bread for myſelf and my family, or attending diligently the commands of a ſtrict maſter, to whom I am juſtly accountable for every hour I have, how can I find frequent opportunities for ſtudying the word of God, or much time to ſpend in devout meditation? Why, happily, much is not required, provided I make the beſt uſe of what little I have. Some time I muſt needs have on Sundays, and this I may improve. I may diligently attend to what I hear at church: I may examine whether my own practice is conformable to what I am there taught; and I may ſpend ſome hours in that day, either in good diſcourſe, with ſuch as are able to inſtruct me,

me, or in reading ſuch religious books, as are put into my hands. Still enough will be left for chearful converſation, and pleaſant walks. Why ſhould either of them be the leſs cheaiful, for a mixture of religious thoughts? What indeed is there ſo gladdening as they are? Be my ſtate ever ſo mean and toilſome, if a chriſtian, if indeed I behave like one, I am equal to the greateſt monarch upon earth. Be my misfortunes and ſorrows never ſo ſevere, as a chriſtian, I can look beyond death to an eternity of happineſs, of happineſs certain, and unſpeakable. Theſe thoughts, therefore, I ſhould keep upon my mind, through the whole week: they ſhould be the amuſement of my labour, and the relief of my wearineſs: and when my heart is thus ready, I ſhall gladly take every opportunity to ſing and give praiſe. I ſhall awake early to worſhip that God, who is my defence and my delight; and I ſhall cloſe every evening with prayer and thankſgiving to him, whoſe "Ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all "whoſe paths are peace." Whenever I can have a quarter of an hour to ſpare from the neceſſary buſineſs, and the (at fit times) as neceſſary relaxations of life, which, while they are innocent, moderate, and reaſonable, will never be diſapproved by that good God, who has created every thing that is comely and pleaſant in the world, and invites us to rejoice, and do good, all the days of our life: When I have any ſpare time, I ſhall gladly ſpend it in reading, with reverence and attention, ſome portions of the Bible. In all my common converſation, I ſhall have my eye continually up to him, who alone can direct my paths to happineſs and improvement, and crown all my endeavours with the beſt ſucceſs. I ſhall try to be ſomething the better for every

ſcene

ſcene of life I am engaged in; to be ſomething the wiſer for every day's converſation and experience. And let me not fear, but that if I daily thus faithfully ſtrive to grow in holineſs and goodneſs, be my growth at the preſent never ſo imperceptible, I "ſhall in due time arrive at the meaſure of the fulneſs of "ſtature in Chriſt."

That I may be better for the laſt twenty-four hours, let me examine a little what temper I have been in all that time. In general, perhaps, I can recollect nothing much amiſs in it; but let me deſcend to particulars. Things are often very faulty, that appear at firſt ſight very trifling. Perhaps I have ſo fond a conceit of myſelf, as to think, that I can never be in the wrong. Has any uneaſineſs happened in the family this laſt day? Perhaps I think the fault was wholly in others, and the right entirely on my ſide. But ought I not to remember, that in all diſputes, there is generally ſome fault on both ſides! Perhaps they begun:—But did not I carry it on?—They gave the provocation:—But did not I take it?—Am I not too apt to imagine, that it would be mean entirely to let a quarrel drop, when I have a fair opportunity to reaſon, and argue, and reproach, to vindicate my injured merit, and aſſert my right? Yet, is this agreeable to the precepts and example of him, "who, when he "was reviled, reviled not again?" Is it agreeable to his commands, who has charged me, if my brother treſpaſs againſt me, to forgive him, not ſeven times only, but ſeventy times ſeven? Is it agreeable to that chriſtian doctrine, which exhorts us, not to think of ourſelves highly, but ſoberly, as we ought to think; and that, in lowlineſs of mind, every one ſhould think others better

better than himself? And alas, how often do I think this disrespect, though a slight one, provoking to me? This situation, though a happy one, not good enough for me? How often have I had in my mouth that wise maxim, that a worm, if it is trod upon, will turn again? Wretch that I am, shall I plead the example of a vile worm of the earth for disobeying the commands of my Saviour, with whom I hope hereafter to sit in heavenly places?



TUESDAY.

"I MUST work the work of him who ſent me, "while it is day."—If our bleſſed Saviour, infinitely great and excellent, was, when he aſſumed human nature, ſo far from being exempted from the general law of nature impoſed on our firſt father and all his race, who is there amongſt men, that ſhall plead an exemption? The duty of employment is two-fold. Firſt, as we are active and ſpiritual beings, ill would it become us to ſit wrapt in indolence, and ſleep away an uſeleſs life. Conſtant activity, and extenſive uſefulneſs, are the perfection of a ſpiritual being. The great God himſelf is infinitely active. "My father worketh hitherto (ſaith our Saviour), and I work." In their various degrees, all the orders of angels are miniſtring ſpirits. In the happy worlds above, all is life and activity. And ſhall man, who is ſo fond of life, loſe his little portion of it in a lazy, ſlothful, half ſtate? ſhall he quench thoſe ſparks of immortality, that glow in his boſom, and content himſelf with being, for three parts of his time, little better than a lump of organized clay? Innocent man in Paradiſe, was not made for idleneſs. But guilty fallen man is peculiarly born to labour, and to trouble. Equally juſt and merciful was the doom pronounced

to

to Adam; "in the ſweat of thy face thou ſhalt eat bread." Human nature, corrupted and depraved by the fall of our firſt parents, would be incapable of employing eaſe and leiſure to any happy purpoſes. Greatly do we need conſtant employment to keep us out of the reach of thoſe temptations from within, and from without, that in idleneſs particularly aſſault us. Greatly do we need to have much of our minds taken up with perpetual attention to neceſſary buſineſs, and hourly duty, that they may not prey too much upon themſelves. Labour and pain are the neceſſary, though unpalatable medicine of our ſouls. Shall we refuſe to follow the preſcription of that heavenly phyſician, who drank the bittereſt cup for us? Toil and trouble are the juſt puniſhments of guilty human nature: Shall we rebel againſt our awful judge? Activity and employment are the law of our being; and ſhall we not obey our ſovereign ruler, our great and good creator?

What then is my proper buſineſs and employment, that I may ſet diligently to it? In moſt ſtations of life, this is too evident to be aſked: and it is equally certain, that every ſtation, even the very higheſt, has its proper work and labour, which whoever performs not to the utmoſt of their power, is a wicked and ſlothful ſervant; for we have all a maſter in heaven.

Come then, my heart, let us chearfully ſet about our buſineſs. Be it ſtudy and improvement of the mind, toil of the body, or induſtry of the hands: be it care of our families and domeſtic affairs: be it care of the public and diſtribution of juſtice: be it care of our neighbours, and charity to the poor: be it education of children, inſtruction of the ignorant, attendance on

the ſick, culture of the ground, defence of our country: whatever it be, let us do it diligently and heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men. As ſubjects, children, ſervants, let us obey our rulers, parents, maſters. And if it be the will of Providence to diſable us, for the preſent, from all active ſervice, by confining us in chambers of ſickneſs, in a weak and uſeleſs ſtate, let us ſet the example of an uncomplaining ſubmiſſion, and chearful reſignation: and let patience, at leaſt, have its perfect work.

This ſubmiſſive, this humble, this obedient diſpoſition, is poverty of ſpirit. We ought to think nothing beneath us; nor to deſire any thing but what is allotted us. We ought to imagine nothing our own, and ſurely therefore not our time: yet how apt are we to think it quite a hardſhip put upon us, if any ſmall portion of it is to be ſpent diſagreeably; and if we have not hours, and days, and years, to indulge in careleſs idleneſs and giddy pleaſure.

Among other works, that of reforming my temper is ſurely a moſt neceſſary one. Let me therefore take myſelf a little to taſk. How have I behaved the laſt day?

I have not, perhaps, been poſitively out of humour: but have I guarded my diſpoſition againſt every failing? Have I not indulged a nice fancy, in taking ſome diſguſt at any of thoſe that I converſe with; which, trifling is it ſeems at preſent, may, in time, quite alienate our minds from one another? A diſagreeable look, or manner, too often gives a prejudice againſt perſons, who are really deſerving. Let me be upon my guard againſt ſuch prejudices. Let me overlook all trifling infirmities in others;

others; but let me ſpare them the pain and difficulty of having many ſuch to overlook in me. Let me obſerve in every thing a perfect cleanlineſs and neatneſs; for nothing is ſo diſguſtful as the contrary. Let me be mild and civil, moderate and diſcreet in all my ways of ſpeaking: let my behaviour always be eaſy and obliging, natural and unaffected. Let me always preſerve, as much as I can, even under ſevere trials, a cheerful pleaſing countenance; and, among other things, let me try to avoid, as much as poſſible, falling into thoſe little fooliſh tricks and peculiarities, which every body is ſo apt to acquire, without even perceiving it. I cannot help ſeeing in others, how diſagreeable they are, though in them, I ought as little as poſſible to attend to it. But let me watch myſelf a little, and diſcover, in order to reform, whatever I may have in me, that makes me leſs agreeable, and therefore leſs uſeful, in ſociety.

WEDNESDAY.

"AND God saw every thing that he had made; "and behold, it was very good."

Such was the face of things at the creation. Every view that could be taken was a view of order and beauty, of happineſs and pleaſure. Too ſoon, by the frailty and by the guilt of man, this happy ſtate was changed; and through ſin, death and miſery entered into the world. Every part of our world was affected by the general diſorder. The earth produced thorns and thiſtles. The ſeaſons became unfavourable. The beaſts grew wild and ſavage: and hence ſprung a neceſſity of labour and ſelf-defence. Toil and wearineſs muſt be its natural conſequence to bodies now become mortal and corruptible. Pain and ſickneſs, the infirmities of old age, the fear of death and ſufferings, both for ourſelves and our friends, with all that variety of evils that burthen human life: all are the ſad effects of ſin. The diſorder of our minds, the vehemence of our paſſions, the dimneſs of our underſtandings, thoſe tendencies to evil, which even the beſt people, at ſome times, muſt feel ſtrongly working in their boſoms, are the bitter fruits of the original corruption of human nature in the firſt of men, our common parent. Hence, ſurely, we ſhould draw the ſtrongeſt motives

motives of humility, and throw ourſelves down in the deepeſt abaſement of ſoul, before that God of holineſs, in whoſe "Sight "the heavens are not pure;" and who "chargeth his angels "with folly. How much more man, which is a worm; and "the ſon of man, which is a worm?" Unaſſiſted human nature could not be in a more perfect ſtate than our firſt parents were created: infinitely ſuperior certainly to whatever we can imagine of good or excellent among ourſelves. If they were ſuch frail, ſuch wretched creatures, and ſo ſoon forfeited their beings—Good God! then what is the very beſt of us? "Let "our confuſion be ever before us:" "Let the ſhame of our "face cover us."

Strange it may ſeem, after theſe conſiderations, to mention a happy and chearful enjoyment of our beings, as a ſerious and important duty. Many good perſons, who have deeply dwelt on this dark view of our mortal ſtate, have repreſented it as utterly unfit and ſinful for ſuch creatures, in ſuch a world, to think of any thing but ſuffering and mourning. But, as ſure as our heavenly father is good to all, and peculiarly ſo to us, his helpleſs new-adopted children, ſo ſurely they are widely miſtaken. The bleſſed promiſe of our redemption was uttered in the ſame moment with the doom of our mortality, and from that moment all was good again. Pain, and ſuffering, and ſorrow, became remedies to cure our corrupted nature: temptations, but a purifying fire to prove and to refine our virtue; and death, a kind releaſe from toil, a happy admiſſion into a better paradiſe. Through our bleſſed Saviour, we have obtained the grace of God to guide us in all our ways, and to ſupport us

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under all our diſtreſſes. Through him, in him, we have every thing that can make us happy, unleſs we wilfully deſtroy ourſelves. "Rejoice then in the Lord, all ye righteous; be "thankful, all ye who are true of heart."

Serious and careful indeed we ought to be, watchful and diligent, humble and ſubmiſſive: reflecting deeply on the frailty and vileneſs of our nature, and the important, the eternal intereſt, that depends on this our ſhort, and very uncertain time of trial here. In this ſenſe, we ought to "work out our ſalvation with "fear and trembling," and even to "rejoice before the Lord "with reverence." But while we "keep innocence, and take "heed to the thing that is right," let our chearful hearts and looks confeſs the goodneſs of our gracious maſter, who "gives "us rain from heaven, and fruitful ſeaſons, filling our hearts "with food and gladneſs." Of him, who has made every thing good and pleaſant; who has the tendereſt conſideration for all our infirmities, and has provided every ſupport, and every relief, that can make our paſſage through this world tolerable and comfortable to us. With joyful gratitude let us accept and improve theſe his mercies and indulgences. Let us make this world as happy as we can to ourſelves and one another: to do this, we need only be good chriſtians. Our wills being perfectly reſigned, will acquieſce, without pain, in whatever diſpoſals providence may ſee fit to make of us, and ours: and taking "no thought for to-morrow," we ſhall neither be tormented with vain ſchemes, nor anxious fears. Our deſires being moderate, we ſhall paſs quietly and eaſily through life: and no unruly paſſions, or vehement wiſhes, will diſcompoſe

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our peace. Being free from private intereſts and ſelfiſh views, we ſhall have no rivalries nor conteſts with our neighbours. Being in perfect charity with all men, we ſhall with all be eaſy, chearful, friendly: in every thing ſtudying to promote their good and happineſs: and in our turn receiving from many of them offices of kindneſs: and from ſuch as are ungrateful, receiving the greateſt benefit of all—a noble opportunity to exerciſe thoſe duties, on which God's forgiveneſs of ourſelves depends. With pleaſure and complacence our heavenly father looks down on every ſociety of his children united in brotherly affection, and gives his bleſſing to every ſet of friends, and neighbours, and relations, that perform their mutual relative duties, as they ought, and love and delight in one another. Every innocent entertainment, that keeps up the chearfulneſs and kindneſs of ſociety, he approves. "The voice of joy and "health is in the dwellings of the righteous." Our health can alone be preſerved by temperance, calmneſs, and induſtry. Induſtry too makes the world look beautiful around us. It turns the barren wilderneſs into a fertile, pleaſant land: and for thorns and thiſtles, plants the roſe-tree and the vine; or ſows the tender graſs and uſeful corn. Induſtry preſerves us from inclemencies of weather, and finds ſome means to ſupply every want. It procures us wherewith to give alms to the poor, and thereby enables us to lay up a treaſure in heaven.

Happineſs, then, a great degree of it, is in our power, even at preſent. But fools that we are, we forfeit even preſent happineſs, for the indulgence of every peeviſh, froward humour. Let me examine myſelf a little on this. As much as I condemn it,

it, am I not often guilty of this unaccountable folly? Am I not readier to cheriſh unkind ſuſpicions of thoſe I live amongſt, than to put a fair and favourable interpretation upon every diſagreeable incident? Am I not almoſt upon the watch to take offence at every trifling diſregard? Do I not think it beneath me ever to take the firſt ſtep towards a reconciliation? Do I not make it a point of honour to keep up reſentment, even though it pains me? How much happier are they who go through the world with an eaſy good humour! never ſuſpecting that any body means them ill, who does not really and ſeriouſly hurt them: paſſing over every trifle: and by placing themſelves above all ſuch peeviſh follies, maintaining more real dignity, than thoſe who are the proudeſt.



THURSDAY.

"BLESSED are the merciful, for they ſhall ob-
"tain mercy." How greatly do we all of us need this bleſſing; poor guilty creatures, who are every day offending infinite goodneſs, and provoking almighty power, and perfect juſtice! how then ſhall we be merciful as we ought? Can this duty be practiſed by any but the great, or the injured?—In relieving the diſtreſſed, or in pardoning offenders? Yes: every one of us may practiſe it every day we live. It is a great miſtake to think there is no ſuperiority, but that, which rank and fortune give. Every one of us may in ſomething or other aſſiſt or inſtruct ſome of his fellow-creatures; for the beſt of human race is poor and needy, and all have a mutual dependance on one another: there is no body that cannot do ſome good: and every body is bound to do diligently all the good they can. It is by no means enough to be rightly diſpoſed, to be ſerious, and religious in our cloſets: we muſt be uſeful too, and take care, that as we all reap numberleſs benefits from ſociety, ſociety may be the better for every one of us. It is a falſe, a faulty, and an indolent humility, that makes people ſit ſtill and do nothing, becauſe they will not believe, that they are capable of doing much: for every body can

do ſomething. Every body can ſet a good example, be it to many, or to few. Every body can in ſome degree encourage virtue and religion, and diſcountenance vice and folly. Every body has ſome one or other whom they can adviſe, or inſtruct, or in ſome way help to guide through life. Thoſe who are too poor to give alms, can yet give their time, their trouble, their aſſiſtance in preparing or forwarding the gifts of others: in conſidering, and repreſenting diſtreſſed caſes to thoſe, who can relieve them: in viſiting and comforting the ſick and afflicted. Every body can offer up their prayers for thoſe who need them: which, if they do reverently and ſincerely, they will never be wanting in giving them every other aſſiſtance, that it ſhould pleaſe God to put in their power. Even thoſe, whoſe poor and toilſome life can admit of their giving no other help to ſociety, can by their frugality and induſtry, at leaſt keep themſelves, in a great meaſure, from being burthenſome to the public. A penny thus ſaved, is a penny given. Dreadful ſtate of thoſe idle creatures, who, dragging on a wretched, profligate life, in lazineſs and rags, draw to themſelves thoſe charities, that ought to ſupport the helpleſs, and really diſabled poor! Severely, I fear, ſhall they be accountable for it at the laſt day: and every one in proportion, who lives an uſeleſs and burthenſome drone in ſociety. It is our duty to prevent poverty, as well as to relieve it. It is our duty to relieve every other kind of diſtreſs, as well as the diſtreſs of poverty. People, who are always innocently chearful, and good humoured, are very uſeful in the world. They maintain peace and happineſs, and ſpread a thankful temper among all, that live around them.

Thus

Thus far in general: but it is well worth conſidering in particular my own duties and obligations. Who are the people that I ought eſpecially to ſtudy to make happy? Are they parents?—What a debt of gratitude do I owe them, for all their care of me, and for me, in my helpleſs years? How kindly did they bear with the froward infirmities of my childhood: and ſhall not I with moſt affectionate tenderneſs ſupport and relieve all thoſe, which years and cares bring upon them? My more active ſtrength and vigour, my younger ſpirits and clearer thoughts, may now make me, in my turn, very helpful to them. If they are good people and good parents, I am ſure this is my duty: if otherwiſe, I owe them one of ſtill higher importance. I owe them the moſt earneſt endeavours I can uſe for the reformaton of their faults, or inſtruction of their ignorance. This duty extends to all my relations: and to all from whom I have ever received any benefit, or any offices of friendſhip. If it is my misfortune that any of them ſhould be bad people, though they have been good to me; or if any of thoſe who are related to me, are engaged in a wrong courſe of life, ought I to fly from them, and leave them to ruin? No: gratitude and affection forbid it. Ought I then to encourage vice, and flatter folly, if it happens among thoſe that I love? This, my higher duty to almighty God, to truth and virtue, abſolutely forbid. What then is to be done? To preſerve the tendereſt affection for their perſons, and keep up and declare openly the ſtrongeſt abhorrence of their faults. To avoid every degree and every inſtance of eaſe and familiarity, that may ſeem to give the leaſt countenance to

their vices; and at the ſame time to employ every art, and every earneſt endeavour, that can have the leaſt chance of reclaiming them. To pray for, and pity them: to reprove, and adviſe them: to pleaſe, and oblige them, in every thing I innocently can. ——But if, upon the whole, I find them irreclaimable, and myſelf in the leaſt poſſible danger of being infected by their example—then to fly them, as I would the plague; then to cut off a right hand, and pluck out a right eye, and break through every fondneſs, and every attachment, that would deſtroy my higheſt, my eternal intereſt. No ties, that ſubſiſt among human creatures, can be ſo ſtrong, can be ſo dear, or ought to be ſo indiſſoluble, as thoſe which for ever bind us to our creator and redeemer.

Next to the bonds of nature, are thoſe of choice. Married perſons are bound to the obſervance of very ſacred vows, and ought therefore often to recollect them, and examine their conduct by them. Among other things, they ſhould carefully conſider, whether they have ſo ſtrict a guard upon their temper as they ought, now the happineſs of another perſon is made ſo greatly to depend on their eaſy good humour and cheerfulneſs. Whether they aſſiſt and improve one another: and whether they are ready to receive aſſiſtance and advice as kindly as to give it. Whether they preſerve a delicacy of behaviour, a neatneſs of appearance, a gentleneſs of manner, a mildneſs of ſpeech. Whether they enter kindly and affectionately into one another's intereſts and concerns.

Friends ſhould conſider what engagements they are entered into with each other; how ſtrictly they are bound diligently to pro-

promote each other's welfare: to think of one another candidly and kindly: to overlook little offences: to bear infirmities: to repay kindneſſes a thouſand fold: to be watchful over each other's conduct: to be true, ſincere, faithful, obliging, open, conſtant: and to have the generous courage of reproving and oppoſing others follies and faults.

All perſons ſhould conſider to whom they are accountable for their time, their labour, the ſuperfluity of their fortune: to maſters, to friends, to ſociety in general, to the deſerving, or the helpleſs poor. Rich perſons owe a due portion of their riches to works of charity and to the public: the great owe their protection to merit: and all people owe it to themſelves, to improve every moment, and every opportunity, this life affords them.

Surely while I am making theſe reflections, I cannot omit more literal debts, and more immediate duties. Do I owe money, I am not able to pay? Let me retrench every ſuperfluous expence, till my real debts are paid. Let me work and labour indefatigably, till I am enabled to be honeſt: and let me not be one moment eaſy, while I unjuſtly live on the expence of other people, and am hurtful to the ſociety, that ought to be the better for me.

It is worth conſidering, too, what promiſes I have made. Were they ever ſo raſh, if they engaged me in nothing contrary to innocence, it is my duty to fulfil them. Happy if it teaches me the wiſdom, to be more cautious for the future.

FRI-

FRIDAY.

"BLESSED are they that mourn, for they "shall be comforted." Alas! does it not ſeem from this, and many other paſſages of ſcripture, worthy of all obſervance, and of all acceptation, as if it was our bounden duty in this world to lead a melancholy, wretched, uncomfortable life? And can this indeed be the will of him, who delighteth in mercy? Who filleth our hearts with food and gladneſs, and has, in not a few places, expreſsly commanded us to rejoice evermore? Is there, then, an inconſiſtency in the duties of religion? God forbid! Yet ſhort-ſighted men, capable of taking into one view, but a part of the vaſt and perfectly conſiſtent ſcheme of duty, and guided too generally by paſſion or weakneſs, are perpetually acting as if this was the caſe. Some free ſpirits there are, who throw off all lawful reſtraint, and, fully ſatisfied with themſelves, if they keep within the wideſt bounds of what is juſt allowable, indulge, without caution, in every thing they think ſo. Their whole time is given up to mirth and jollity: their whole fortunes perhaps are ſpent upon themſelves, without any regard to the calls of charity or duty. Jollily they go on in life, till ſome un-

unforeſeen misfortune ſtops them ſhort, and throws a deep gloom over their ſunny landſcape.

Another ſort of people, much to be eſteemed, and greatly to be pitied, are ſcrupulous about every thing, and, frighted by miſapprehenſion of ſome alarming text, dare not allow themſelves in the moſt innocent conveniences, and moſt harmleſs, and, on many accounts, uſeful and commendable pleaſure. Their minds are ſo truly pious, that they are far from deliberately thinking of the infinitely great and good God, as a hard and rigid maſter; but they act with ſuch a ſlaviſh fear, as muſt needs make thoſe, who are leſs well diſpoſed, frame ſuch horridly falſe imaginations of him: and their well meant ſtrictneſs has the moſt dangerous tendency in the world.

Between theſe two extremes undoubtedly lies the plain path of duty: the narrow, but not thorny road, that leads through the trueſt comfort this life can afford, to everlaſting happineſs in a better.

The natural enjoyments of life are diſpenſed to us by a gracious providence, to mitigate its natural evils, and make our paſſage through it not only ſupportable, but, at fit times and ſeaſons, ſo far pleaſant, as to make us go on with vigour, cheerfulneſs, and gratitude: and to give us ſome kind of earneſt of what we are bid to hope hereafter: ſome kind of faint notion what happineſs is: ſome ſenſible aſſurances, that there really is ſuch a thing, though not to be, in any high degree, enjoyed on this ſide of the grave.—Still it is yet a more merciful diſpenſation of the ſame fatherly care, that pain and imperfection, ſatiety and diſappointment, ſhould be ſo mixed up with all our beſt

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enjoyments in this low ſtate of being, as to turn our chief aim and deſire towards heaven. And let us not fear, unleſs we wilfully and madly throw ourſelves into a giddy round of pleaſures, on purpoſe to be intoxicated by them; Providence will mercifully interpoſe in the fulleſt tide of innocent proſperity, and make us, by ſome means or other, feel an emptineſs and diſſatisfaction, in the beſt, this world can give: eſpecially may this be hoped by thoſe, who take care to keep their minds always open to ſuch ſerious thoughts and right impreſſions, as will perpetually preſent themſelves, if not rejected: and who reſerve ſome leiſure time in every day, for reading and reflecting.

Our maker knows ſo well the weakneſs of our frame, that he has not left it to us, to inflict upon ourſelves, merely by way of puniſhment, ſuch ſufferings as he ſees it neceſſary for us to undergo. That taſk would be ſo hard a one, that he would by no means impoſe it upon us. No: he will take care himſelf, that we ſhall unavoidably feel and experience a great deal of that evil which ſin introduced into the world: and all he requires of us is, to ſupport it as we ought. He requires nothing contrary to reaſon, and the innocent inclinations of nature: if any of his laws appear harſh and difficult, it is from their oppoſition to our acquired habits, our prejudices and corruptions. To forgive injuries, to return good for evil, to live peaceably with all men, to be always mild, obliging, and good humoured, to be kind and patient; charitable, and induſtrious, temperate, ſober, and modeſt; theſe are no grievous laws to a pure, and well turned mind: nor can its genuine dictates be better complied with, than by obſerving them. Still they will be a very grievous reſtraint

ſtraint on the licentiouſneſs of our corrupted wills, our heightened paſſions, and indulged imaginations. To be continually attentive to our conduct in every minute inſtance; to ſet a watch before our mouth, and keep the door of our lips; to ſet ſcourges over our thoughts, and the diſcipline of wiſdom over our hearts; require a ſoberneſs of mind, a diligence, a reſolute adherence to duty, that may undoubtedly deſerve the name of ſelf-denial, and mortification: though in effect nothing ſo certainly enſures our happineſs, both here and hereafter. To think we can do this by our own ſtrength, would be preſumptuous and vain. Tell a man helpleſs with the palſy, that perfect health is his natural and eligible ſtate; convince him ever ſo clearly how happy it would be for him to become active and induſtrious—your eloquence is mockery, and will not help him to the uſe of a ſingle limb. But though we daily confeſs that we have "no "health in us," he who did actually ſay to the ſick of the palſy, "ariſe, take up thy bed, and walk," and was immediately obeyed, can effectually relieve our ſtill more helpleſs ſtate. To this ſovereign phyſician we can apply for help; and by the aid he imparts, are enabled to follow the regimen he enjoins; and thus to "go on from ſtrength to ſtrength, till unto the God of gods "ſhall appear every one in Sion."

Though our comfortable paſſage through this life, and the attainment of unſpeakable bleſſedneſs in another, are the allowed, the neceſſary, the enjoined objects of our purſuit, yet ſtill, in a great degree, we are to renounce ourſelves. By ſincere humility we are to conſider the vileneſs and wretchedneſs of our natural ſtate; we are to acknowledge, that of ourſelves we are

able to do nothing as we ought; and, far from indulging any thoughts of vanity or ſelf-complacence, we are, when we have done our very beſt, to confeſs, with unfeigned lowlineſs, that we are unprofitable ſervants. We are to truſt and hope alone in the merits and interceſſion of our bleſſed redeemer; and to own ourſelves "leſs than the leaſt of God's mercies." As his creatures, we are to direct all our thoughts and actions to his honour and ſervice. "Whether we eat or drink, or whatever "we do, we are to do all to the glory of God." In every thing we are to conſider carefully the rule of duty; not ſcrupulouſly or ſuperſtitiouſly, for that tends to the diſhonour of God and religion, as well as our own diſcomfort. We are never to do any thing for ſo low an end, as merely to gratify our own childiſh humour; but in all caſes, to moderate and guide ourſelves by the rules of reaſon and religion. Thus, even in uſing the neceſſary refreſhments, the eaſy amuſements, and innocent pleaſures of life, we are to behave with a due ſenſe of that God, who is every where preſent. We are to look up to him with thankfulneſs, as the bountiful beſtower of all good, and cheerfully accept theſe indulgencies for the ends to which he has appointed them. Food, to reſtore our ſtrength waſted in active ſervice, to preſerve our health and eaſe: ſleep, to renew our wearied ſpirits: pleaſure, to gladden our hearts, and fill them with pious gratitude and filial love. This cuts off at once all that intemperance, that croſſes thoſe good purpoſes, deſtroys our healths, diſtreſſes our hearts, makes our lives ſluggiſh and uſeleſs, and diſſipates or corrupts our minds. Riches and honours alſo are to be received with thankſgiving, by whomſoever Providence

vidence allots them to; but then they are to be diligently, and carefully, and generouſly employed in the beſt purpoſes: and even the richeſt and the greateſt ought to deny themſelves all indulgencies of mere humour and fancy, how well ſoever they may ſeem able to afford it, and kindly and faithfully conſider the more preſſing wants of their diſtreſſed fellow-creatures. To anſwer the purpoſes of charity, the rich muſt be frugal, and the poor induſtrious; and all give freely and diſcreetly, as proper calls require. Every body, in their turns, to maintain the peace of ſociety and Chriſtian concord, muſt repreſs the little riſings of temper, and fretfulneſs of humour; muſt be ready to forgive and forget, to indulge and overlook.

It is endleſs to go on enumerating inſtances, in which the juſt, the neceſſary adherence to our duty, requires us to deny our ſinful ſelves. Our cowardice, our falſe ſhame, our vanity, our weakneſs and irreſolution, our fondneſs and partial affection, our indolence and love of eaſe: theſe, and numberleſs infirmities more, muſt be ſtruggled with and conquered, when we are called out to encounter dangers: to confeſs our Saviour before men: to withſtand the ſtrong torrent of cuſtom and faſhion, of importunity and ill example: to turn a deaf ear to flattery, or candidly acknowledge our errors: to reſiſt ſolicitations: to give righteous judgment: to forget all our private relations and attachments, where juſtice or public good are concerned: to reſign our deareſt enjoyments, when it is the will of God we ſhould: to check our ſorrows in their fulleſt flow; and to go on indefatigably improving ourſelves, and doing good to others, till the night overtakes us, "in which no man can work."

The ſufferings, which it ſhall pleaſe Almighty God to inflict upon us, we are to accept with humble reſignation; acknowledging his juſtice, and ſubmitting to it without a murmur. Thus patiently alſo we are to receive all the leſſer croſſes he ſees fit to lay upon us; nor ever ſuffer ourſelves to fret or repine at the various infirmities of human nature, in ourſelves or others. All theſe we muſt look upon as parts of that penalty juſtly inflicted on our firſt parents guilt; and heartily thank him, that he does not, according to the terrifying notions of popery, either expect us to inflict them on ourſelves, or give us the dreadful alternative of a purgatory after death. Uncommanded ſeverities, that are of no apparent uſe, but to torment ourſelves, and ſour our natures, and ſhorten our lives, can never be acceptable to our gracious maker. Our bleſſed Saviour, when he mentions faſting as a duty, along with prayer and almſgiving, leaves the frequency and ſtrictneſs of it to our own diſcretion; and only inſiſts upon one circumſtance, which is, that we ſhould avoid in it all hypocriſy and oſtentation; and be careful to keep up all eaſe, good humour, and agreeableneſs of behaviour. There are very proper occaſions for exerciſing this duty, without the leaſt ſuperſtition or moroſeneſs, and where it may tend to the beſt purpoſes. Public calamities, private diſtreſſes or temptations, perplexities and difficulties, times of peculiarly ſolemn devotion, and of reſolutely endeavouring to conquer ſuch obſtinate faults and ill habits, as, like the dumb ſpirit in the goſpel, can "come out only by prayer and faſting." But where it makes us appear ſtiff and diſagreeable, interferes with the innocent cheerfulneſs of ſociety, or may influence our health or tem-

temper in any wrong way; in ſuch caſes it becomes a hurtful ſuperſtition, and as ſuch unallowable. To obſerve the public faſts appointed by authority, in a manner ſuited to every perſon's ſtrength and ability, with decency and reverence, can have none of theſe evil conſequences: and the practice of this duty, at fit times, and in a reaſonable degree, is an excellent remembrancer of the wretchedneſs of being attached to any ſenſual gratifications, and the eaſineſs as well as neceſſity, at fit times, to forbear them.



SATURDAY.

ANOTHER week is paſt; another of thoſe little limited portions of time, which number out my life. Let me ſtop a little here, before I enter upon a new one, and conſider what this life is, which is thus imperceptibly ſtealing away, and whither it is conducting me? What is its end and aim, its good and its evil, its uſe and improvement? What place does it fill in the univerſe? What proportion does it bear to eternity?

This mortal life is the beginning of exiſtence to beings made for immortality, and graciouſly deſigned, unleſs by wilful guilt they forfeit it, for everlaſting happineſs. Compared with eternity, its longeſt duration is leſs than a moment: therefore its good and evil, conſidered without a regard to the influence they may have on an eternity to come, muſt be trifling to a degree below contempt. The ſhort ſcene begun in birth, and cloſed by death, is acted over millions of times, in every age; and all the little concerns of mortality are purſued, tranſacted, and forgotten, like the labours of a bee-hive, or the buſtle of an ant-hill. "The thing which hath been, it is that which ſhall be; "and that which is done, is that which ſhall be done; and "there

"there is no new thing under the ſun." Our wiſdom, therefore, is to paſs through this buſy dream as calmly as we can; and not ſuffer ourſelves to be more deeply attached to any of theſe tranſitory things, than the momentarineſs and unimportance of them deſerves.

But conſidering this ſhort life as a probation for eternity, as a trial, whoſe iſſue is to determine our everlaſting ſtate, its importance to ourſelves appears beyond expreſſion great, and fills a right mind with equal awe and tranſport. The important day will come, when there ſhall be a new thing indeed, but not under the ſun: for "heaven and earth ſhall paſs away;" but the words of him who created them, "ſhall not paſs away."

What then is the good or evil of life, but as it has a tendency to prepare or unfit us for that deciſive day, when "the ſon of "man ſhall come in the clouds with power and great glory, "and ſhall ſend his angels, and ſhall gather together his elect "from the four winds." That ſon of man who is the ſon of God, "bleſſed for evermore," and once before came down from heaven, and took upon him this our mortal nature, with all its innocent infirmities and ſufferings: and ſubjected himſelf even to the death of the croſs, that he might redeem us from all our ſins, and obtain the gift of everlaſting life for all, who ſhould not wilfully fruſtrate this laſt and greateſt effort of divine mercy.

What then have we to do, but with love and gratitude unutterable to embrace the offers of ſalvation; and henceforth become in every thing his true and faithful diſciples? To whom ſhould we live, but to him, who died for us? To whom ſhould

we

we give up ourſelves, but to him, who gave up himſelf for us? whoſe "yoke is eaſy and his burden light." In whom ſhould we truſt, but in eternal truth? In whom ſhould we cheerfully hope, but in infinite goodneſs? Whom ſhould we copy, but him, who was made like unto us in all things, ſin only excepted; and has left us an example that we ſhould follow his ſteps? which if we do faithfully to the utmoſt of our power, his grace ſhall ſo aſſiſt us, that in the end we ſhall be where he is, to behold his glory, and partake his bliſs.

Let me think then, and think deeply, how I have employed this week paſt. Have I advanced in, or deviated from, the path that leads to life? Has my time been improved or loſt, or, worſe than loſt, miſpent? If the laſt, let me uſe double diligence to redeem it. Have I ſpent a due portion of my time in acts of devotion and piety, both private, public, and domeſtic? And have they been ſincere, and free from all mixture of ſuperſtition, moroſeneſs, or weak ſcrupuloſity? Have I, in ſociety, been kind and helpful, mild, peaceable, and obliging? Have I been charitable, friendly, diſcreet? Have I had a due regard, without vanity or oſtentation, to ſet a good example? Have I been equally ready to give and receive inſtruction, and proper advice? Careful to give no offence, and patient to take every thing in good part? Have I been honeſt, upright, and diſintereſted? Have I in my way, and according to my ſtation and calling, been diligent, frugal, generous, and induſtrious to do good? Have I, in all my behaviour, conſulted the happineſs and eaſe of thoſe I live with, and of all who have any dependance upon me? Have I preſerved my underſtanding clear, my temper calm,

calm, my ſpirits chearful, my body temperate and healthy, and my heart in a right frame? If to all theſe queſtions I can humbly, yet confidently anſwer, that I have done my beſt: If I have truly repented of all the faulty paſt, and made humble, yet firm, and vigorous, and deliberate reſolutions for the future, poor as it is, the honeſt endeavour will be graciouſly accepted: and I may to-morrow gladly and ſecurely approach the ſacred table, and partake that bread of life, which our bleſſed Saviour gave, to nouriſh to all goodneſs thoſe who receive it worthily, and to be not only the means of grace, but the pledge of glory, Amen!



'IL N'Y A PLUS D'ESPOIR, QU'EN LA MORT.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET.

LORD Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and ſun was ſett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas ſaid a word in jeſt,
Fair Annet took it ill:
"A'! I will nevir wed a wife
"Againſt my ain friends will."

"Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
"A wife wull neir wed yee."
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

O rede, O rede, mither he ſays,
A gude rede gie to mee:
O ſall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet be?

" The nut-browne bride haes gowd and gear,
" Fair Annet ſhe has gat nane;
" And the little beauty fair Annet has,
" O it wull ſoon be gane!"

And he has till his brother gane:
Now, brother, rede ye mee;
A' ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet bee?

" The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
" The nut-browne bride has kye;
" I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
" And caſt fair Annet bye."

" Her oxen may dye i' the houſe, Billie,
" And her kye into the byre;
" And I ſall hae nothing to my ſell,
" Bot a fat ſadge by the fyre."

And he has till his ſiſter gane:
Now, ſiſter, rede ye me;
O ſall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And ſet fair Annet free?

" Iſe rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
" And let the browne bride alane;
" Leſt ye ſould ſigh and ſay, Alace!
" What is this we brought hame?"

" No,

"No, I will take my mithers counſel,
"And marrie me owt o' hand;
"And I will tak the nut-browne bride;
"Fair Annet may leive the land."

Up then roſe fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Riſe up, riſe up, fair Annet he ſays,
Put on your ſilken ſheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And ſee that rich weddeen.

"My maides, gae to my dreſſing roome,
"And dreſs to me my hair,
"Whair-eir ye laid a plate before,
"See ye lay ten times mair.

"My maids, gae to my dreſſing roome,
"And dreſs to me my ſmock;
"The one half is o' the holland fine,
"The other o' needle-work."

The horſe fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' ſiller he was ſhod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twanty ſiller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And, ſ at ae' tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twanty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets ſide,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin ſhe had bin a bride.

And whan ſhe cam to Maries kirk,
She ſat on Maries ſtean;
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It ſkinkled in their een.

And whan ſhe cam into the kirk,
She ſhimmer'd like the ſun;
The belt that was about her waiſt,
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She ſat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they were ſae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgot the bride,
When fair Annet ſhe drew near.

He had a roſe into his hand,
And he gave it kiſſes three,
And, reaching it by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up then ſpak the nut-browne bride,
She ſpak wi' meikle ſpite;
And whair gat ye that roſe-water,
That does mak yee ſae white?

"O I did get 'that' roſe-water,
"Whair ye wull neir get nane,
"For I did get that very roſe-water,
"Into my mithers wame."

The bride ſhe drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And ſtrake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word ſhe nevir ſpak mair.

Lord Thomas he ſaw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote bee:
But whan he ſaw her dear hearts blude,
A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger, that was ſae ſharp,
That was ſae ſharp and meet,
And drave it into the nut-brown bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

Now ſtay for me, dear Annet, he ſed,
Now ſtay, my dear, he cry'd;
Then ſtrake the dagger untill his heart,
And fell deid by her ſide.

Lord

Lord Thomas was buried without the kirk-wa',
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad faine be neare;
And by this ye may ken right well,
They were twa luvers deare.

FINIS.



Miss Lothian

